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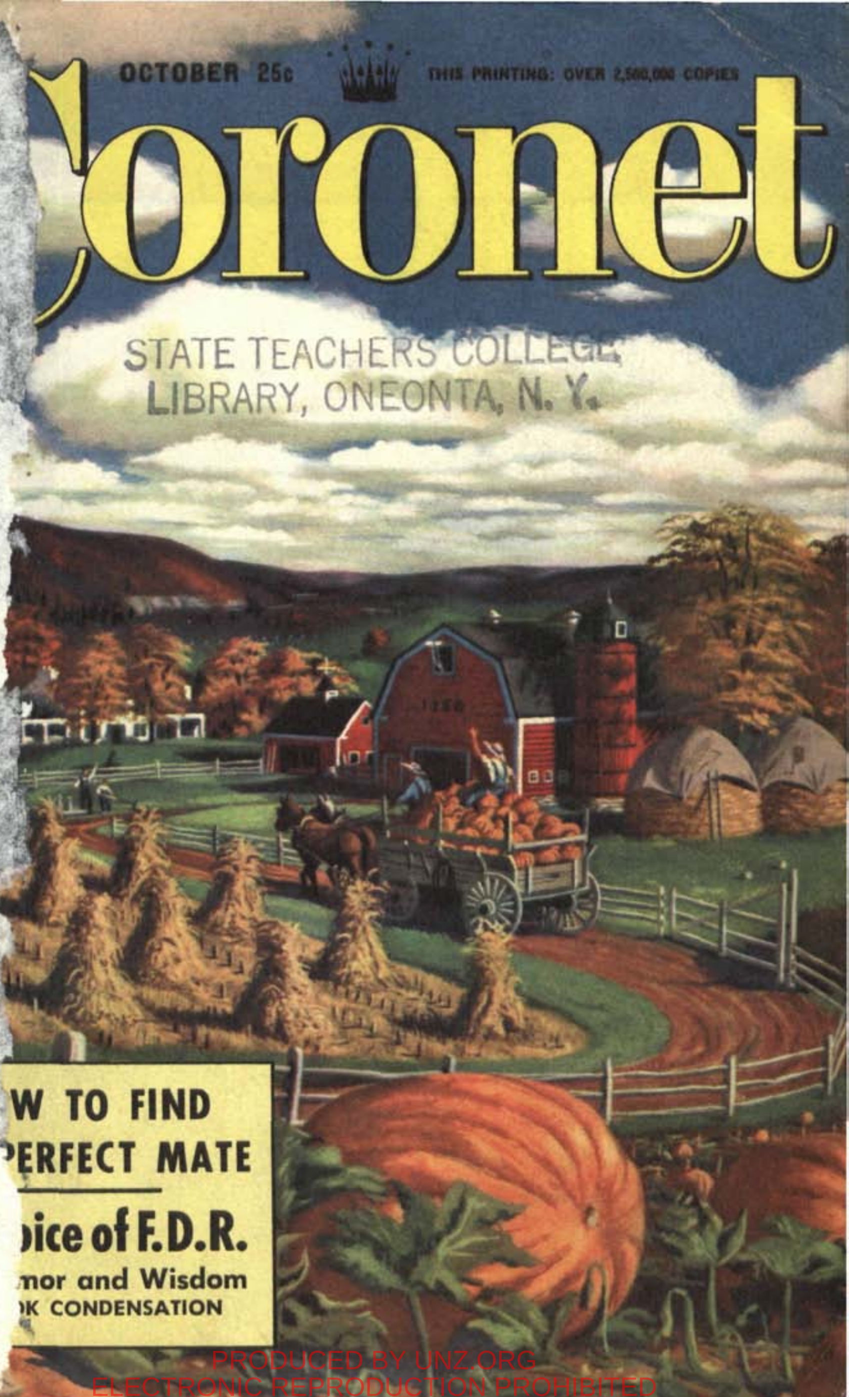


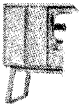
W TO FIND
ERFECT MATE

oice of F.D.R.
mor and Wisdom
K CONDENSATION

CHOSEN "Best Dressed"

by FASHION ACADEMY

and acclaimed Best Buy of the year for "distinctive cabinet styling"



Maggi McNellis selects a limed oa combination with 17-inch rectangular tube, and AM/FM radio. Choose your new TV set fro Award" models now featured by your

Motorola

MODEL 17F3-B

MAGGI MC NELLIS . . . ALSO FASHION ACADEMY WINNER AS "Best Dressed"

Star of TV Shows • CBS "Maggi's Private Wire" • NBC "Leave it to the Girls" • Gown by Ceil Chapman

Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both!*

To enjoy a healthier, more wholesome mouth—you *must* fight tooth decay. But, dentists warn—you must fight *gum troubles*, too! With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums BOTH.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to *fight tooth decay*. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—*promote healthier gums.*

Now, today, start this *double* protection—keep your whole mouth "Ipana wholesome."

IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

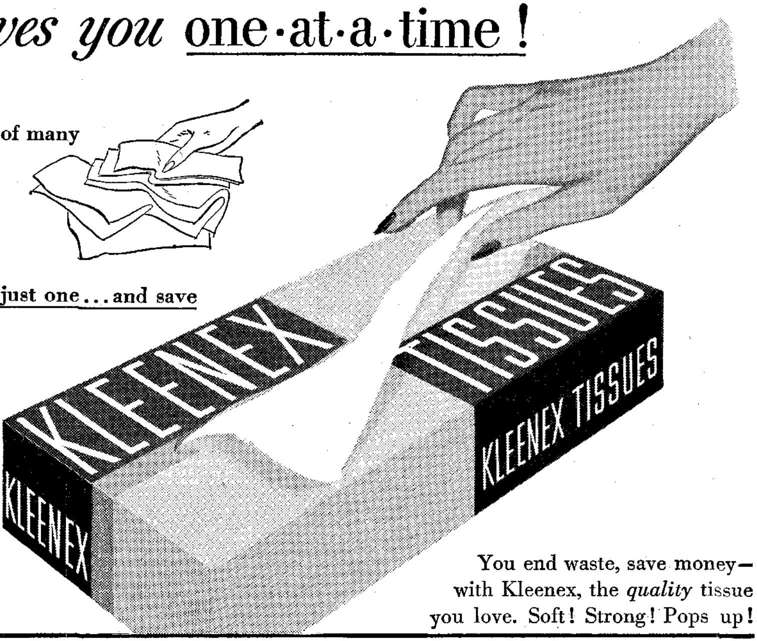
NEW!

Big economy size Ipana saves you up to 23¢

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Only wonderful, soft Kleenex serves you one·at·a·time!

Instead of many



you get just one . . . and save

You end waste, save money—
with Kleenex, the *quality* tissue
you love. Soft! Strong! Pops up!

Women, especially, welcome
Delsey's greater absorbency

*Soft and absorbent like Kleenex**

To answer women's special need for *extra* absorbency, *extra* daintiness—the makers of Kleenex tissues bring women this new, softer, more absorbent toilet tissue: Delsey. It's a pure white tissue, soft like Kleenex. Double-ply for extra strength. So wonderfully different, your entire family will appreciate Delsey!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Coronet

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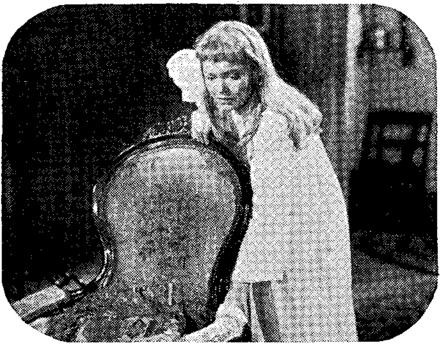
Coronet *Recommends*...



"THE GLASS MENAGERIE"

BECAUSE Tennessee Williams' fine study of illusion is now an important Warner Brothers movie. It tells the story of the Wingfields: Amanda (*Gertrude Lawrence*), who lives in the yesterday when she was a Southern belle; Laura (*Jane Wyman*), who finds solace collecting glass animals; and Tom (*Arthur Kennedy*), who longs for far-off adventure. Then a Gentleman Caller (*Kirk Douglas*) shakes loose their dreams and shatters their illusions.

"IN A LONELY PLACE"

BECAUSE Humphrey Bogart, arch-exponent of screen violence, turns in another harshly effective performance in Columbia's smashing story of murder in Hollywood. Dixon Steele is a screen writer whose vicious temper and lack of a satisfactory alibi put him high on the list of suspects when a pretty hat-check girl is mysteriously strangled. Laurel Gray (*Gloria Grahame*) is the girl who stands by him—until her own life is threatened.

"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"

BECAUSE Irving Berlin's lilting music (*They Say It's Wonderful, No Business Like Show Business*), Betty Hutton's refreshing antics, and M-G-M's gala production make this one of 1950's top musicals. Annie Oakley's prowess with a rifle brings her fame and fortune in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Then she realizes that "You Can't Get a Man With a Gun," adopts tactics as old as time, and wins wary Frank Butler (*Howard Keel*).

16" Rectangular Black Tube

BLACK-DAYLITE TELEVISION

Model 16C113

SHOWS ALL!

Big as Life!

Everything the TV camera sees, you enjoy with new sharpness and clarity. Big-as-life, true-to-life pictures. G-E built-in antenna. Hand-rubbed cabinet in genuine mahogany veneers, mounted on swivel casters.

TV prices from $199.95*.

General Electric Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

**Plus tax. Installation and picture tube protection plan extra. Prices slightly higher West and South.*

You'll be happier longer with G.E.'s big-as-life, true-to-life pictures!

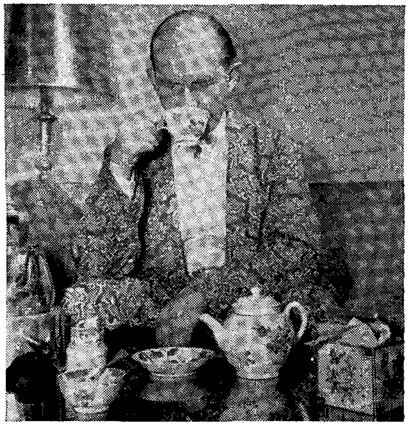
You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Measure one teaspoonful or tea bag for each cup, then add "one for the pot."

Use fresh, rapidly boiling water, and allow to steep three to five minutes.

Milk, if desired, should be added before the cup is poured, sugar afterward.



A china or earthenware teapot will help you to achieve a perfect cup of tea.

The Perfect Blend

ONCE, TEA WAS a luxury beverage, served only to the nobility. Then Sir Thomas Lipton and other farsighted tea growers began marketing a popular-priced tea that compared favorably with more expensive blends. Tea drinking became a universal custom.

Now, though Americans consume nearly 25,000,000 cups a year, Alec Waugh, who wrote *The Lipton Story*, says most brewers fail to bring out the full potentialities of tea, and demonstrates these steps to a perfect cup of one of the world's oldest beverages.

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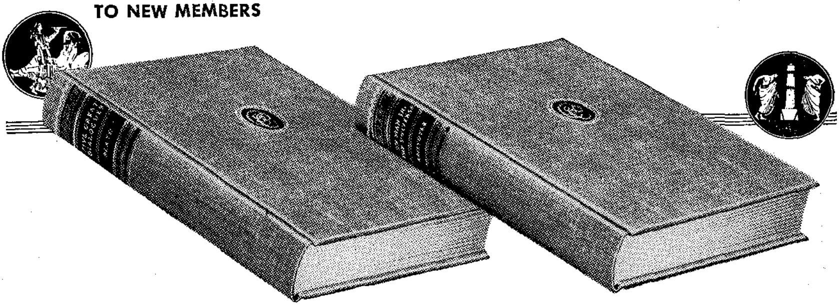
...WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT OF THE CLASSICS CLUB, INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FREE



Both of these beautifully bound, superbly decorated editions of

PLATO AND ARISTOTLE

FIVE GREAT DIALOGUES — **ON MAN IN THE UNIVERSE**

NOTHING short of amazing is the way these classics—written two thousand years ago—hit so many nails squarely on the head today! Here, in the clearest reasoning in all literature, two of the greatest scholars of all time tell us how to live intelligently happy lives, whether we possess worldly wealth or only the riches that lie hidden in our hearts and minds. Their ideas are astonishingly timely now.

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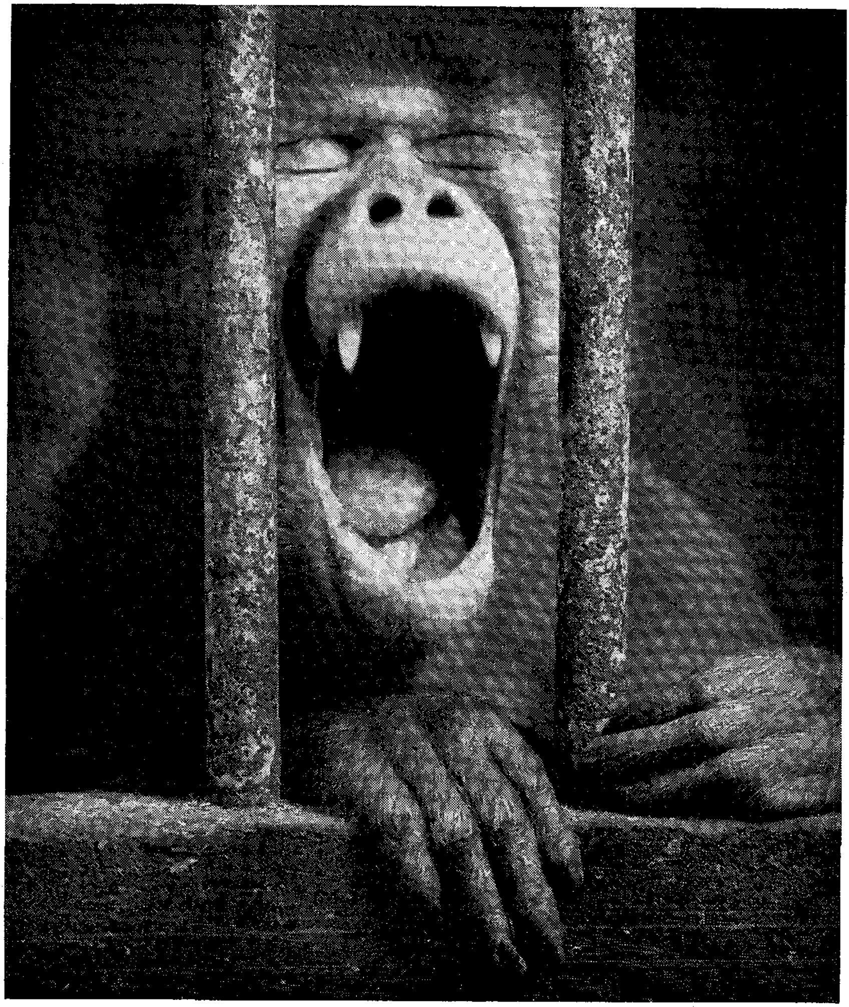


DANGER SIGNAL

THIS CHIMP is on the verge of getting into trouble. Psychologists say that members of the monkey family can solve many simple problems; indeed, they are reputed to be the brain trust of the animal kingdom. But if they sit idle too long, their curiosity often leads them into pranks or mischief. That is why this fellow's bored yawn is a warning to his keeper—watch out!

Age 25 "Life looks good to me right now . . . but I'm looking forward to retirement on a steady income. I can manage it, too, if I plan for the future now."

Age 40 "It gets a little rough at times with a wife and growing family to take care of. But it's good to know my plans for retirement are taken care of, too."

Age 55 "Now that the children are grown up, my wife and I are going to do some traveling and really enjoy life. It's great to have that retirement income check coming in every month!"

Begin your new life at 55

Ever think about starting life all over again at age 55 and doing the things you've always wanted to do? A Penn Mutual Retirement Income Plan guarantees you an income as long as you live—helps you to enjoy two rich lifetimes in one!

Someday soon you may want to putter about on a little farm, devote your leisure time to your favorite hobby, or become more active in the affairs of your community. You'll want to be free to ramble just as you please—throw away your worries and begin to have real fun. A Penn Mutual Retirement Income Plan builds for the future while *it protects* your family. Learn how it can apply to you—fill out and mail the coupon today. This plan is available for both men and women.

THE PENN MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FOUNDED IN 1847
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA.

BACK OF YOUR INDEPENDENCE STANDS THE PENN MUTUAL

• •

The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company
Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa., Department T-1050

Please send me information on how a Retirement Income Plan will fit my individual case.

	$2	$3	$5	$10	$15	$25	?
I can save per week	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐

(Check one)

	55	60	65	Plan for	
How much guaranteed life income would I receive each month at age	☐	☐	☐	☐ Men	☐ Women

(T-1050)

Name____________________ Date of Birth______________

Address____________________________________

____

PIONEERS FOR ISRAEL

It was only 8:30 p.m., but most of the young trainees at the Creamridge farm in New Jersey had retired. They had worked since dawn and there seemed little inclination for the social amenities favored by young people.

A small group, however, remained in the living room of the old farmhouse, considering the problems of the farmer, which they were meeting for the first time.

"We've got to finish that pipe line," one said. "Carrying water to the cows is becoming too big a problem."

"But we can't spare enough men to dig ditches," said another.

The question was carefully weighed, then the group went to bed. Another day had ended at the Hechalutz (Pioneer) training farm. One of seven of its kind in the U. S., the farm is, in effect, a training ground for the 20th-century pioneers who will go forth to transform the arid Nevev desert of Palestine into a fertile granary.

Since its inception in 1933, the Hechalutz Organization of America has devoted itself to furthering an age-old dream—a Jewish homeland. Now, under the impetus of an Israel that actually exists, each farm sends as many as 50 trainees a year to a new life on a new frontier. The young people who volunteer—ranging in age from 18 to 24—are carefully screened by personal interview. They must have the will to work and learn!

At the end of a year, the group reviews the record of each trainee and decides whether he is ready for his adventure. If so, another modern pioneer is on his way to the Promised Land.

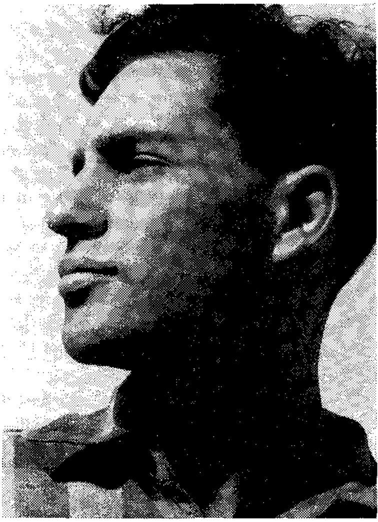
Applicants from all America learn to live on a farm patterned after the social and agricultural life of Israel.

Training for cooperative living is stressed. There is no boss except the opinions of serious-minded trainees.

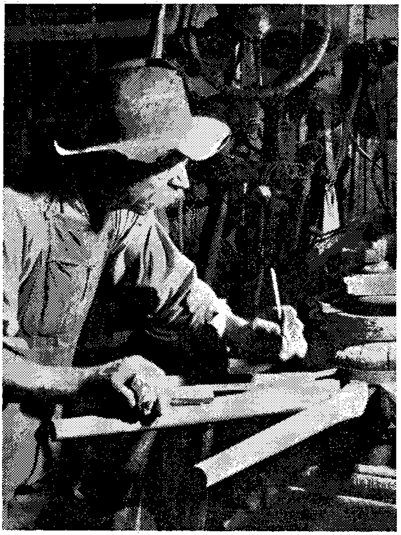
There are no employees on the farm. The trainees must do everything from agriculture to housekeeping.

Graduates go out individually or in small groups, the better to be integrated into the group life of Israel.

Each applicant must have transportation fare for Israel; only token payment is made for the farm work.



Lecturers, classes in Hebrew and a background of Israeli life help prepare the young people for tomorrow.



Wagon wheels are symbols of pioneering.

Paving-block repairmen are specialists.

VANISHING SYMBOLS

THE GREATEST single step man ever took in his own emancipation from constant toil was the placement of a rounded log under a load, thereby making its transportation easier. The invention of the wheel was a basic factor in the progress of man into modernity.

The winning of the American West could never have been achieved had it not been for the covered wagon that bore pioneers in an endless, jouncing stream across the wilderness. Only years later, when railroads and macadam turnpikes penetrated the prairies, did the wagon wheel lose its place as the symbol of America's growth.

Today, only a few persistent souls repair the kind of wheels that carried our fathers Westward, and fewer still make them. Like the village blacksmith and the town crier, they have become memories of yesterday with only a tenuous toe hold in the world of today.

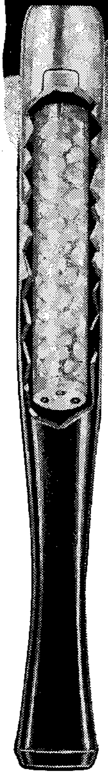
DETERMINING the sites of some cities and nourishing them all, controlling the strategy of war and providing the framework of peace, the road has always been a great boon to mankind.

The earliest roadways became rutty trails under substantial rainfall. Then the ancient Romans evolved the system that ultimately gave man the modern road. Their magnificent *via*, laid in a straight line despite obstacles, was constructed of stones shaped to provide a flat, enduring surface. Soon, cobblestone or paving-block streets began to link towns and cities everywhere.

Although concrete and asphalt have long since replaced these pioneer pavements, more than one-third of Manhattan's 503 miles of paving are still of granite stones. For a few years more, men will make the rounds to check and repair them until, at last, these old streets will fade into memory.

Now! Try the 11-DAY ANTI-NICOTINE DIET

without giving up a single cigarette!



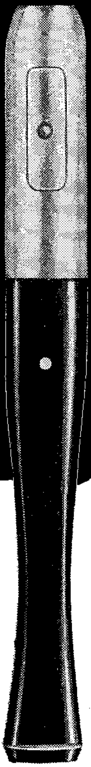
NICOTINE AND TARS are better in HERE than in YOU!

If you smoke a pack-a-day, it is estimated that you take in a full ounce of nicotine and tars every 11 days.

The Denicotea cigarette holder cuts down on these poisons. Try the Denicotea *anti*-nicotine, *anti*-tar diet for 11 days and *see how much better you feel.*

That's why so many doctors and dentists strongly recommend Denicotea for constant use. They know that nicotine and tars trapped in the efficient Denicotea crystal filter *can't reach, can't harm* your mouth, teeth, gums . . . your nose, sinuses, throat . . . and lungs!

Try it for 11 days and you'll never go back to smoking without a Denicotea. *Start your anti-nicotine diet today:*



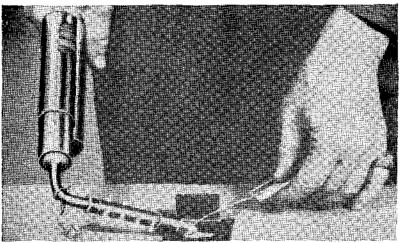
Denicotea holder	$2.00
Lady Denicotea, long, slim	$3.50

dunhill

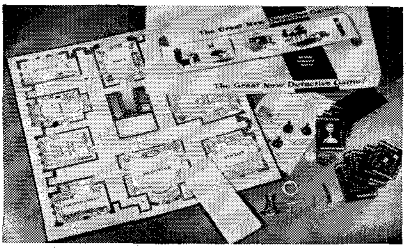
DE·NICOTEA

Crystal Filter Cigarette Holder

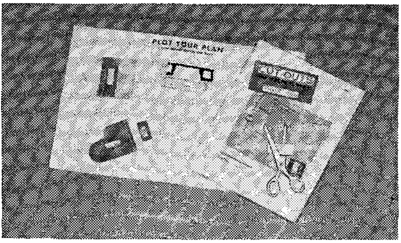
Coronet's Family Shopper



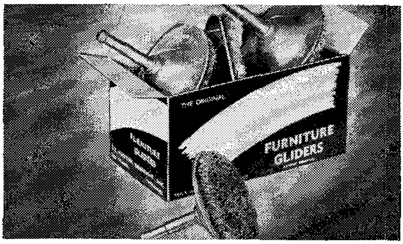
A PORTABLE soldering iron comes in a kit with liquid fuel and aluminum and wire core solder. One filling lasts half an hour. $3.25. Modern Metal Products Co., Cambridge, Mass.



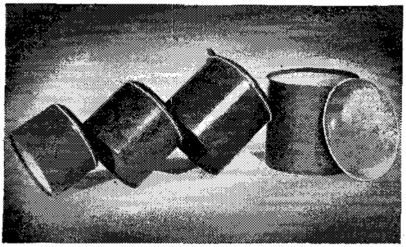
MYSTERY FANS will enjoy discovering who killed Mr. Boddy with this game. Includes a plan of the mansion, tiny weapons, and cards. "Clue." $3.25. F. A. O. Schwarz, New York 22, N.Y.



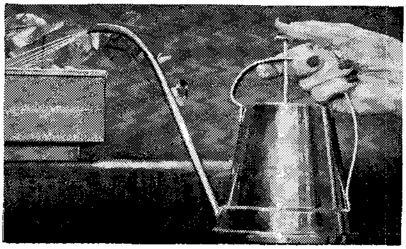
BUILDING, remodeling, or dreaming? Here's a floor plan scaled half-inch to the foot, plus sized furniture cutouts. 25 cents. Bulletin No. 8. N. Y. State College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y.



HEAVY FURNITURE won't scratch hard surfaces or ruin your rugs if you replace metal casters with these rug-cushion-based furniture gliders. $1. L. T. Patten Co., Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

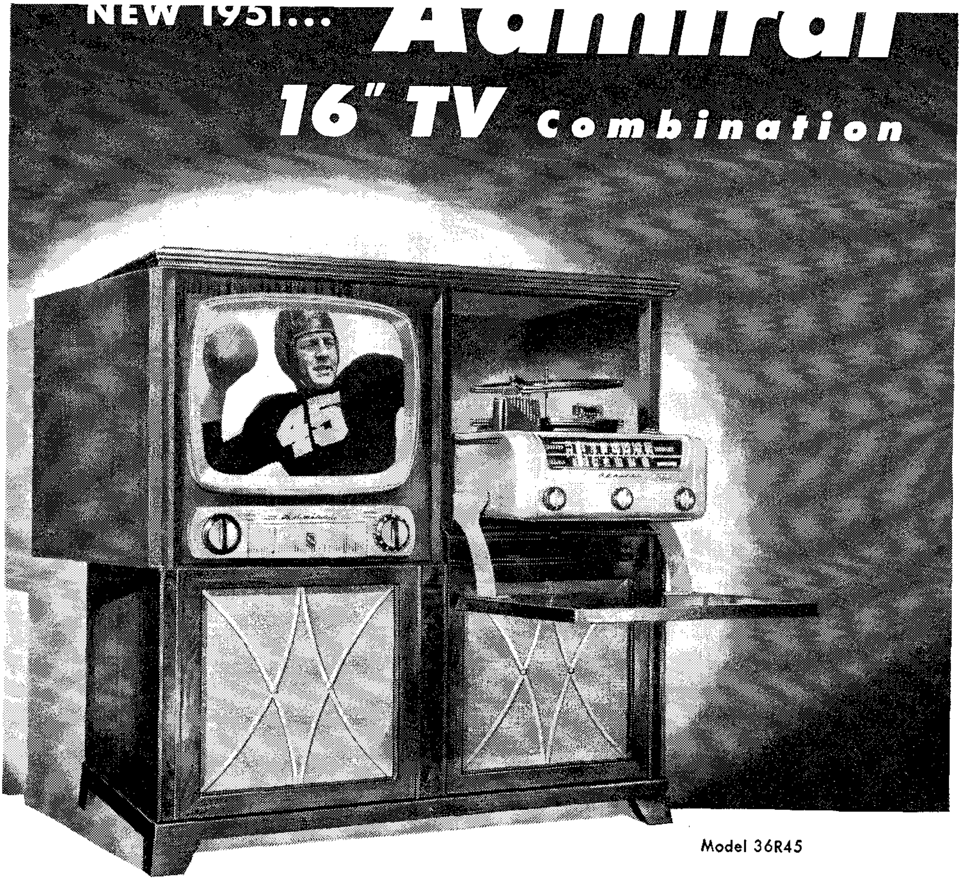


FOUR HASSOCKS which nest inside each other save space and provide extra seats for television viewing and parties. $32. Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 E. 57th St., New York 22, New York.



THIS COPPER POT boasts a tiny pump which shoots a controlled stream at hard-to-reach house plants. "Aqua Flo." $5.95. Wilshire Gift Cottage, 3719 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 5, Cal.

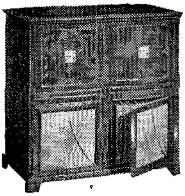
Merchandise shown on these pages may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Editorial prices are complete except those starred (*) which are shipped FOB.



Model 36R45

With FM-AM Dynamagic Radio—Triple-Play Phonograph

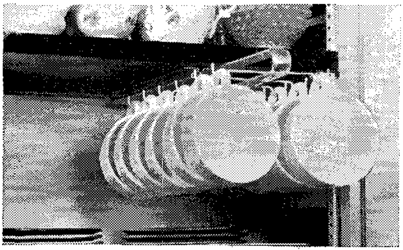
The greatest value ever from the world's largest manufacturer of television combinations! Now . . . enjoy television pictures clear as the movies on a big 16" rectangular picture tube. Easy to tune as a radio. Complete with built-in directional Roto-Scope antenna. New 1951 super-powered FM-AM Dynamagic radio. New 1951 triple-play automatic phonograph plays all records (33⅓, 45, 78 rpm). Exquisite 18th Century cabinet complete with record storage compartment. See! Hear! Compare!



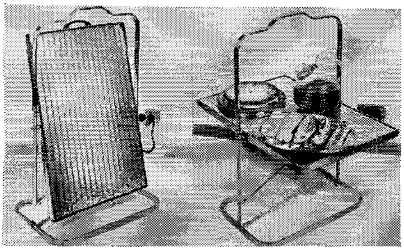
ON TV—"Stop the Music"—ABC, Thurs., 8 PM, EST—"Lights Out"—NBC, Mon., 9 PM, EST

Coronet's Family Shopper

COME OUT OF the kitchen ready to greet company or do the marketing in this pert gingham "Swirl." To get into this back-wrap dress, all you do is put your arms through the sleeves, button once, wrap and tie. It's fashioned for fall in red and green, green and navy, or navy and red checks, in sizes from 12 to 20. A Sanforized cotton which takes to a tub, it opens flat for easy ironing. "Swirl." $8.95*. B. Altman and Co., New York 16, N. Y.

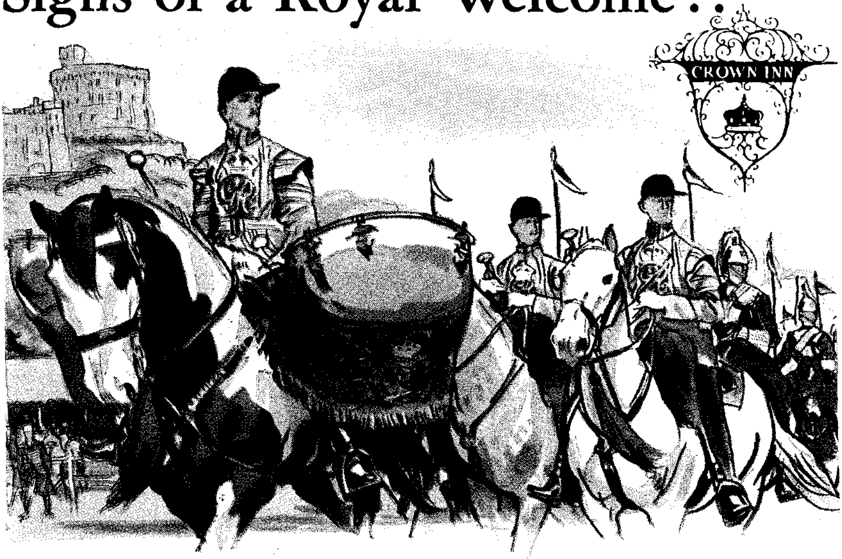


CUPS DO A disappearing act on this sliding rack which fits into a closet. Twelve cups pull out when needed and slide back over dishes for storage. $1.19 East of Rockies, $1.29 West. GHL Co., 4209 Albany, Chicago, Ill.



THIS RADIANT glass panel can be used as heater, warming tray, or cooking stove. It's portable, will keep breakfast hot, fry eggs or heat cold corners. "Hot-ray Heater." $34.50*. W. & J. Sloane, 575 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Signs of a Royal Welcome . .



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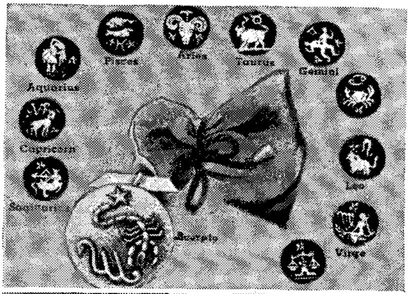
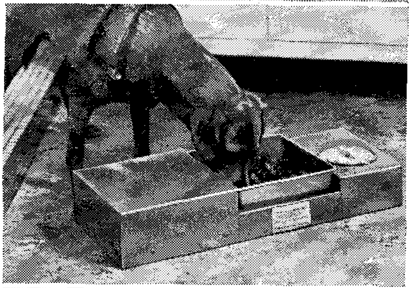
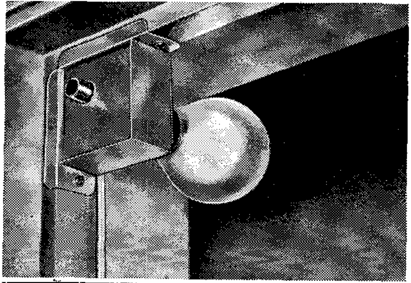


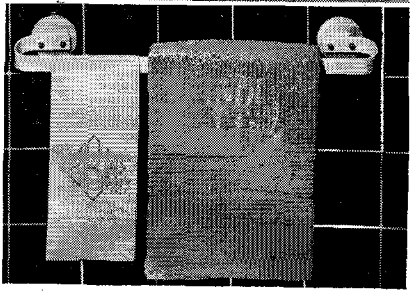
SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC decorate sterling-silver cuff links and make a distinctive personalized gift. Give him the sign for his birth date. The signs, from Pisces the fish to Gemini the twins, are raised above the surface of the round links which come in a black faille pouch lined with red velvet. $10. John Blye Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.



A MECHANICAL MAID for your dog or cat feeds him on time even if you're miles away. After filling the tray and setting the clock for any time within 12 hours, leave your pet safely at home. At the appointed hour an alarm goes off, and the tray moves into feeding position. "Kum-Pet." $9.95*. Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn 1, N.Y.



END GROPING in dark closets with this simple attachment—a switch and light socket in a case which fastens to the door frame with two screws. Plug it into any socket and, when the door opens, the light goes on. When door closes, light goes out. "Kloz-A-Lite." $2.23. Lewis & Conger, 45th St. and Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. 19, N.Y.



EXTRA TOWEL SPACE appears in seconds with this suction-cup bar. Press it into place and it stays put. Won't mar wall and is fine for apartments where screw holes are forbidden. It grows in height with your children, moving up the wall as they get taller. "X-Tra Bar." $1.50. Wallace Davis Co., 2813 Dixwell Ave., Hamden, Conn.

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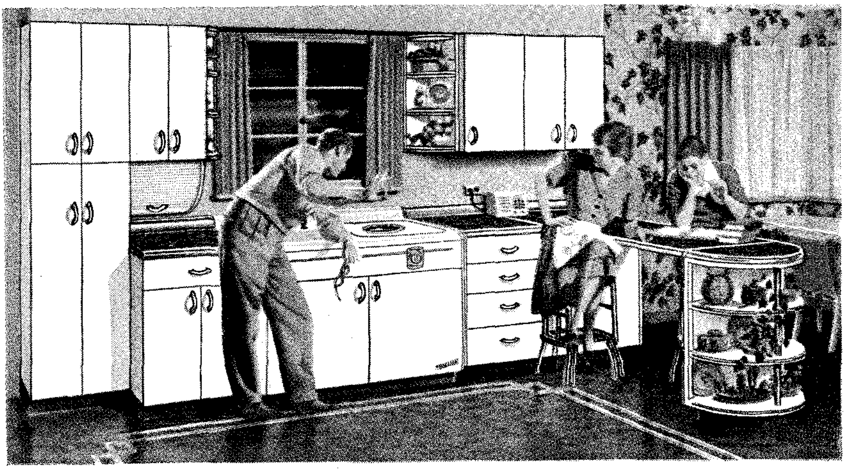

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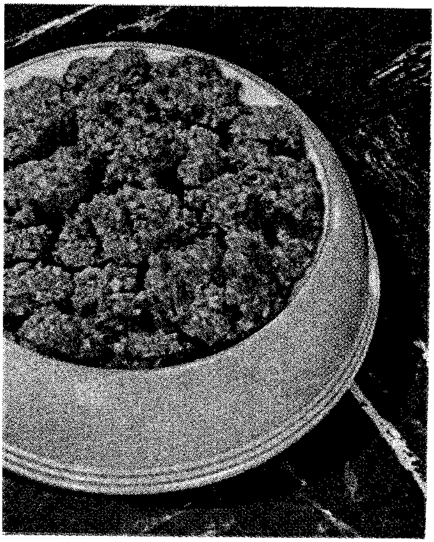

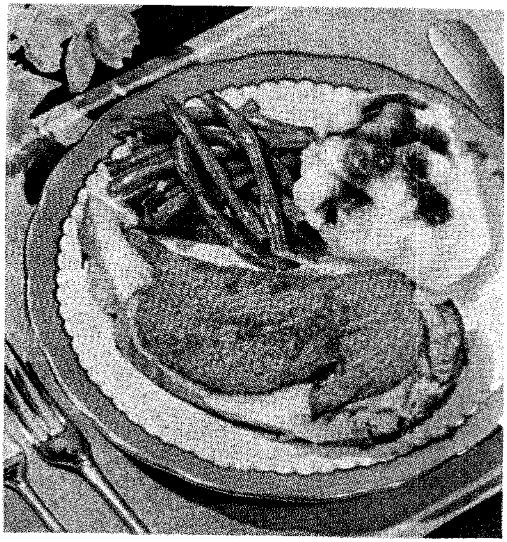

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Calcium	(gms.)	0.09	2.0
Phosphorus	(gms.)	0.36	1.59
Vitamin A	(units)	401.0	550.0
Thiamine	(mgs.)	0.31	1.41
Riboflavin	(mgs.)	0.29	1.86
Niacin	(mgs.)	7.26	18.2

Energy:
Roast beef dinner: 17.4% of daily caloric needs for average man
Pard (1 can): 100% of daily caloric needs for 20-lb. dog

Vol. 28, No. 6 October, 1950

The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

Good-bye, Black Prince

by **ELIZABETH WALDO WRIGHT**

FINALLY I DISCOVERED him in the hollow beside a clump of crab grass. He was sitting hunched back, the way he had first sat when Todd Amery, our neighbor's boy, brought him to me. His wings were spread like elbows, his beak was open and his tongue raised.

Then I saw the instinctive hate flare in his beady eyes, the despair of something that had trusted this two-legged creature called man and had had its trust broken . . .

Todd had found him that spring in a pine tree at the foot of Wilbur Hill and had brought him to me, a bit of blue-black fledgling, hardly filling the lad's cupped hands.

"It's a baby crow," said Todd. "I'll sell him for a quarter."

"What in the world would I want with a crow?" I countered. "He'd pull out Dave's young sweet corn, soon as it pops out of the ground."

"Not if he's tamed," Todd insisted. "I had one before. A quarter isn't much."

So that was how I acquired the Black Prince. Spoon-fed on milk and bread, nesting in wood excelsior in a flower bowl, he soon outgrew his quarters. Within two weeks, the pinfeathers were breaking out and daily his beak seemed to grow longer, his eyes blacker. Fully feathered at four weeks, he blinked his eyes and fluttered his wings with delight as I fed him.

Once the Black Prince was fully plumed, he insisted on spreading his wings and standing on the edge of the flower bowl. I would pick him up and swing him up and down so he could feel the air passing through his wings. He loved it, cawing softly, balancing his body like a tightrope walker.

One day he surprised me by flying out of my hands, landing a few feet away on the floor. He picked himself up, somewhat shaken, scolded a bit, and then walked back to me and fluttered his wings. "Do it again," he seemed to say.

FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, once he started to fly he was excluded from the house and put in the laundry. In the attic I found a handmade squirrel cage and set it on boxes in this room. He took to the cage as if it were a castle designed for an aristocratic crow. He was too large to crawl inside the metal runway. But he soon learned to stand on top and spin the cage, much as a lumberman will twirl a log.

"Soon as he goes outdoors, goodbye crow," said Dave. "You know, birds of a feather . . ."

But even after I left the outer door of the laundry open, he stayed around the house. The crow sensed that in some way he was one of the chosen birds, our lookout. He would fly to the top of the old chestnut tree and caw his defiance at the wild crows feeding in the lower corn field. They would look up, listen to what he had to say, and then go back to foraging for their dinner, as if to say, there's a crow too smart for his fine feathers.

Once it was evident the Black Prince would not fly away, he was on his own. Soon he indicated his desire to contribute for his feed and care. He would spy a bright object on a neighbor's lawn. Before long, we acquired toy cars, a wide assortment of marbles, one compact mirror, and a tooth-paste tube. These treasures he would lay carefully on the window ledge outside the laundry.

The pilfering brought complaints. One man up the road had an agency for cosmetics and drug supplies. The Black Prince got into one assortment and drilled holes in a tube of shaving cream, took the corner off a box of soap chips, and carried off three metal lipstick tubes, one by one. I paid the damages out of my house money and had a serious talk with the Black Prince about it.

"You're getting us into trouble with our neighbors," I said as he sat on my forearm, his head cocked to understand. But he paid no attention to such scoldings.

Soon, he learned there was a four-legged fur-bearing animal which had a handle sticking out back that swung when it ran and a strongly developed desire to pursue and bite anything that flew. The Prince evidently had watched Sport, the dog next door, chase a flock of my chickens, killing two pullets, and he decided this sort of thing had gone far enough.

So the crow took to baiting every dog on the hill. He would light near where the dog was wolfing his dinner and stand watching, just out of reach. Sport would snarl, and if he made a dash, the Black Prince was two wingbeats ahead of him. He would flutter low down the road, through the field, keeping just beyond Sport's nose.

When Sport came back, too

fagged out to eat, he would usually discover that the Black Prince was waiting on the lamppost, preening his feathers. Alongside the post was an empty dish.

All summer, I never saw him pull out a stem of corn or damage a cherry, berry or apple. He was always an interested spectator when I spaded out the onions or removed the gladiola bulbs. He would fly down and cock his head, watching each spadeful of earth like a prospector. If a worm as much as showed the tip of its tail, the black beak would dive. After he had eaten his fill of this delicacy, he would go back to sitting on the post, cawing billingsgate at the crows down in the hollow.

Whenever David and I returned in the car, he would land on the roof. If Dave carried a box of groceries, he would perch on his shoulder and start rooting through the items for popcorn. When he found this, he would take the nickel package and fly to the porch roof and eat the corn.

Soon after he discovered the dogs and how to twitch their tails, he learned to imitate their bark. He would sit on a post and bark at them, driving them slowly insane. When he was foraging for a taste of their dinner, he would imitate Sport's growl so closely that even Sport would look up in astonishment, or edge back.

Then he began to learn certain words. "Hello, hello!" he would call as the car came in the drive. And Dave taught him to say, "Smart, eh, smart, eh?"

When visitors would come, the Black Prince would swoop down, take a lump of sugar from my mouth, and zoom up to his post. Then he would preen his feathers, look around and say, "Smart, eh, smart, eh?" And everybody would say, "That is a clever crow!"

By OCTOBER, the Black Prince was six months old. His feathers glistened with green around his neck. He was one of the family. He liked to fly onto the porch when we had picnic suppers outdoors. He would sit on my shoulder patiently until I would take a bit of meat and toss it toward the garden. If it were too large to swallow, he would alight on the flagstones, put one determined foot on the meat, then cut it into pieces with quick swings of his beak.

"Smart, eh, smart, eh?" he would say, and everyone would laugh and he would fly back on my shoulder and proudly preen a wing.

When the last week in October arrived, I had a queer presentiment.

"You'd better post the place before hunting season," I told Dave. "You know how the hunters cut through here."

"There's not much game this year," he said. "Besides, there's a law about shooting anything within a hundred yards of a house."

The first day of the hunting season, Dave had driven into town with a load of cabbage. I was finishing the breakfast dishes. I hadn't seen the Black Prince that morning. Then I heard a great commotion among the crows down by the corn shocks.

When I looked out, the crows were flapping away and two men with guns were crossing the field.

Then I heard the Black Prince. He was sitting in the old chestnut tree, scolding them. He knew they didn't belong here and he was telling them off in his best billingsgate, interspersed with the more friendly, "Hello, hello!"

I had started toward the door when I heard the shot. On the terrace I saw the smoke. When I looked up into the tree, the Black Prince was gone.

As the men saw me, they walked toward the road. Once over the wall, I heard their car start and the echo of the exhaust as they made the bend.

I ran to the old chestnut. On my knees I searched through the leaves under the tree. There was no sign of the Black Prince. Then I knew he had learned something—that it was smart to fly away from hunters, as the wild crows said.

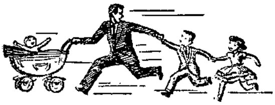
Just as I was about to give up the search, my shoe struck something soft and I heard a hiss, the defiance of a thing cornered, fighting for its life.

Carefully I folded back the crab grass, and there was the Black Prince. He was sitting hunched back as he used to sit when he was a baby crow, a telltale gurgle in each gasp. His one wing drooped, and as it did, three drops of blood slid down the black plume and I saw that the little feathers at the side of his neck were soggy and purple. But the eyes were eyes I had never seen before—wild and burning with yellow fire.

Suddenly he lurched out and pecked my hand viciously. I didn't blame him.

"Smart, eh?" he said in a final gasp, huddling into the grass. Then his head drooped to one side.

These two-legged creatures had let him down, had turned out just the way the wild crows had always said they would . . .



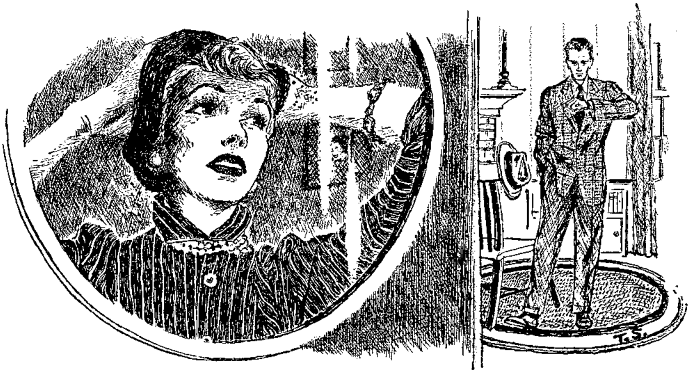
Signs of Sanity

Outside a Hollywood Church: Don't Send Your Children to Sunday School—BRING THEM! —Herb Stein

At a busy New England intersection: Don't Become Impatient With Our Traffic Lights; They've Waited For You All Day.
—Anthony J. Pettito

In a tiny Hollywood side-street shoemaker's, instead of the usual "Shoes Repaired While You Wait," is: Shoes Repaired While You REST. —*Christian Science Monitor*

Sign over a Los Angeles used-car lot, sandwiched in between "Madman" Muntz and "Wildman" Prichard: If You Can Bear Dealing with a Normal Person, I Have Some Wonderful Bargains!
—Walter H. Schmidt



How to Find the Perfect Mate

by CHARLES CURTIS

Here are helpful tests to show whether the one you plan to marry is right for you

DEEP IN THE HEART of every American maid is an earnest yearning to marry well. To some, this may mean marriage to a man with money. But to most, it means marriage to the right man.

But who is the right man?

Experience is a wonderful teacher. I have shared many marriage problems with young people. Watching their successes and their failures, I have seen the ancient laws of human nature at work and have learned therefrom some basic rules. They are:

Know your prospective mate's *background.*

Know his character and personality *today.*

Know what he wants *tomorrow.*

With this knowledge, you will be ready to make up your mind about any man. Without it, you will be fashionably starry-eyed and innocent—but you will also be a sucker for a slicker.

My daughter came to me in ecstasy several months ago and said, "Dad, I've found him. He's the most wonderful man in the world. He's a chemist—a scientist! We want to get married in June."

How many other fathers have faced the loveliness of the girl-in-love and felt the futility of words!

"But how long have you known him?" I asked.

"Oh, weeks and weeks!"

"Where is he from?"

"Someplace out West. He's wonderful and—"

"But can he support you?"

"I can work, too. I'll take a secretarial course . . ."

It is difficult to steady a girl who stands in love's slip stream, yet it must be done. Many parents have told me: "My daughter is head-over-heels. She won't listen to me. How can I make her see that this boy is not right for her?"

My answer is always the same: "By not talking about this boy."

I have talked to many girls about

their marriages but never about their sweethearts, and thereby avoided a mistake shared by most parents. Girls in love must defend their sweethearts (and they would be less than admirable if they did otherwise), but they are also eager to know the foundation stones on which successful marriage rests. So I talk to them first about background.

The Greeks stated flatly, "What you were, you *are*." Hence, if a girl would marry well, she must concern herself with the basic elements of the mate's background: religion, education, social standing, wealth, and age. Do I hear a girlish voice speaking with sweet petulance, "But what possible difference can it make—if we love each other?"

Let me tell you about Frank Logans and Leona Duvalle. The day they were married, her home town was like a carnival. Her father owned steel mills, and he gave her the best. Dating through their last two years at the university, they were completely in love. After the ceremony there was a reckless, noisy pilgrimage from cathedral to airport. No honeymoon ever had a better beginning.

Back at his home, however, it was different. Frank's mother didn't get her dresses from the big city and his father didn't own steel mills. He ran an elevator.

They rented a one-room apartment and Leona wrote her father for money, but Frank would have none of that. She wore out her frilly trousseau and he could not buy replacements. No gay parties at clubs now; instead, Frank's crowd got noisy at crossroads taverns.

After two years, Leona went back to her family. Frank complained, "If I'd give her the world, she'd ask for a fence around it!"

What difference does background make—if you love each other? It makes all the difference in the world, and don't think you can change it. Almost as surely as oil and water do not mix, neither do youth and old age, rich man and poor girl, nor the intellectual husband and the numbskull wife.

When a girl tells me, "We like the same things and believe in the same things," she is announcing one of the most important ingredients of happy marriage. But sometimes a girl will say, "We like the same things but we don't agree on religion. Does that mean we can't be happy together?"

Esther, a lovely Jewish girl, was in love with the son of a Baptist minister. To him, the Jewish religion was something as foreign as voodoo. We three talked about their problem several times and I advised against their marriage.

"I know Jews who've married Gentiles," she insisted. "They're happy as can be."

"True," I said. "They can be happy when neither person is really devout. But, ask yourself if you could approve your children being brought up in your *husband's* faith, not in your own."

NEXT, WE SHALL consider the more immediate problem of the man-in-a-million, whom you think you know *today*. He has come along to touch your heart with stardust. But what is he really like, this man you may marry? Have you read the signs and studied the tides of his nature? To do so, let's turn to the five solid traits of character on which his suitability to be a good husband is based.

First, is he sociable?

Young Gwen loved people and the activity of small groups. Then she married a boy who was a natural scholar. He loved books and the quietness of the evening.

Within six months she realized that she had made a serious mistake. "We just aren't right," she said. "At first, Jim went with me to some of my groups, but I know he was miserable. And I'm just as unhappy if I stay home and try to sew while he's working with his studies. What shall I do?"

"Break it off," I said. "If it was a mistake to commence, it is a mistake to continue."

And a few months later, this marriage problem was permanently settled in a divorce court.

The second important trait in a man is his honesty.

Grace Oundervelt went to my church out West. She met a boy named Perry at a social evening, and before long they were having dates frequently. No one knew much about his background, but he was attending church regularly—and that was enough.

Their romance developed at a dizzy pace and presently he talked her into a midnight elopement. He came for her in a gleaming new car and they drove to a near-by state for the ceremony. The police caught them after a week of honeymooning and recovered the car, which Perry had stolen.

Few men are so blatantly dishonest, yet many are dishonest in less obtrusive ways. Instead of telling outright lies to others, they are evasive. So ask yourself these questions about a man you are considering as a husband:

Does he keep his word in small matters? When he starts a job, does he finish it? If he fails at something, does he always offer an alibi?

Remember—*no marriage can ever succeed which is not founded on honesty.*

The third trait, one of crucial importance, is dependability. A man may be honest but not dependable. Dependability is the mortar that holds the bricks of marriage together. It provides strength when one is weak, and courage when one is afraid.

In a mate, dependability may take the shape of never being late to dinner without letting you know, of cheering you up when you are blue, of not staying out all night, of demonstrating his love in dozens of ways, of backing up your decisions affecting the children, of being honorable and fair.

Our perfect man, then, is sociable, honest, and dependable. Surely that is enough. But not quite. I would have him blessed with emotional stability.

I know a charming girl who recently welcomed a young engineer home from South America after three years of ardent correspondence. For 30 days they were in each other's company almost constantly. To her, he seemed perfect—until the night he took her to a certain café for dinner. She told me about it later.

"We were enjoying the evening," she said, "until the waiter brought my dinner. Somehow, he brought something I hadn't ordered. Then, to make matters worse, he became confused and dropped a pot of coffee. Jerry blew up. He gave that waiter the bitterest tongue-lashing I have ever heard."

"Why are you telling me this?" I asked her.

"I'm scared," she said.

"Has anything like this ever happened before?"

"Not exactly, but when I think back, I find certain incidents that might have warned me."

Presently, she sent Jerry back to South America and turned to a less volcanic boy.

So set this test against your own Jerry! Does he take offense easily? Does he flare up without reason? Is he on bad terms with his family? Does he sulk? If so, beware, beware!

FINALLY, ONE MORE TRAIT completes my list. *The man must possess initiative.*

Irene, a close friend of ours, was in love with a boy who had everything. He sailed through high school and college, getting top grades. But after five years in business, he was exactly nowhere.

Irene and we sometimes talked about their problem.

"He does everything so well," she said proudly. "He can be anything he wants to be."

"What does he want?" I asked.

"His first job was in production, then he switched to advertising. Now he's in sales."

"That's a lot of moves in five years," I remarked. "What's he working toward?"

"Oh, he's waiting until he hits the right job."

He is 35 now and he still has not hit the right job. He and Irene are married but they are not happy. He is still the best and handsomest dancer in his crowd, yet that is small comfort to Irene when she wrangles with creditors. She knows she is trapped, but she hangs on for the sake of the children.

But *you* still have time. Use it to measure your man's initiative. Does he enjoy working on community problems? In his church or club, does he act as chairman of any committee? Does he make swift decisions? If he does, and if he possesses all the traits previously mentioned, he is almost certain to make some girl very happy.

But *wait!* There remains one small unvisited area in his mind: *What does he want for tomorrow?*

Security for both of you, a home, good health? What of money, position, and fame?

Is it wrong to want to be famous? No, but it might be wrong for you. That depends on the two of you, just as it did in the case of Charlie and Nora. She was a platinum-haired youngster, endowed with classic beauty and a joyous wit. They met at a coast resort and their love was like a flame. Their honeymoon was idyllic.

Then they went to Charlie's home city where he owned a successful airplane-parts plant. Nora looked at the big houses on the hills ringing the valley. "That's where we ought to live," she said. "You make the millions and I'll handle the walruses who run the town."

"But I don't want to make millions," Charlie said, "I've got a good start here and I'm satisfied."

"You're not really," she argued. "Just wait and see."

Nora played her cards with skill and luck, and presently the right people were inviting her to their parties. Charlie went along, wearing the face of a man who would rather be home in bed.

One night he rebelled. "Parties bore me and are a waste of time."

"You make them a waste," she retorted. "I've introduced you to ten different men who could put your plant on the map."

He said, "Forget it, honey." But neither of them did.

At the end of a month, he was taking her to parties again and she was up to her old tricks. Then, one night when I was dining with them, their conflict broke into the open. She started it with: "The Fannings are moving out of their big house. Why don't we buy it?"

"That's for rich people," Charlie said, "I couldn't pay the taxes."

"You could if you'd expand."

"I don't understand you," he replied angrily. "What in the world do you want?"

"I want the best," she said. "I don't want anybody in this town higher than I am or richer."

"I guess that does it," Charlie said. He went up to his room and packed a suitcase and walked out of his house. Next day, his lawyer made arrangements, and presently Nora drove to Reno.

So make this your final rule: *Be positive you understand your man's ambition and that you sympathize with it; and be sure you will be content to abandon your own ambition if it happens to conflict with his.*

Summing it all up, you must think about the man you might marry in terms of his yesterday, today, and tomorrow. What was he, what is he, what does he want to be?

But you ask: "Isn't there a quicker way of measuring my chances. Haven't you a thumbnail test?"

Yes, I have—and it is remarkably accurate. If you want to see the sort of husband and father your man will be, look at *his* father. If you want to know the sort of position you will occupy as his wife, look at *his* mother.

The pattern repeats again and again, the same traits, habits and errors. If the marriage you see is beautiful and good, you are a lucky person. If what you see is ugly, run, run for your life.

By Way of Report

My friend's small daughter Mary brought home her report card with A in everything but deportment, and that, apparently, was very bad.

"But what do you *do?*" demanded her mother. Mary admitted that she and the little girl at the next desk whispered a lot. "Then," said her mother, "I should think your teacher would move your seat."

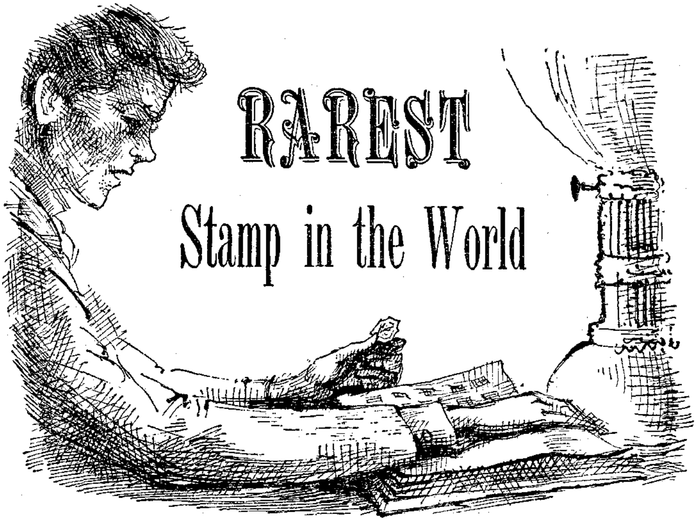
"Oh, she can't," said Mary. "The desks are glued down."

—Eleanor Clarage

"Billy," inquired the teacher, "can you tell me where the Red Sea is?"

"Yes," answered Billy. "It's on the third line of my report card."

—*Watchman-Examiner*



RAREST Stamp in the World

ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD MARSH

by **FRANK E. CROFT**

It has had an exciting history since a schoolboy first sold it for six shillings

ONE EVENING IN 1873, in Georgetown, British Guiana, a schoolboy, Vernon Vaughan, was turning the pages of the well-thumbed album in which he kept his stamp collection. Vernon's father looked up from his paper and said with a smile: "Going to play with your bits of colored paper?"

"I'm going to do some trading," the boy replied gravely.

Vernon's collection comprised about 200 stamps, mostly of current issues. He had few unused specimens and thought some more such would brighten his album. So he picked out the drab specimens to be traded for more decorative ones. Especially he noted one he could certainly part with.

It was an octagonal British Guiana stamp, showing a crude outline of a three-masted barque, printed on magenta paper. Around the ship was the colony's motto, "Damus Petimusque Vicissim" (We Give and We Seek in Turn), the words "British Guiana," and the denomination "One Cent." It had been canceled with the penned initials of the postal clerk, a practice of the time, to prevent forgery.

Vernon took it next day to Neil McKinnon, local collector. "What would you say to six shillings?" McKinnon suggested.

Vernon accepted with alacrity. He could hardly have been expected to know that he was parting with a stamp whose value was to rise to tens of thousands of dollars, that a king would vie with millionaires for its possession, and that its mere existence would cause a feverish treasure hunt in the small South American colony.

The British Guiana 1856 one-cent magenta, as collectors reverently call it, is the most valuable stamp in the world. And it is unique. The Scott Publications of New York, one of the world's great arbiters of stamp values, list it in their current catalogue at $50,000, with this footnote: "Only one copy is known to exist." Its present owner paid $45,000 for it, recently refused $60,000, and has gone on record as saying that $100,000 would not buy it today!

In 1856, THE POSTMASTER for British Guiana authorized the Georgetown newspaper, *The Royal Gazette*, to print a small supply of one- and four-cent stamps to be used until a supply arrived from the regular London engravers. The *Gazette* used a magenta and also a blue paper for the issue, and a wood block of the sailing ship, in silhouette, which adorned its column of shippers' advertisements. The motto and denominations were added.

McKinnon returned to Glasgow in 1882 and advertised his collection for sale. The best offer was received from a well-known collector, E. L. Pemberton; but another bidder, Thomas Ridpath, paid a personal visit to McKinnon's home, topped Pemberton's offer, and returned to London, having paid 110 pounds ($550) for the collection.

Ridpath soon sold the one-cent magenta to the Continent's most famous philatelist, the Baron von Ferrari, for approximately $750. The Baron left his collection to the Berlin Postal Museum, and after World War I it was expropriated by the French Government and sold for reparations in 1922.

It was expected that King George V, a keen collector specializing in British Empire issues, would be the successful bidder for the one-cent magenta. But Arthur Hind, a wealthy collector of Utica, New York, meant to have it no matter who might be opposing him. There were only two other serious bidders: Monsieur Burros, a tobacco manufacturer from Mulhouse, and Pemberton, who had had the stamp snatched from him before.

The auctioneer opened the bidding at the equivalent of $5,000, and things moved briskly in jumps of $1,000, until $10,000 had been reached. At that figure, Pemberton turned sadly away. In a few dramatic moments, the auctioneer played the three remaining bidders to the $20,000 mark. It was here, surprisingly, that the King's agent dropped out. At $30,000, Burros hesitated but accepted. At $35,000, both men hesitated. The American finally nodded.

When the stamp was finally knocked down, both Hind's agent and Burros thought they had made the successful bid, but Burros gave way to Hind. The final price, including taxes, was $37,000.

Soon, collectors and dealers in Europe and America headed for British Guiana, arguing that if one stamp of such value could be located by chance, a systematic search should unearth more.

A Georgetown resident, writing to his family in Lancashire, reported: "I doubt if there has been anything quite as frenzied since the Gold Rush in California. Each ship brings its quota of paper chasers who crowd the hotels, pry into offices and even homes to offer money for a free rein of one's attic."

Hopeful souls still visit the colony, nearly 100 years from the time the one-cent magenta was printed, but no more have been discovered.

HIND HAD THE STAMP insured for $50,000. A few years after the auction, he happened to be at Buckingham Palace. As the American bent over a glass-enclosed sheet of stamps, he looked up to see King George at his side. "You are Arthur Hind?" the King asked.

"Yes, sir," Hind replied.

The King smiled. "I want you to know that I have never begrudged your acquiring that one-cent magenta," he said.

When Hind died in 1933, his collection was bequeathed to distant relatives who expected the Guiana stamp to be included. But Mrs. Hind maintained her husband had meant her to inherit it. The stamp became the object of a brief but bitter litigation, which ended in a Supreme Court decision in favor of the widow.

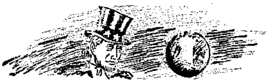
Ten years ago, on August 7, 1940, the famous scrap of paper again changed hands. It was purchased from Mrs. Hind by a collector who has maintained strict anonymity in all his dealings. The sale was negotiated by Finbar Kenny, now general manager of the well-known firm of stamp dealers, J. & H. Stolow. When circumstances again place the stamp on the auction block, another dramatic chapter will be written into its history.

But nothing is likely to match in drama an episode said to have taken place some 20 years ago in Hind's home. Soon after Hind's death, the editor of the *Stamp and Cover Collector's Review* received a letter from a reader who had an amazing tale to tell.

He had collected stamps as a young sailor working on cargo ships. A friend in Guiana, knowing of his hobby, gave him a bundle of old letters and papers one day, all with stamps affixed. Years later, when the sailor was sorting his collection, he found that he had a copy of the one-cent magenta.

Having read of the auction in 1922, the ex-sailor took the stamp to Hind's home at Utica. Hind inspected it closely and offered a huge price, to be paid in cash.

"Next day the money was ready for me," the letter concluded. "Mr. Hind took the stamp and I took the bills. Then he offered me a cigar which I accepted. He also took one and struck a match to light it, as I thought. Instead, he coolly placed the stamp over the match and watched it disappear in the flame. Then he looked at me and said: " 'There is only one British Guiana 1856 one-cent magenta!' "



Touché

The world has become so small that almost any nation is within reach of Uncle Sam's pockets. —*Wall Street Journal*

Top Man in the Senate

by **JOHN J. ARCHIBALD**

Honest, independent, and a born fighter, he's an able leader in times of crisis

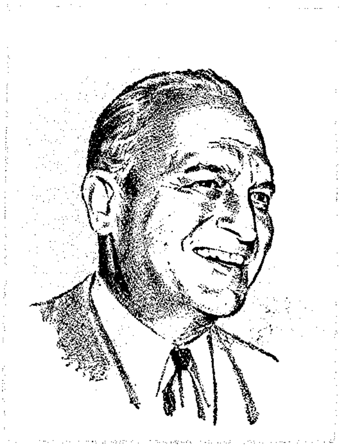
A VISITOR to the U. S. Senate during the first crucial days of the Korean war asked a newspaper correspondent:

"Who are the half-dozen most important men in the Senate?"

"Scott Lucas of Illinois is at least four of them," was the reply.

The answer, seemingly flippant, was to the point. For, besides holding the top Senate position of majority leader, the hard-working, six-foot-two senior Senator from Illinois actually holds down the key positions of party caucus chairman, steering-committee chairman, and policy-committee chairman. All four jobs add up to the significant fact that the gentleman from Illinois is easily the most powerful member of the most powerful legislative body in the world. They also belie the myth that the Midwest has been unable to produce any political giants since the days of Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas.

Undoubtedly the busiest man in Congress, Lucas somehow finds time to juggle his four major responsibilities with those of representing the State of Illinois and waging a strenuous campaign for re-election. Some idea of the tasks this one-man legislative team must handle may be gleaned from the fact that the four comparable jobs to Lucas' on the opposition side of the Senate are divided among four outstanding Republican Senators. Like Annie Oakley in the musical comedy, the handsome, hard-fisted, hard-driving Lucas is supposed to do anything better than they can.



The willingness to fight is nothing new in Lucas' career. In Bloomington, Illinois, old-timers still recall the days when young "Scotty" played end for Illinois Wesleyan. The tenacity that won him all-conference honors on the gridiron continues to serve him well as Senate leader. Soon after his unanimous election in January, 1949, to his present job, a Dixiecrat-Republican coalition, determined to block the Administration's civil-rights program, "tackled" Lucas with every parliamentary trick in the book, including filibusters. Lucas, driving himself to the verge of exhaustion, found himself in a hospital.

Just when the entire Administration program seemed lost, Lucas hurried back to the Senate floor to do battle. Ever since, he has kept up a 16-hour-a-day schedule which, despite defeat of the civil-rights and Taft-Hartley repeal measures, turned the record of the 81st Congress from an Administration liability to a credit.

The Marshall Plan, the North Atlantic Pact, the Military Assistance program, and the liberalized Displaced Persons bill are among the Lucas—and Truman—victories of the 81st Congress. Lucas almost met defeat at the hands of the isolationists on the proposal to step up aid to South Korea. The Communist invasion proved him to be far more farsighted than his political opponents—or even the military experts.

HELPING DECIDE questions of high national policy as one of Truman's "Big Four" advisers requires just such qualities of leadership, salesmanship, argument, and goading as Lucas learned early in life. Son of a tenant farmer in the Lincoln-Douglas country of downstate Illinois, Lucas at 17 was teaching all eight grades in the "toughest" school of Mason County. "Some of the boys were older than I," Lucas recalls, "but I took hold, shook 'em up a bit, and had no trouble."

To win an education and a law degree, young Scott stoked furnaces, waited on tables, farmed, sold fish, and did other odd jobs. He still found time to become a star athlete at Illinois Wesleyan, and to be president of his fraternity and his freshman law class.

Lucas turned to pro baseball to pay for his legal education. On his last appearance for Bloomington in the Three-I League, he showed the spirit that makes his political opponents respect him today. Two fans kept ribbing him through 17 long innings of a doubleheader. At the end of the 17th, Lucas strode calmly to the bleachers, knocked out both detractors with uppercuts, turned in his uniform —and walked out of professional baseball forever.

A few weeks later he passed his law exams, moved to the big town, and began practicing law.

Shortly after Lucas hung up his shingle in the "big town," Havana (pop. 5,000), townsfolk began saying: "There goes a young Abe Lincoln." Scott worked 'round the clock, studying and preparing cases at night. At the end of six weeks, during one session of court, he had lost 14 pounds.

Lucas' promising legal start was interrupted by World War I. He entered as a private, and came home a lieutenant. He helped organize the American Legion, serving as national judge advocate for four years, and as a state commander. A steadfast believer in national preparedness, he joined the Illinois National Guard, where he served as Illinois' judge advocate general, with the rank of colonel, for many years.

"When I returned to Havana in 1920," Lucas recalls, "I decided that the quickest way a young lawyer could win fame was to become a state's attorney. Without political backing, I set out to beat the incumbent by going from farm to farm until I had covered Mason County. I told everyone who I was and what I wanted."

This seemingly naïve campaign procedure brought young Lucas his first political victory by a margin of more than 580 votes. His was one of the few Democratic victories in Central Illinois in the Harding landslide.

Lucas is steeped in the Lincoln-Douglas tradition. The Lucases originally came to the Illinois-Sangamon country by covered wagon, from Virginia via Tennessee, about the same time that young Abe Lincoln was born. Grandfather Lucas knew Lincoln when he was keeping store at near-by New Salem and trying law cases in neighboring Beardstown.

Most of the Lucas family, however, were Douglas Democrats, joining with Senator Douglas to support Lincoln and the Union when the Civil War broke out. The Douglas example fired young Scotty with a lifelong ambition to become a Senator.

In 1932, the rising young attorney decided his time had come. He entered the Democratic primary for U. S. Senator against the regular party nominee—and was defeated. Then he turned around and campaigned for the man who had beaten him. This act so impressed Gov. Henry Horner that he made Lucas chairman of the important Illinois State Tax Commission. Two years later, at Horner's urging, Lucas agreed to run for Congress with the party's backing. But he specified that "there were to be no commitments of any kind to any persons or groups attached to my nomination."

AS A FRESHMAN Congressman, Lucas wasted no time. With the struggles of his tenant-farmer father in mind, he organized some 50 Congressmen of the corn and wheat states into a voting bloc, worked out a plan of federal guarantees of grain prices, and won a major victory in his first test of national leadership.

At the end of his second term as Representative, Lucas told his wife: "Let's go home to Illinois. It's either the Senate for me—or back to practicing law."

Apparently, destiny was with Lucas this time. He bucked the powerful Chicago Kelly-Nash machine and won the Democratic nomination. His election followed with complete party support. When Congress convened in 1939, Lucas was back—but this time as a freshman Senator.

His independence made it possible for him to continue to lead the grain-state Senators of both parties, and to fight President Roosevelt's plan to "pack" the U. S. Supreme Court. Also, he was free to oppose tax and regulatory laws he considered unfair to the average little businessman.

The same independence, however, made all the more impressive his fight for New Deal measures he considered necessary to save the American free-enterprise system, as well as his support of Roosevelt's pre-Pearl Harbor program to make the United States the "arsenal of democracy."

When Lucas was renominated for the Senate in 1944, his courage inspired hundreds of influential Republican businessmen to form an independent committee, raise money, and campaign for him. This same group is again supporting Lucas for re-election.

In a state traditionally split between big city and country, upstate and downstate interests, with Democrats and Republicans still expressing hostilities going back to the Civil War, Lucas has proved himself one of the few political personages acceptable to all Illinois.

Lucas' tireless energies flow in many channels. He is probably the outstanding athlete, marksman, and golfer in the Senate. He is also the Senate candidate for "Mr. America"—with a Barrymore profile and an Olympian physique. Moreover, he is probably the only member of Congress to bring down three mallard ducks with one shot. This feat, witnessed by seven fellow hunters, was recorded by Robert Ripley.

Aside from golf, Lucas' favorite methods of relaxing include watching a baseball game, listening to radio's Red Skelton, and playing bridge or gin rummy. Lucas' usual card companions are President Truman, Chief Justice Fred Vinson, and W. Stuart Symington.

In 1923, State's Attorney Lucas married Edith Biggs, the only child of a Havana businessman. The young Mrs. Lucas firmly disapproved of her husband's political ambitions. However, once he was elected, she proved a good sport.

Today, when the majority leader is in Washington, the Lucases occupy a comfortable hotel apartment. Whenever official duties permit, they streak back to the rambling white frame home in Havana. There Mrs. Lucas has one of the loveliest gardens in the county.

Whenever possible, Scott, Jr. is with his parents. This six-foot, 195-pounder followed in his father's footsteps as a football star and campus leader at Stuyvesant prep school. Last summer, after graduation, he spent his vacation driving a truck on a construction job.

A HALF-CENTURY AGO, Grandpop Lucas gave young Scott a piece of advice he has always remembered: "To get somewhere fast, you got to run scared!"

In every campaign he has ever made, except one, Lucas has "run scared." The one time he took it easy, he was beaten for re-election as State's Attorney. Ever since, he has followed Grandpop Lucas' advice. He campaigns like a pioneer pursued by whooping Indians.

Entered in two of the toughest races of his career this fall, Lucas has had to decide in which one he is going to "run scared." He was back in Illinois last June 25, starting his race for re-election, when a phone call from the White House informed him the Communists had crossed the 38th parallel in Korea.

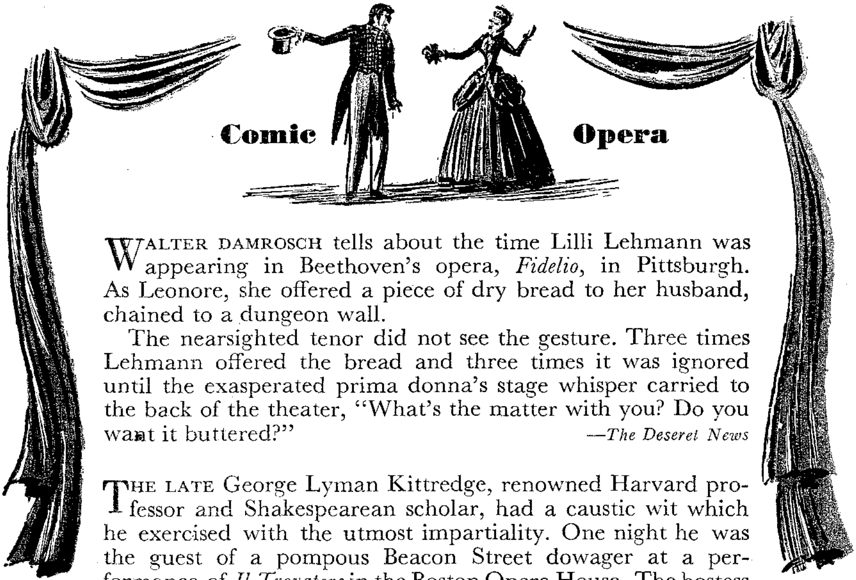
Now, Lucas knows that former Congressman Everett Dirksen, his Republican opponent, is one of the shrewdest competitors he has ever faced. The campaign Lucas had planned was to carry him to every bus stop and highway crossing in Illinois. But even the Senator knows it is impossible to "run scared" in two directions at the same time.

As majority leader and four-man team for the Administration, the interest of world peace comes first.

Not long ago, Lucas told a group of followers—some Republican, some Democrat, some independent: "Regardless of what happens to my campaign, I shall stay in Washington as long as there is anything I can do to bring about permanent peace. My own son is 19 years old. Whatever the personal cost, I will do all in my power to keep war away from America."

Whether or not world conditions permit him to "run scared" for his re-election, the political stature of Scott Lucas of Illinois is assured. Except for that of the President, his is the most difficult and most critical job in the U. S. today. Whatever the outcome in November, history will record that the farm boy of Cass County has traveled farther along the statesman's road of fame than any son of Illinois since Abraham Lincoln.

And there are some who think he may follow Lincoln's trail right into the White House.



Comic Opera

WALTER DAMROSCH tells about the time Lilli Lehmann was appearing in Beethoven's opera, *Fidelio,* in Pittsburgh. As Leonore, she offered a piece of dry bread to her husband, chained to a dungeon wall.

The nearsighted tenor did not see the gesture. Three times Lehmann offered the bread and three times it was ignored until the exasperated prima donna's stage whisper carried to the back of the theater, "What's the matter with you? Do you want it buttered?"

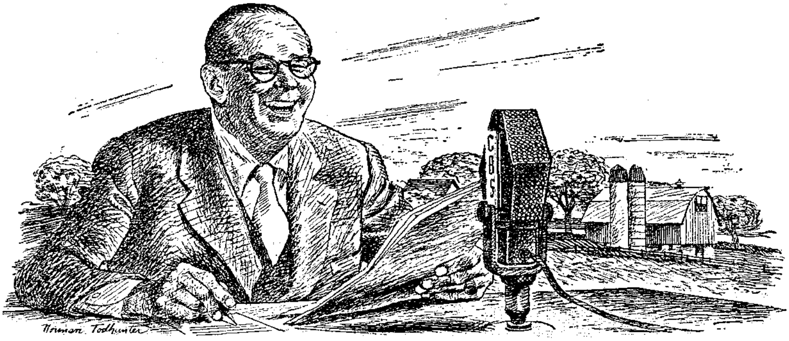
—*The Deseret News*

THE LATE George Lyman Kittredge, renowned Harvard professor and Shakespearean scholar, had a caustic wit which he exercised with the utmost impartiality. One night he was the guest of a pompous Beacon Street dowager at a performance of *Il Trovatore* in the Boston Opera House. The hostess was very talkative all through the opera, much to the professor's annoyance.

Toward the end of the final scene, she turned to him and gushed, "My dear Professor Kittredge, I do so want you to be with us next Friday evening again. I know you'll enjoy it. The opera will be *Faust.*"

"I shall be delighted," Kittredge replied. "I've never heard you in that."

—EDGAR E. HAMMILL



CEDRIC ADAMS:
COUNTRY BOY AT LARGE

by **Roland C. Gask**

One recent afternoon in Minneapolis, a big man with an infectious smile climbed into his car and set out for a spin in the country. He noted the height of the corn, chatted with farmers, watched sows and their piglets grubbing in the fields, admired the beautifully kept Minnesota farms. Cedric Adams of the Minneapolis *Star* was out on a column hunt.

A day or two later he reminisced in his column, *In This Corner:* "There's nothing cuter than a little Jersey calf. What eyes they have! Some day I'd like to make a survey of farmhouses around suppertime. I'll bet that more than 95 per cent would be serving fried potatoes . . .

"How silent it must be in a small-town church on any day but Sunday. . . . What fun it used to be to climb the windmills. Only the big kids ever reached the top. . . . I remember the joy of wading in a wheat bin barefooted. The wheat was so cooling."

For 14 years, seven days a week, Cedric Adams has been entertaining readers of the *Star* (circulation 295,035) and its big brother, the *Sunday Tribune* (circulation 600,000), with folksy chatter like this. He has done it with such success that 85 per cent of the readers turn to *In This Corner* before glancing at anything else in the paper.

Adams has built up a popularity that works wonders. Once he printed a squib about a local movie house that was offering free admission to people who brought four-leaf clovers. On the appointed day, a block-long crowd gathered outside the theater: police had to call out their reserves.

He decided that fireworks were a public danger and campaigned for their abolition. After 57,000 letters and cards flooded the Legislature, Minnesota banned firecrackers for good. During the postwar food-short days, he proposed mass dieting by Upper Midwesterners as a food-saving measure and example to the nation. Result: 22,765 went on diets and lost 159,355 pounds.

Cedric has parlayed his column into an equally astonishing radio success. His twice-daily newscasts over WCCO in Minneapolis reach 3,000,000 listeners in Minnesota, Wisconsin, the Dakotas, and neighboring states. When he plugged a certain make of bread, seven of every ten people who went into grocery stores asked for "the kind of bread Cedric talked about."

Add all of this up and you have guessed the answer! Cedric Adams is today one of the most influential local newspaper and radio personalities in America.

ADAMS IS A GENIAL, 220-pound, native Minnesotan with a booming voice and contagious laugh. He sports sunburst ties and $150 suits, yet always somehow looks unpressed. With his slicked-down thinning black hair and bushy eyebrows, he reminds you of a particularly bustling Branch Rickey. Almost any hour, you are likely to bump into Adams amid the busy stream of Minneapolis life. It may be at a civic luncheon he is boosting with his midday broadcast, an American Legion get-together, a charity rally, or a night club.

Cedric's pet pose is that of "a country boy at large in a big city." His *Corner* steers clear of global affairs and politics, sticks instead to homey topics such as food, clothes, housing, marriage, children, sickness, animals, and the weather. "If I can get an item that women will talk about at a bridge table, then it's perfect," he says.

A typical Adams column bristles with excerpts from his voluminous mail, recipes and fashion notes, a whimsical poem about Wash Day, freak statistics ("It takes about 40 minutes to hard-boil an ostrich egg"), or just wondering out loud ("How far down, do you suppose, do snakes go in winter?")

Many Upper Midwesterners who have never met him regard him as a personal friend. To others he is a sort of legendary man-next-door. A particularly urbane and smooth-talking neighbor, to be sure, but a neighbor nonetheless, and one you call by his first name. Also, he is a free-wheeling sentimentalist and puts over a tear-jerker with such effect that Minnesota matrons soon reach for their hankies—and their pocketbooks.

His favorite device for raising funds is his Penny Parade, which he started when someone told him about a poor elderly couple who had lost $37 on the way to the bank. Some 57,000 pennies paraded in.

He began one column: "I hope you read all the way down today because it's *so important*," and went on to tell about a blind mother of four who had been deserted by her husband. The Penny Parade snowballed that time to $28,000, enough to provide the mother with a new house, plus a trust fund for the children.

Another of Adams' stand-bys is his Giveaway Department. In this he lists worth-while things, along with the donors' phone numbers, which people are willing to pass on to the first comer. Mostly the things given away are dogs, cats, and pet rabbits. One "giveaway" involved 50,000 minnows.

Sometimes Adams' sentimentality brims over into the flamboyant prose of horse-and-buggy days. Take the case of "Illona," a pretty little Hungarian girl who walked weeping into his office and recounted a terrible dilemma.

Soon after the war ended, she had fallen in love with a GI in Salzburg. They became engaged. The boy went back to the States and promised to send for her. She waited two years for the plane fare to arrive, shunning every other suitor. Then it took her seven months to get a visa. Finally she had arrived in Minneapolis and gone to meet her sweetheart. Then—but here let Cedric take over:

"She'll never forget that day. She wondered if he'd changed. She wondered what he'd look like in civilian clothes. She thought of their first embrace, of what a joy it would be to have him in her arms once more, to ruffle his hair and squeeze his hands and listen to his voice.

" 'Here he comes!' she shouted. Her heart danced, but not for long. She sensed something as he walked in the door. He was no longer the gay, spirited lover she had known in Salzburg.

They embraced but it was a cold, depressed embrace . . . The scene was short . . . Instinctively they braced themselves—he for the blow he was about to deliver, she for the blow she was about to receive.

" 'I've been married for three months,' he told her.

" 'Get out of my sight!' she screamed. 'Get out, get out!' "

Illona's dilemma was this: unless she could marry another GI within two weeks she faced deportation—to a family who had disowned her and to Russian Zone authorities who had listed her as an enemy for befriending an American.

Cedric's campaign to get Illona a GI husband had the Upper Midwest agog for a week and brought her 1,786 proposals which he proudly announced as a "world record." Out of the heap she picked her man. Adams then wound up the drama with a gallant gesture that meant sacrificing headlines—to protect Illona's privacy, he suppressed the name of the successful candidate for her hand.

PART OF CEDRIC'S exuberance crops out in practical jokes and kidding people. He has a set of false buck teeth which he likes to stick into his mouth and thrust under people's faces when riding in a crowded elevator. He kids people without regard for position or prestige. Cedric once called Gid Seymour, executive editor of the *Star*, "my fat boss." Almost always, however, he manages to spoof people without offending them.

Nothing is overlooked by Cedric in his search for *Corner* talk. His storehouse is life around him, down to the last detail. Naturally enough, his family life is part of the storehouse and he is never bashful in reporting it. The Adamses live in a rambling house in fashionable suburban Edina, where he has a study complete with broadcasting equipment and special telephone lines.

For years his three sons have served as guinea pigs for his most famous series of columns, the Father and Son Soliloquy. "Well, David, come up on Pa's knee a minute," was a stock opening to his eldest. And here is Cedric spilling family secrets in a Thanksgiving soliloquy: "Pa's thankful that your mother is wearing her last year's fur coat and that the payments on the water heater are nearly done." Or, at Christmas, ribbing Mrs. Adams: "Your mother has a very fine husband. Not every woman is so fortunate. Tell her to stop her mumbling right now."

But mostly the series are heart-to-heart talks aimed at smoothing out the walks of childhood. With a father's wisdom, Cedric soliloquizes with his sons—and all youngsters—about going to school (and how to get along with schoolmates), getting the first bike (and the danger of accidents), going swimming (and do not swim out too far), or how a tonsillectomy won't be so bad if you remember that the doctor will first put you to sleep.

Here is some typical Adams soliloquizing on Mother's Day: "Well, David, get up here on Pa's lap a minute . . . Today is Sunday, but it's a sort of special Sunday. When you go to Sunday school this morning, you'll see some folks with white carnations on and some with red ones. The white ones are for those mothers who have gone. And the red ones are for those mothers who are still living.

"Today, though, all mothers are alive, but some just in memory. You know, there's something nice about just the word mother. It's a soft word. You say it in a sort of tender way. A person couldn't say anything mean along with the word mother . . .

"I remember hearing my mother say to me, 'Now remember, mother knows best.' Well, I used to get kind of tired of that. I figured that she didn't know best all the time. But, by golly, she did . . ."

Nowadays, Adams has to tune his homilies to teen-age ears. The family is growing up. David is 17 and will soon be off to college. Ric is 14, Stephen, 12.

ADAMS HIMSELF was born in Adrian, Minnesota, grew up in Magnolia, and took to columning like a colt to a scamper. While still at the University of Minnesota, he wrote a campus column, *Paltry Prattle*, which brought in $15 a month. Its sprightly style won him avid readership, several suspensions from the dean, and his start in the journalistic big-time.

It came about in 1925 when the *Star* decided to run a University section over the Christmas holidays while the campus daily suspended publication. Cedric was hired as $50-a-week columnist. He was so successful that the *Star* gave him a full-time job.

Cedric left the *Star* three years later, sold seed, edited those spicy magazines titled *Whiz Bang* and *Hooey*. Then he launched a chatter column in the throwaway Minneapolis *Shopping News*. It was such a hit that the *Star* in 1936 hired him back at $300 a month.

That was the beginning of *In This Corner*, and Cedric Adams has never looked back. Today, his income nudges $150,000, including about $12,000 from columning, $135,000 from radio and television, and the rest from sidelines like M.C.-ing and road shows.

Now 48, Cedric has to watch his step and weight, yet in a day he often gets through twice as much as many another man. To help him cover the ground, Cedric employs a large staff, including five secretaries, two teletypers, an auditor, a business manager, and a chauffeur.

At the close of the day, his 10:15 *Nighttime News* puts most Minnesotans to bed. But that is not day's end for Cedric. He still has to make the round of the night spots to gather news for next day's column. Usually he gets home by 1 or 2, with only a few hours left before his rising time of 7 A.M.

Cedric loves his job and makes no secret of it. Columnists, he points out, may have to work 365 days a year but—"we're sitting pretty." For one thing, he enjoys not having to keep regular office hours. And "If we want to do our holiday stints ahead of holidays and then take the day off, that's okay."

Many people ask him how far he keeps ahead. His eyes twinkle: "That's a laugh. I've tried a hundred methods of getting a day or two ahead. Every one has failed. I've tried keeping two or three paragraphs in what we call overset. That doesn't work. I've written a column to have on ice for the day I want to sleep. That day is always the next day."

Cedric Adams often talks about retiring a few years hence. He has grown to love his winter vacations in Jamaica, and his summer trips, whenever he can arrange to slip away, aboard his cabin cruiser on Lake Minnetonka.

The question is: would his public let him go? If he ever does retire, there will certainly be something missing in the lives of millions of Upper Midwesterners who think of Cedric Adams as "our kind of folks."

Million Dollars a Minute

ONE OF THE most amazing episodes in the romance of American industry occurred when two ladies made $21,000,000 in exactly 21 minutes. The famous auto magnates, the Dodge brothers, had passed away and their business was put up for sale by their widows. Two institutions proposed to offer bids: J. P. Morgan & Co. and Dillon, Read & Co. At the appointed time (two o'clock) the ladies sat waiting in the offices of a Detroit trust company. The Morgan interests delivered their bid, but no representative of Dillon, Read put in an appearance.

The ladies graciously agreed to wait, and the Dillon, Read representatives were notified by telephone that they would be allowed an additional 20 minutes in which to deliver their bid.

They actually required 21, but J. P. Morgan & Co. considerately waived the extra minute. When the bids were opened, the Morgan people were found to be offering $125,000,000 for the Dodge business; Dillon, Read & Co., $146,000,000.

Thus, by waiting 21 minutes, the Dodge widows made themselves $21,000,000!

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

The Best in Books

Coronet Selects:

ROOM FOR ONE MORE by Anna Perrott Rose (*Houghton Mifflin*).

As PARENTS, the Roses did not choose all of their children: three of their six chose them. Out of the kindness of their hearts, they invited three foundlings to spend vacations with them. Then, because the youngsters hated to leave, they adopted them.

How this big brood of children grew into one happy family without barriers of ancestry makes a glowing story. And its lesson is a simple and enduring one: in a home which has love and laughter, there's always room for one more.

The Roses modestly disclaim any particular kindness or generosity. They were merely doing, they say, what any American family would have done in their place. And here, indeed, lies the virtue of their story: it personifies in microcosm the vast, inexhaustible heart of America. For its tolerance, its understanding, its broad humanity, the book is CORONET's Selection of the Month.

Coronet Recommends:

THE AGE OF INDISCRETION
by Clyde Brion Davis (*Lippincott*).

ALL OF US are familiar with the prophets of doom who moan that things aren't what they used to be. Mr. Davis has no patience with the yearners for the Good Old Days. Taking his home town of Chillicothe, Mo., as a model, he shows life today to be easier, healthier, and fuller than it was then.

Mr. Davis writes with the vigor of a man felling trees, and the arguments he refutes lie around him like toppled timber. His refreshing polemic is sparked by sardonic wit, and he speaks for many when he concludes: "I really think people are rather wonderful, especially people for whom living is a bang and not a whimper."

JILL AND I AND THE SALMON
by Jack Russell (*Little, Brown*).

EVERY HIGH-POWERED executive, they say, dreams of the day when he can spend his time loafing or fishing; but few of them ever get around to it. Jack Russell is one who did. Twenty years ago, at 49, he quit a big-money job and, with his young wife, set up a salmon-fishing camp in Canada, where they have lived happily ever since.

It isn't everyone who can make pleasure his business, with fun linked to profits; but Russell explains just how he made his camp into a mecca for fishermen from all over the United States. In short, he turned a trick all of us would like to learn—how to eat your cake and have it, too.

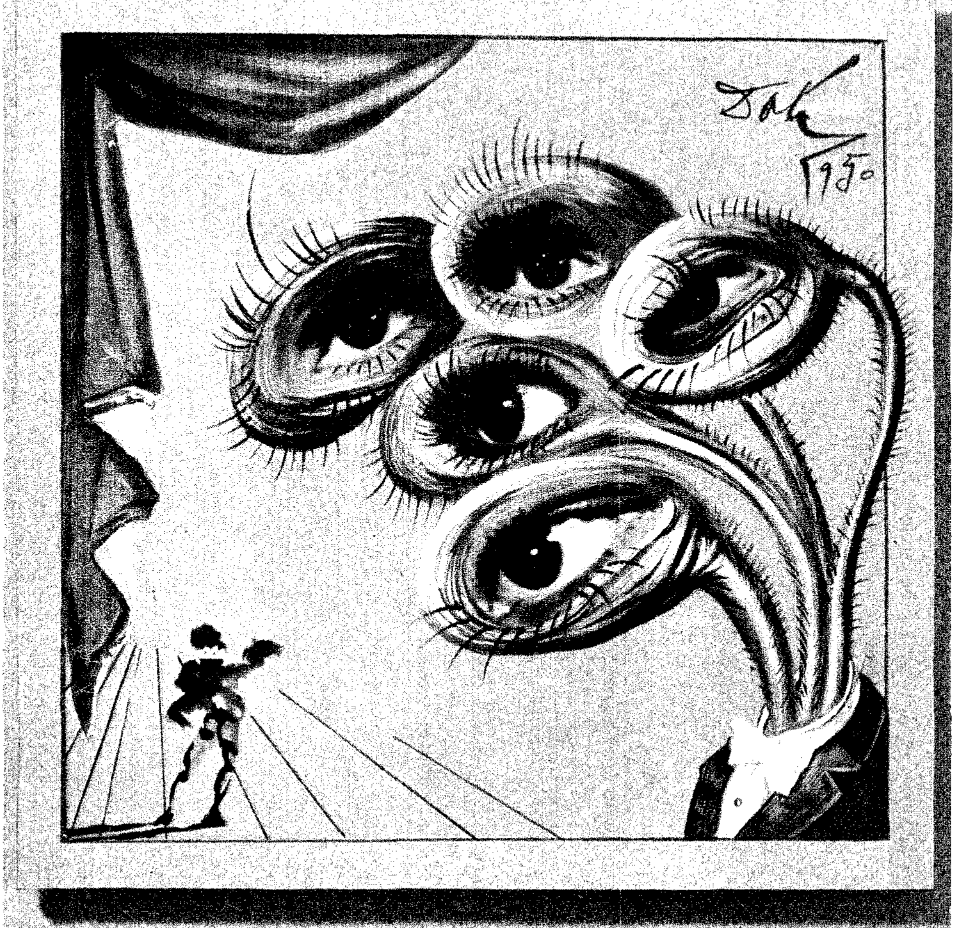
Picture Story

DREAM WORLD

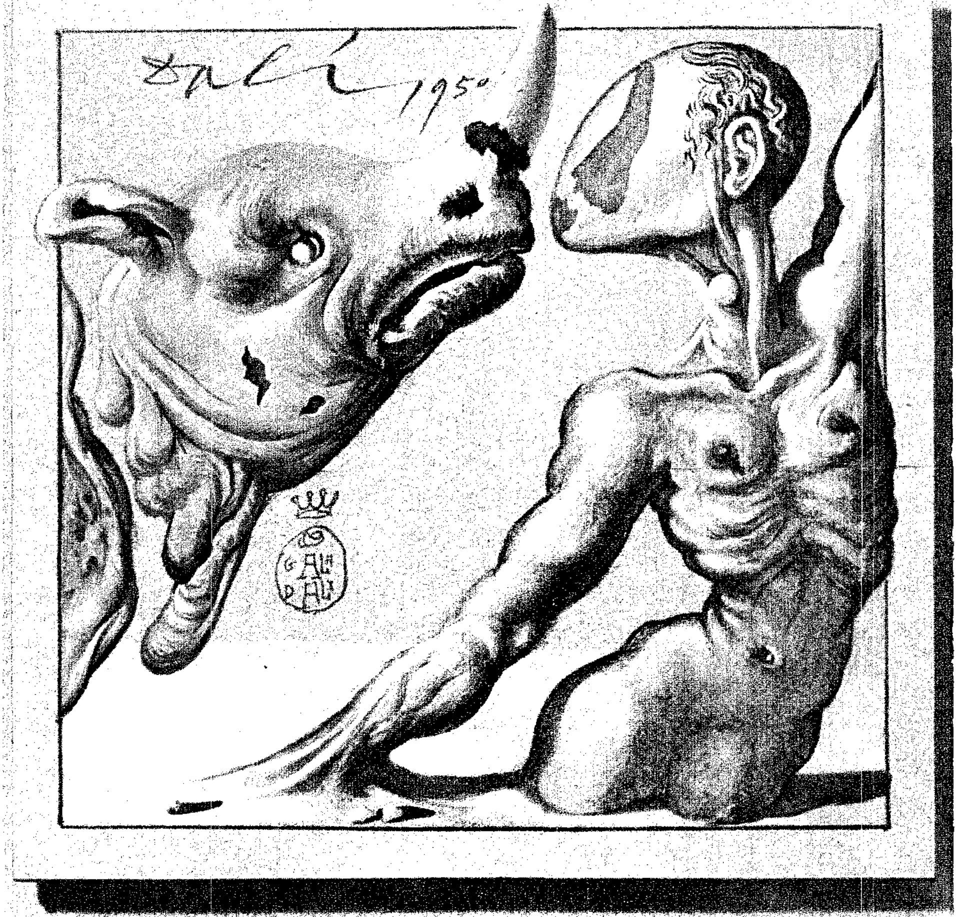
by Dali

The distinguished modern painter interprets the fantasies of a land we all have visited.

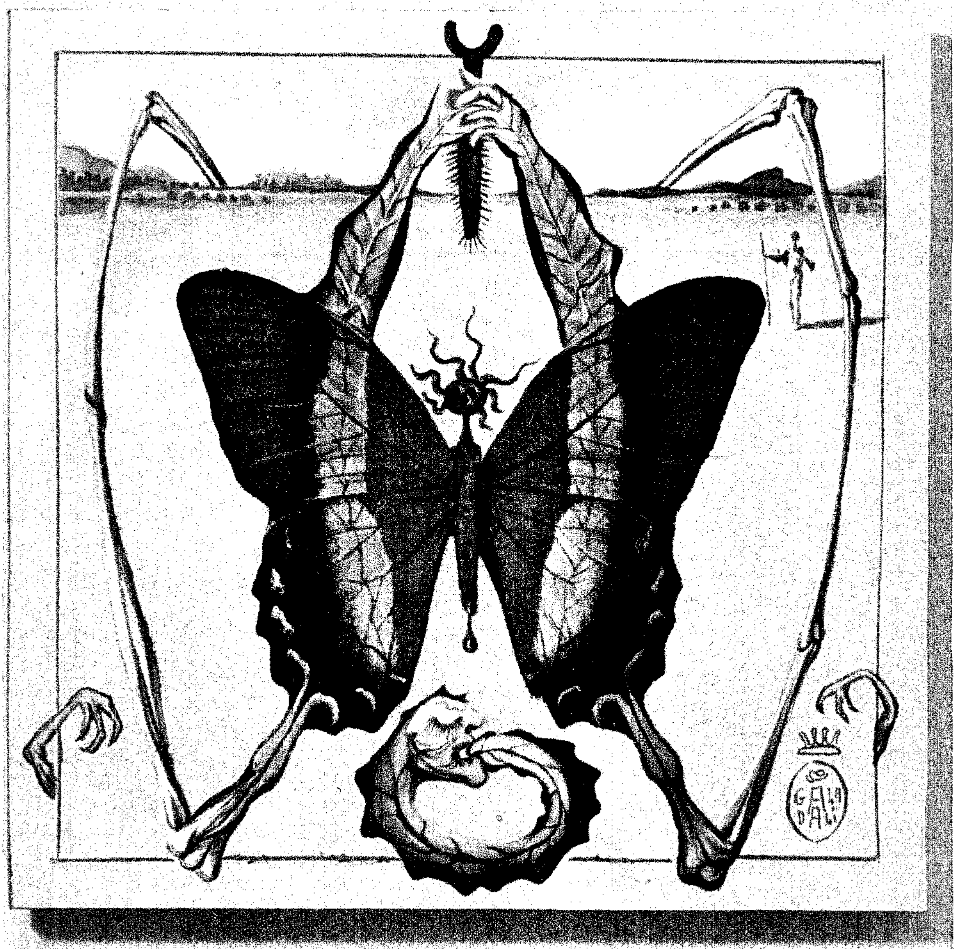
TO MOST OF US, the world of dreams seems unreal, for, when we awake, the visions of our sleeping hours fade away like mist. But for Salvador Dali, famed modern artist, dreams are the only reality. He not only lures them into staying on but even into posing for him, and when he paints them it is with a precision of detail that first shocks us and then frequently strikes a chord of memory. His canvases, exotic as they may appear at first glance, are as haunting as half-remembered faces seen fleetingly in a crowd. Truly, Dali may be called an ambassador from that strange land of our vanished dreams.



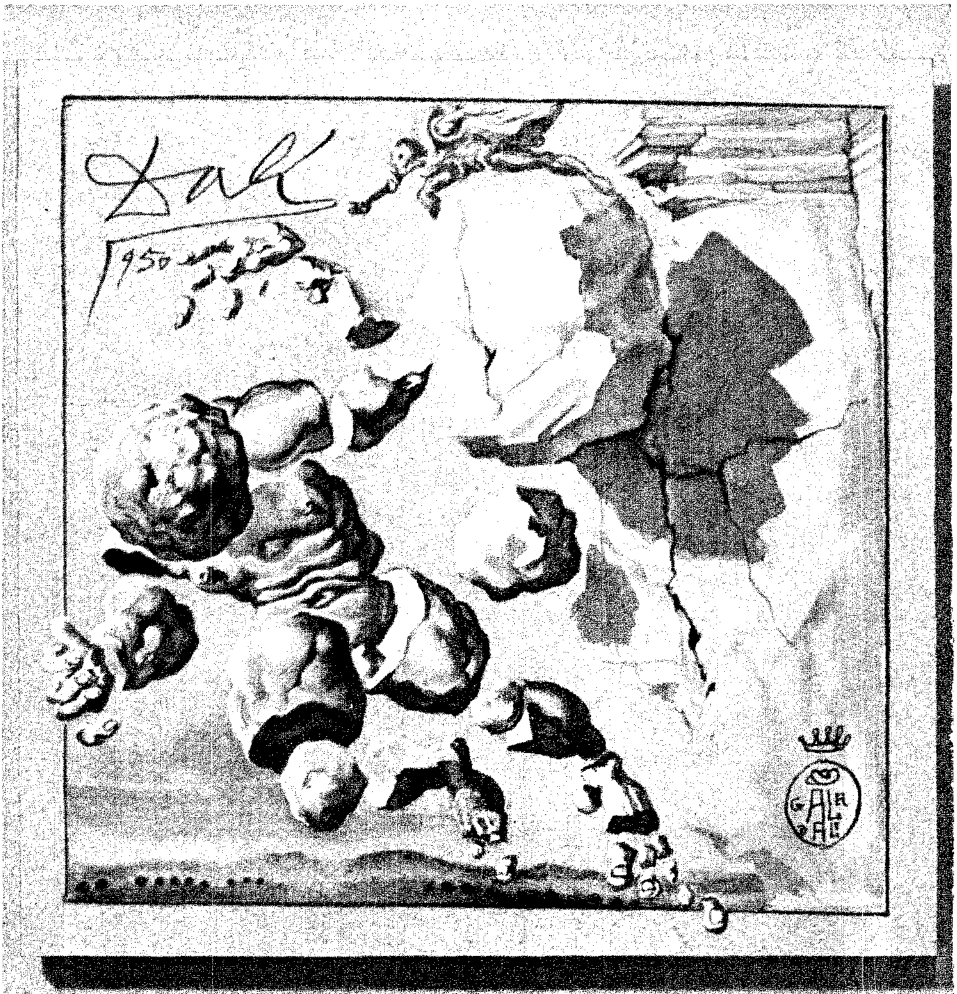
WHO CAN BOAST that all his desires have been realized among the experiences of waking life? Sometimes, unknown even to ourselves, we long for the impossible—to be loved, protected, and applauded. Denied expression in the everyday world, these fugitive wishes produce their own extravaganzas in our dreams. There, miraculously, we hold the center of the stage. As in the above painting, all eyes are on us, and, although these eyes are anonymous, even grotesque, they flatter, for plainly they belong to important people. We can tell that by the distinguished evening clothes from which they sprout.



BUT, IF DREAMS can flatter, they also can terrify. Fears, as deep-seated, as irrational as many of our wishes, also haunt us; sleep releases them from the prison of the unconscious, and they, too, have their moments in the forefront of our minds. Feeling ourselves weak, threatened and pursued, we try to flee and succeed only in sinking deeper into quicksand. We become faceless, writhing symbols of terror. Then, suddenly, a monster materializes beside us! Horned and ugly, it is a composite of all the threats to mankind from the beginning of time. We cry out in horror—and awake from nightmare!

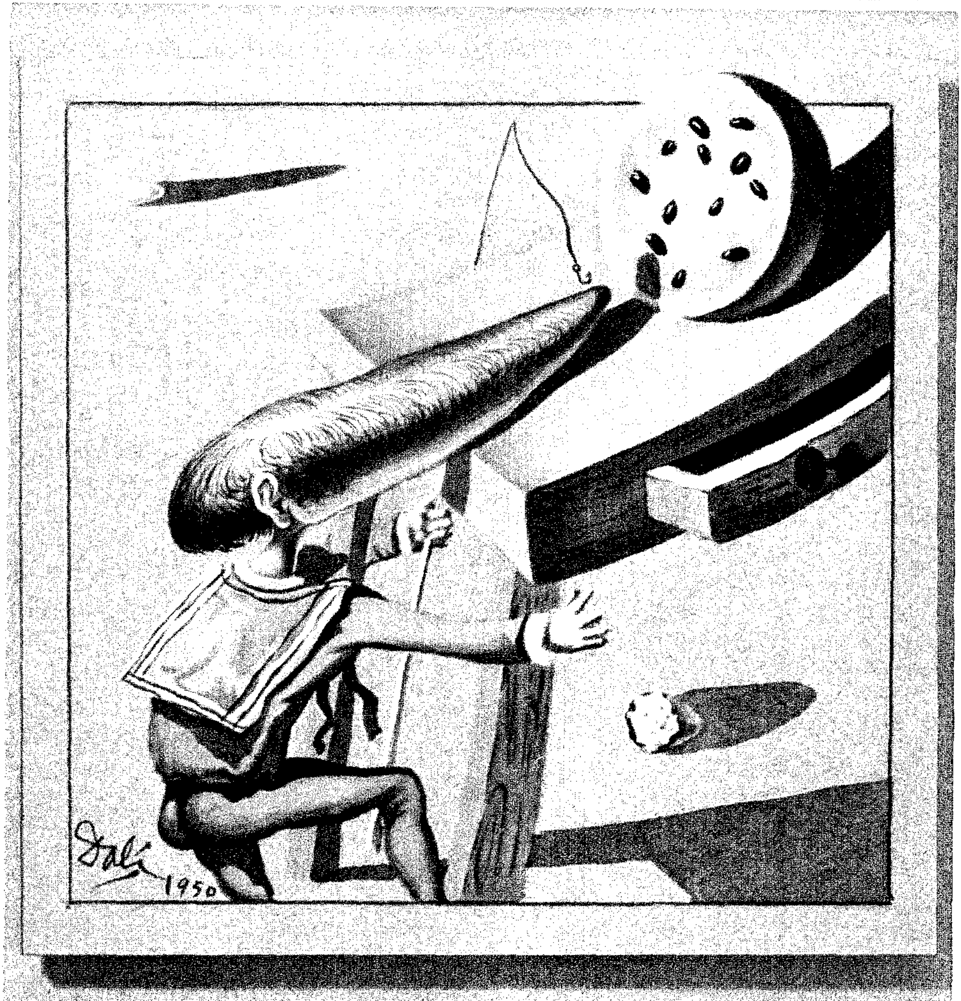


AMONG THE RAREST and most gratifying of dreams are those which shadow forth our powers of creation. Sometimes they are actively creative (Coleridge, for instance, dreamt the famous poem, *Kubla Khan*, and was awakened by a tradesman pounding on his door—which is why the poem was never finished). Sometimes, as in the painting above, they are passive. Then, embracing vast distances—which, we feel, we can traverse at a single step—they are filled with mysterious yet pleasing symbols, with symmetrical objects and singing, harmonious lines. From dreams like these we rise up smiling and refreshed.

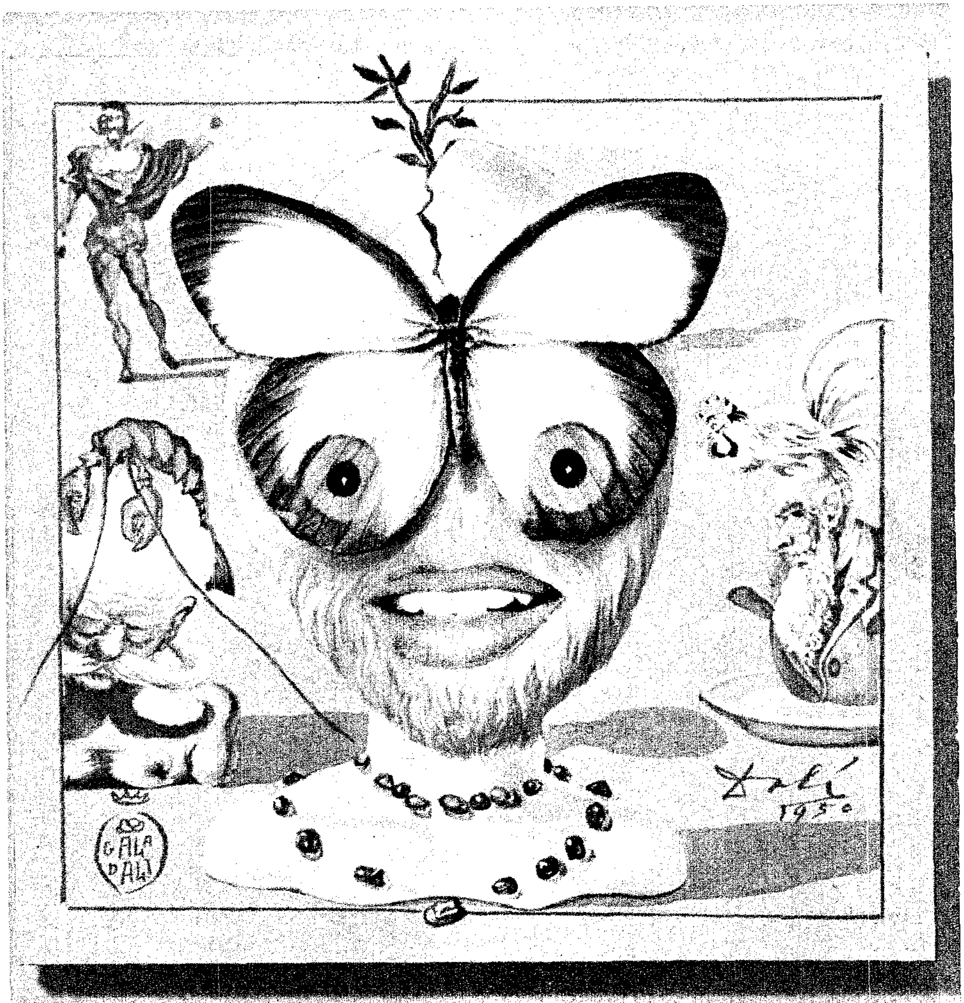


Disintegration

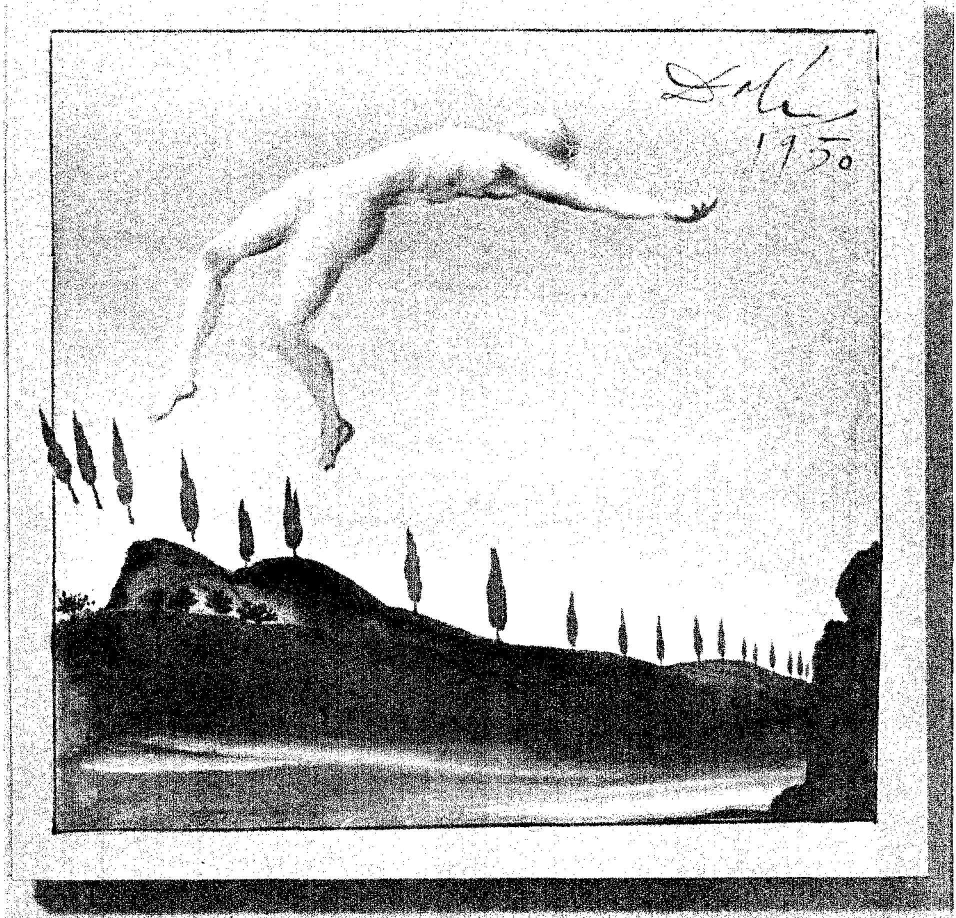
DEEP IN EACH MORTAL lurks the fear of his own mortality. One day, numbered either in the calendar on his desk or in some calendar not yet printed, is ringed in invisible ink. It is the day of his disintegration. He knows, and in imagination approaches it with cautious steps, as though it were a wild beast hidden in a thicket. Dreams often help to reassure him in his conflict with inevitable death. The common one, reproduced here, seems to say, "Behold, it is not so bad, after all. Even though you should be hurled off a cliff into eternity, the experience will be no more painful than the simple falling apart of a statue . . ."



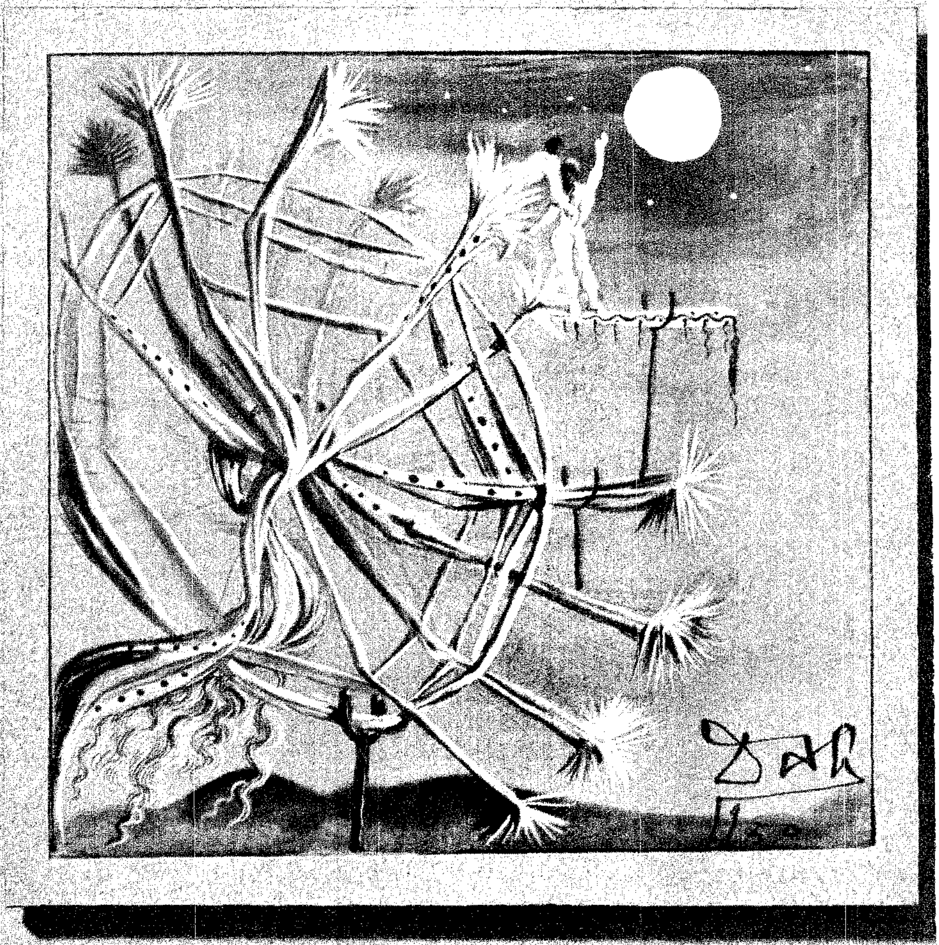
NEARLY EVERYONE has dreamt of some ineffable delight, forever tantalizing, forever just beyond his reach. To the poet, it is a ravishing phrase; to the miser, an effortless million; to the glutton, a masterpiece of culinary art. More modest in his desire than any of these, the boy in this picture is no less ardent. He wants a watermelon. He wants it so badly that he *not only* reaches out and fishes for it, but even allows his head to be changed into a sort of tool, designed specifically for the attainment and consumption of watermelons. Frustrated desire has deformed him physically, as it has so many others spiritually.



SOME DREAMS can be described only as kaleidoscopic. It is as though our memories, filled to bursting with the indiscriminate harvest of a thousand perceptions—trivial and significant, precious, bizarre, and meaningless—all at once had tilted a little and dumped a portion of their contents into our sleeping minds. Frantically, we try to sort the hodgepodge; like a slovenly housewife, expecting a visit from the landlord, our thoughts rush around, throwing this thing here, that there, in a desperate, last-minute effort to bring some order out of chaos. And the result? Confusion worse confounded!



THE WORLD IS a constricting place for most of us, imprisoned as we are by conventions, laws, inhibitions, fear of scandal, and the sheer walls of human possibility. But at night, asleep, we throw off our shackles. Now, sinking to the depths of the sea, we flirt with mermaids and live in castles of coral. Now we perform prodigious feats of strength, of valor, and of legerdemain; we rescue maidens in distress, sway crowds with oratory, fly through the air with the greatest of ease. For a few brief and glorious hours, we are in truth "like unto the gods"; we are the masters of our fates. Then, alas, we wake up!



Supported by the crutches of human impotence, the wheel of life spins inexorably. Its stops are few—until it reaches the last stop of all. When we are born, it pauses long enough to take us on, and then it stops again, this second time enchanted into momentary stillness by the miracle of love. While we stand enraptured beside our beloved, seeing the moon and the vast night sky, as it were, for the first time, the decrepit wheel dangles its crutches idly and seems to burst into fantastic bloom. This is the magic hour, and when the spinning begins again we scarcely are aware of a faint, ominous creaking noise.

THE

WHO BETRAYED

AMERICA

by MARY VAN RENSSELAER THAYER

Here, told for the first time, is the amazing story of a Communist Mata Hari

ALTHOUGH THE NAME of Kim Suim, a beautiful Oriental girl, failed to appear in communiqués from the Korean front, it deserved a place there. For, when the alluring young temptress was shot as a spy a few hours before the Red troops crashed into Seoul, the event was comparable to the destruction of a column of Red tanks.

With her voluptuous charm and Oriental seductiveness, Kim Suim, known to her compatriots as the "Doctor of Lovemaking," was a deadly weapon, shaped and set in motion by Russian hands. She and thousands of others like her—all chosen for their beauty and easy morals, indoctrinated with the Communist credo and turned loose to do as much damage as possible—were part of a vast plan.

These lethal ladies of the Soviet Operation Sex used their charms to protect Red underground terrorists, and to seduce the enemy—South Korea and America—into betraying its deepest secrets.

We know there was a large number of these Mata Haris in Korea, well trained and, in their coldly amorous fashion, highly effective in gathering vital information from unsuspecting American officers and GIs. Their far-flung sisters are a problem that will confront us again and again. Luckily we have a blueprint of their methods, for Kim Suim stood trial in a Korean court, where her machinations were glaringly exposed.

Her first exposure to Communism took place in 1942, at a meeting of so-called "patriots." There, she fell in love with the principal speaker of the evening, a tall and handsome Korean named Lee Kung Kook, administrative director of the Communist National Front Federation.

Lee Kung was a fanatic, who never spent time on anything—even lovemaking—without a sound ideological reason. Even before submitting to Kim Suim's wiles, he looked into her background and evaluated her potential usefulness to the Party.

An orphan, she had been educated at American Methodist schools and later had found a job as private secretary to the head of the dental school at Severance College. All this counted in her favor. But her greatest asset, from Lee Kung's point of view, was not her education but her looks—and the power they gave her over men.

She was a miniature Venus, perfectly proportioned, with the shiniest and longest black pigtails in all Korea, and with enormous black eyes, enhanced by extravagantly arched eyebrows. Nature obviously had endowed her to be a charmer, and it was at Severance College that she received her nickname, "Doctor of Lovemaking."

Lee Kung decided Kim Suim could be of great value both to him and to the Communist cause. So, interspersing doctrine and embraces, he slowly bent her to his will. When the pay-off arrived it exceeded his most optimistic dreams. Three years after that 1942 meeting of "patriots," all of Korea below the 38th Parallel was taken over by U. S. Occupation forces—and Kim Suim stepped forth confidently to meet them.

Missionary-trained and accomplished in English, she knew perfectly how to ingratiate herself. She was received with open arms. They made her the receptionist at the Banto Hotel, U.S. Military Headquarters in Korea. Kim Suim was touchingly grateful. She went out of her way to please, smiling and bowing all day long—and at night supplying her Korean lover with increasingly valuable information. She discovered, well in advance, the impending withdrawal of U.S. forces and even the precise dates of their departure.

For a year she remained at the Banto, in a constant glitter of top brass. Then her fortune took a still more dizzy upturn. She was shifted to the U.S. Provost Marshal's office, part of the Counter Intelligence Division—which meant daily contact with high-security data. It was the sort of job spies dream of.

ABOUT THIS TIME, the private life of the "Doctor of Lovemaking" also underwent a change. She found a proper place to hang out her shingle, a luxurious house on Kind Jade Street, in Seoul's most fashionable district. Originally the establishment had belonged to a wealthy Japanese, who had surrendered it to the American Military Government, which, in turn, surrendered it to Kim Suim.

Why was it given to her? In seeking the answer in the records of her trial, one is impressed chiefly by the elaborate discretion of the Korean prosecutor. Others were less reticent. They named an American officer, the one, they added slyly, to whom she had borne a son.

Soon the house in Kind Jade Street was a busy and curious place. Above stairs, there were revelry, romance, and a continual coming and going of American dignitaries; downstairs, things were quite different. Kim Suim shuttled between the two levels, one minute rushing up to greet a couple of colonels, then hurrying down to speed a Communist fugitive on his way to safety beyond the 38th Parallel. At night, she would sing native songs to an appreciative, uniformed audience, perform her amorous devoirs, and after that, dash away to count the profits of a brisk side line she was running in stolen jeeps, ammunition, and guns.

In her unassailable position, beyond suspicion, she master-minded a whole network of Communist intrigue and espionage. Bundles of Japanese currency, brought down from the Communist North, were secreted in her cellar. When they had been distributed among the Communists of the south, in came rice boxes filled with pilfered American arms. The munitions—as well as occasional refugees for whom Kind Jade Street served as a stop on the underground railroad—were loaded into American vehicles and driven to the 38th Parallel, where all would promptly disappear into Red territory. The drivers were Korean employes of the American Military Government, whose passes permitted them to go anywhere unchallenged.

Then, one night in September, 1946, as Kim Suim and her naïve American protector were having tea, a servant whispered in her ear. Excusing herself, she hurried down to the cellar, where Lee Kung Kook was waiting. A disastrous thing had happened. The timid South Korean Government at last had issued a warrant for his arrest. She would have to help him escape.

It was an easy enough assignment, for out of consideration for the Americans the police were no more likely to invade the house on Kind Jade Street than they were the Banto Hotel. For three days Lee Kung remained in concealment, while his sweetheart made arrangements to smuggle him to the border.

Tearfully, she told her American friend that her "mother" lay dying in Kaesung, the nearest city to the Red border. As a dutiful daughter, the least she could do was rush a doctor to the scene. The American expedited the journey. Touched by her obvious grief, he showered her and the doctor—who happened to be Lee Kung Kook—with good wishes for the "mother's" recovery.

At her trial, this trip north and Lee Kung's escape were commented on, but the prosecutor discreetly refrained from mentioning the fact that the journey was made in an American jeep.

LEE'S DEPARTURE brought no decrease of underground activity in Kind Jade Street. It went on for nearly three more years, years of unmarred success during which Kim Suim became known as the best-dressed, best-informed, most powerful native woman in Seoul.

Then, at last, her luck ran out. She had predicted the event herself—and had been congratulated for doing so by her Communist masters. The American Occupation troops left South Korea.

Kim Suim was desolate. She wept on her departing protector's shoulder and assured him of her undying devotion. Then, wiping her eyes, she sat down to await what life would bring her next.

What it brought her, eventually, was the long-suffering, incredibly patient South Korean police, and once more the house on Kind Jade Street was filled with lamentation.

"But what have I done?" wailed its mistress, a picture of outraged virtue. The arresting officer regarded her stonily.

"Madame," he began, "we have known about your activities for years. We would have acted long before this, only—" He left the sentence unfinished, but its meaning was clear—somebody high up might have objected.

In June, 1950, charged with four major and 26 lesser crimes against the state, Kim Suim stood trial. One of the chief defense witnesses was Yung Sook Mo, former classmate of the accused and Korea's foremost poetess. Speaking with the voice of befuddled liberals all over the world, Miss Mo discounted the prosecution's talk of Communism and treason.

"The reason Miss Kim Suim committed this crime," her strange deposition read in part, "was—love. She fell in love with this man, Lee Kung Kook, and though Mr. Kook was working against the Republic of Korea, all she could do was to cooperate fully."

This starry-eyed poetess' plea for sympathy was rejected by the court, the prosecutor calling it "regrettable." No doubt Miss Mo came to regret it herself some weeks later, for she was one of the first to be shot by North Korean Communists after they took Seoul.

While the Red troops still were in the outskirts of the city on June 28, Kim Suim, who had confessed and had been condemned to death, was removed from the military prison to Kimpo airport. In honor, perhaps, of her American friends, she had been used to going around in slacks, with her hair done up in an American-style permanent. Now, for this ceremonial occasion, she was dressed conservatively in Korean garb, and her long black hair was bound tightly about her head.

When she had crossed the compound and taken her stand against the far wall, one of the soldiers, lined up in front of her, whispered to a companion, "How small she is! We must lower our sights."

A minute later there was the command, and the staccato bark of rifles. As the Doctor of Lovemaking sank to the ground, her Red comrades were swarming into Seoul, shooting off the American guns and ammunition which she had so adroitly smuggled in to them.

A Scream in Time

THE HOUSEWIFE went into a butcher shop just before closing time to buy a roast. A strange man followed her in and stood about while she was at the counter.

Suddenly she screamed, and the man turned and ran out of the store right into the arms of a passing policeman. Later the stranger was identified as a holdup man.

"Mrs. Jones, if you hadn't screamed, I would certainly have been robbed," declared the butcher gratefully, "but how did you know he was a bandit?"

"I didn't," protested Mrs. Jones. "I screamed when you told me what the roast was going to cost."

—*Lejeune Globe*

HEROINE OF FOOTBALL

by BILL STERN

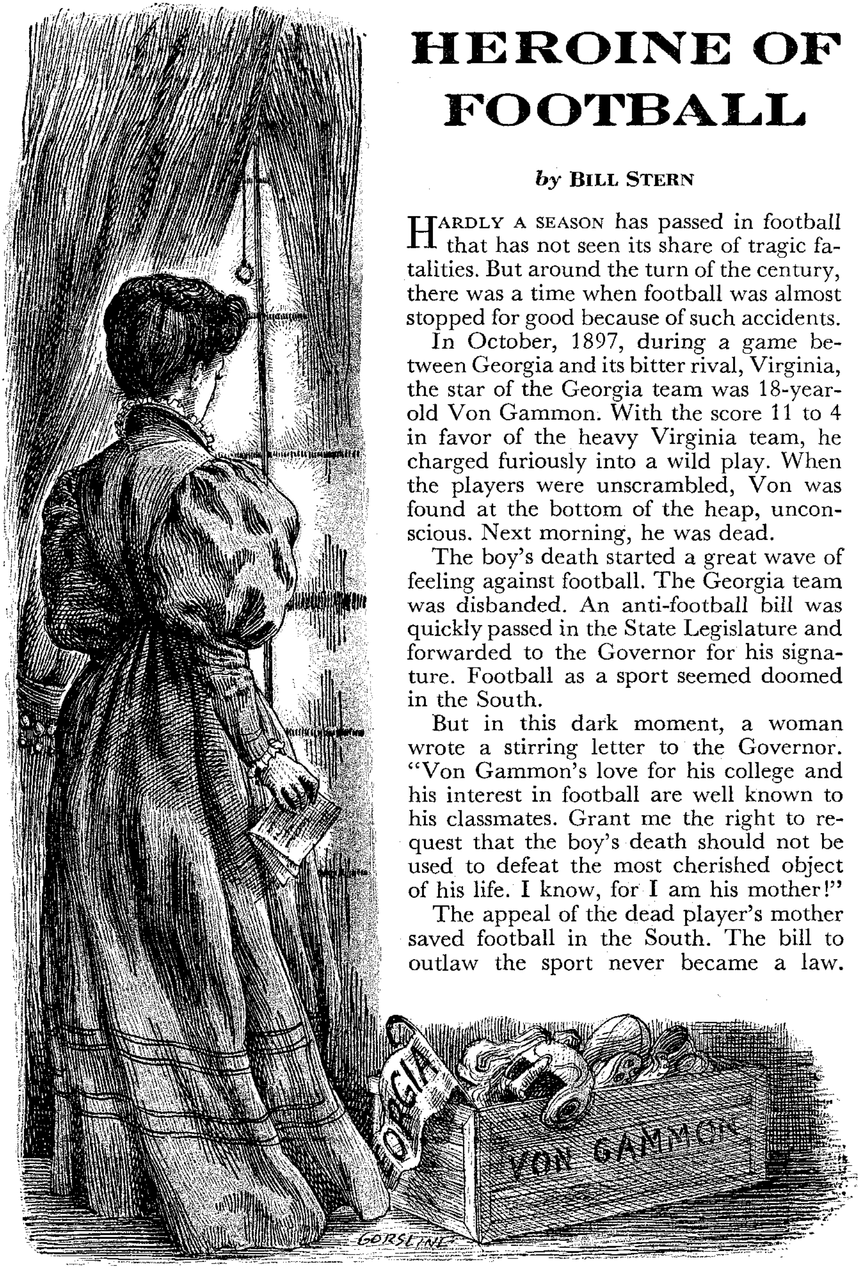
HARDLY A SEASON has passed in football that has not seen its share of tragic fatalities. But around the turn of the century, there was a time when football was almost stopped for good because of such accidents.

In October, 1897, during a game between Georgia and its bitter rival, Virginia, the star of the Georgia team was 18-year-old Von Gammon. With the score 11 to 4 in favor of the heavy Virginia team, he charged furiously into a wild play. When the players were unscrambled, Von was found at the bottom of the heap, unconscious. Next morning, he was dead.

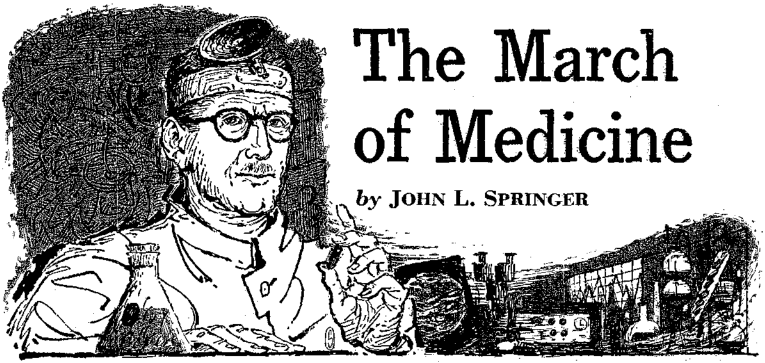
The boy's death started a great wave of feeling against football. The Georgia team was disbanded. An anti-football bill was quickly passed in the State Legislature and forwarded to the Governor for his signature. Football as a sport seemed doomed in the South.

But in this dark moment, a woman wrote a stirring letter to the Governor. "Von Gammon's love for his college and his interest in football are well known to his classmates. Grant me the right to request that the boy's death should not be used to defeat the most cherished object of his life. I know, for I am his mother!"

The appeal of the dead player's mother saved football in the South. The bill to outlaw the sport never became a law.



From *My Favorite Sport Stories* by Bill Stern. Copyright, 1946, by MacDavis Features.



The March of Medicine

by JOHN L. SPRINGER

From coast to coast, men of science are making important advances on many fronts

What Makes Arteries Harden?

FOR A LONG time, doctors have suspected what caused arteriosclerosis—"hardening of the arteries"—the nation's greatest killer and disabler. It was a chemical compound called cholesterol which they thought might clog blood-vessel walls, burden the heart—and often provoke a fatal stroke.

But two people might have equal amounts of cholesterol in their blood. Yet only one would have hardening of the arteries. Why?

Now University of California scientists believe they have the answer. Working with the Atomic Energy Commission, they began to feed rabbits a special cholesterol diet. Soon they discovered in the rabbits' blood at least four different kinds of giant molecules. When the cholesterol intake was increased there was an increase in the concentration of one type of these giant molecules in *all* the animals; yet when only this molecule was present, in whatever amount, there was no arteriosclerosis. However, some of the rabbits also developed high concentrations of the other three types of giant molecules, and in these rabbits the scientists found severe cases of the disease. Were these latter molecules the dangerous ones? The scientists believed so.

Next, they took blood tests of 104 men and women who had suffered heart attacks from hardening of the heart arteries. In 101 cases they found concentrations of the "dangerous" molecules. Then laboratory experts examined the blood of healthy men. These molecules were found in one-third of those under 40 but in one-half of older men—suggesting that, by this molecular test, it may become possible to warn potential victims 10 or 15 years before symptoms normally would appear. Thus warned, a patient may be able to thwart the killer by a proper diet.

Lung Helps TB Cases

DESPITE ADVANCES in fighting pulmonary tuberculosis with drugs like streptomycin, doctors still regard rest as their primary weapon. To achieve rest, they often collapse a patient's lung and put him to bed for long periods. But even in bed mentally active patients sometimes fail to get the needed rest.

"How can we provide even more rest?" asked Dr. Alvan L. Barach, associate professor at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. An "automatic lung" was the answer. It enables a patient to receive air without exercising lungs or chest—without even being aware of breathing!

In tests on patients whom other treatments had failed to help, results were striking: they found complete physical and mental peace. Some stayed in the "lung-immobilizing chamber" for hours without even moving their hands.

Hope for Ulcer Sufferers

Patients with peptic ulcers suffer from two factors: excess of acid secretions by the stomach and spasms of stomach muscles. For years, in severe cases, surgeons have severed the vagus nerves which control the secretions and contractions. But ulcer sufferers now may win similar relief by taking a new drug by mouth!

The drug is a compound known technically as beta-diethylaminoethyl-xanthene-9-carboxylate methobromide. Two Chicago chemists, John W. Cusic and Dr. R. A. Robinson of G. D. Searle & Co., who worked on its development, say it gives doctors "an entirely new approach" in treating ulcers.

By relaxing stomach muscles it prevents spasms, and it counteracts nerve impulses which cause acid secretions. It is now available to the public as Banthine, but only on doctors' prescription.

New Sugar Substitute

How can you enjoy the sweetening of sugar without taking on extra weight? This question has long vexed the public, as well as experienced chemists. Thus far, saccharine has been the only solution in general use. But saccharine cannot be used in cooking—and it has an unpleasant aftertaste.

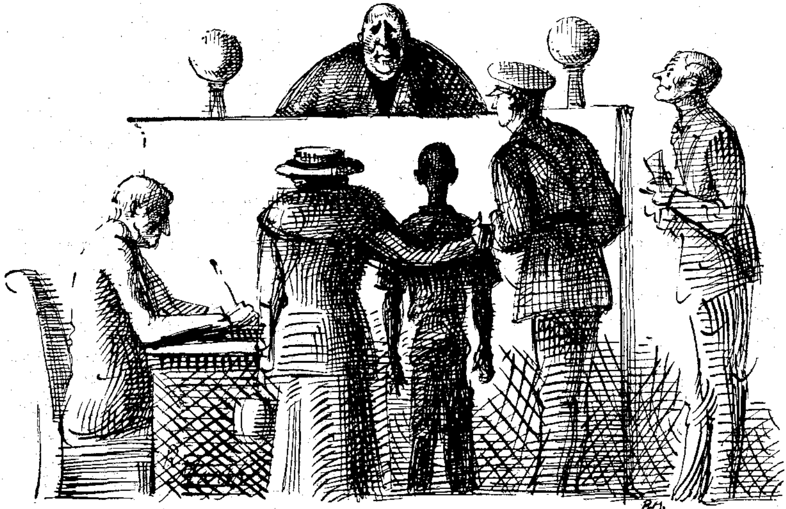
Now Abbott Laboratories has produced a new sweetening agent which can be used in cooking, baking, canning, or beverages. It is called Sucaryl Sodium. You can buy it at your drugstore.

Sucaryl Sodium was discovered in 1937 by a University of Illinois chemist named Michael Sveda. He noticed a sweet taste in his cigarette one day and decided to isolate it. The new compound was a jawbreaker named sodium cyclohexyl sulfamate. Sveda later developed it for synthesization while working for duPont; and now housewives everywhere can use Sucaryl as an all-purpose sweetener.

Dollars and Sense

Can you remember away back when there used to be something that a man felt he couldn't afford? —H. I. Phillips

The only money that goes as far today as it did in 1940 is the nickel that rolls under the bed. —Neal O'Hara, *McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*



ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD MARSH

Mother to Wayward Boys and Girls

by CAROL HUGHES

"Send for Ray Wilson" is Houston's byword when a Negro youngster is in trouble

THE JUDGE LOOKED DOWN at the frightened 15-year-old Negro boy and recounted his crimes. "My patience is exhausted, Henry," he said in conclusion. "I see no recourse but to send you away for a long time."

The judge looked straight at the boy as he talked. But to Mrs. Rachel Wilson, sitting quietly in a corner of the Houston, Texas, courtroom that day in 1943, he seemed to be speaking directly to her. There were tears in the kindly Negro woman's eyes as she listened to the words that would start another of her people on the way to becoming a hardened criminal.

"At that moment," Rachel Wilson says, "I knew I *was* my brother's keeper. Though that boy Henry had stolen everything that wasn't nailed down, he lived right across the street from me. Somebody had to speak for him."

Mrs. Wilson rose to her feet and begged the judge to give the boy one more chance—to parole him in her care. Something in the woman's gentle bearing and intelligent face gave the judge confidence in her ability, and he granted her tearful request.

"I didn't know anything about juvenile delinquency then, and I don't now," Ray Wilson admits. "But I've certainly learned what causes it. I went right straight home to that boy's house—and just listen to how he lived!

"Henry's home environment was about as bad as any in Houston. Sixteen people were crowded together in three rooms. The mother was to have another child. All the married children lived there with their offspring—seven in all—and no member of the family worked. They lived on what Henry stole."

Mrs. Wilson just "rolled up her sleeves" and went to work on that house. She moved all the married ones out, and put the children in school. Then she started on Henry. Without knowing it, she had assumed a job that was to win her local and national acclaim and turn her own home into a center for juvenile delinquents.

No one knows how many boys and girls Ray Wilson has taken under her wing, but at one time there were 22 reporting to her every day. Her technique has proven so successful that judges and probation officers in Houston, when faced with a Negro juvenile problem, just say: "Send for Ray."

"I never planned to spend my life this way," she says. "All I wanted was some peace and quiet, but the Lord just reached out and found me where I was hiding—and I knew what I had to do."

What she did is amazing. When she took Henry, she made herself available to all the courts and probation officers as someone to call when a boy or girl got into trouble. The technique she followed with Henry was the same she followed with all her boys.

First she bought them clothes, if necessary. Then she called school principals and told them to let her know if any of her charges played hooky. She got them after-school jobs to keep them off the streets, and employers soon learned that if they called Ray, there would be no question about the boys showing up for work. Her five-room cottage became a beehive of boys—all in trouble of some kind.

For the ones she couldn't take into her home, she set up a supervision program much more strict than any laid down by the courts. The recalcitrant youngsters who were out in foster homes had to call her on the phone once a day. And they had to ask permission to go anywhere—even to a movie—and report with whom they were going. They also had to report personally at Ray Wilson's home some time during the day.

While her program was strict, her patience and understanding were as big as her heart. Not a boy or girl who came under her supervision ever "backslid."

After young Henry, once the despair of Houston judges, finished high school, he asked Mrs. Wilson's permission to join the Navy. She gladly consented and he is doing an excellent job today.

Mrs. Wilson gets a thrill from telling her favorite story about Henry. After he had been in the Navy for a year and had come home on leave, he was so accustomed to reporting to her that he dutifully called and asked if he could go to the movies on his first night home. She let him go.

Ray Wilson is a small woman with a youthful face, dark, penetrating eyes, and the soul of a sensitive child. She was born Rachel Ratcliffe in Arcola, Virginia, on

November 16, 1892—one of 12 children in a shabby farmhouse.

A bright intelligent girl, with the courage and determination to work her way out of the environment in which she seemed trapped, she attended Manassas High School. There she worked hard, graduating with a scholarship to Hampton Institute. With her diploma, she went into teaching, and the Anna T. Jeanes Association of the South made her supervisor over the rural Negro schools in 48 counties in Virginia. Her family looked upon this as little less than a miracle. And she was proud that her father lived to see what she had done.

"I brought him with me to all sorts of places," she says. "And he had never been anywhere."

Later she was sent to Texas College in Tyler, Texas. There she married tall, distinguished, good-natured Hubert Wilson, professional ball player and musician.

"For the first time in my life," Ray Wilson says, "I could stop work. Nothing ever seemed so good. I just loved staying here in my little home, looking after my husband and being happy. But that wasn't to be. I saw Henry—and took on the hardest job of my life, without pay." But there is a happy expression on Ray Wilson's face when she adds: "I can never repay God for such blessings."

Childless themselves, the Wilsons have spent hundreds of dollars and given night and day of their time to helping others. While a part-time worker for the Crittenton Home in Houston, Ray found that there was help for the unmarried Negro girl, the same as for the white.

"My people didn't know that," she admits, "so I used to go out and find the girls, talk to them in hospitals where I knew they didn't have money to be, and tell them to come on over to me—that there was help for them." Her campaign was so successful that she is given most of the credit for the establishment of the home for delinquent Negro girls at Brady, Texas.

Asked to help set up the Negro Light House for the Blind, Mrs. Wilson was sent to New York City to study the work there. Now she is doing a remarkable job in that department in Houston. But she can't wait to give up this paid job so that she can start a project for the aged on her own time and money.

In her opinion: "There ought to be homes for old people who are a burden to their families. No one wants them and they're not any good to themselves, neglected and miserable. I want to help build a place where they can spend their last days in peace."

EVERY JUVENILE COURT judge in Houston has paid tribute to Ray Wilson and her work, and she has received a citation for social service from the National Urban League in New York City. All this she appreciates, but dearer to her heart are the hundreds of letters she receives from "her" boys and girls. All are in good jobs somewhere. Twelve are in the Navy and seven in the Army.

On Mother's Day she receives wires and letters from everywhere. The one from Henry last year said: "I've been sitting here in this foreign country today, thinking how good you people were to me—and how hard you worked to make something out of me. I'll never forget it and I'll never go wrong again. I want you to know how much it means to me today."

There is the same theme in all the letters, for Ray Wilson has the ability to make her boys and girls want to rise to the heights. One of her girls—now studying in New York—wrote: "I want you to know you have a daughter today who loves you more than anyone in the world. I wonder if I will ever make you proud of me? I pray so. . . ."

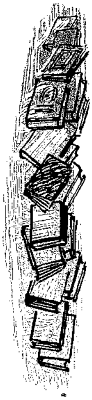
One of the greatest thrills of her life, as well as one of its greatest terrors, came in a most unexpected way. A neighborhood boy had been arrested. He was to be brought up in a particular court and appear before the Grand Jury, then in session. Mrs. Wilson couldn't reach the judge of that court, so she hurried to the office of Judge Hofheinz to ask him to intercede.

Judge Hofheinz simply picked up the phone, called the district attorney and asked permission for Mrs. Wilson to appear before the Grand Jury that day. "This woman," he told the district attorney, "has done more work than anyone attached to this court, and she has done it all free. I think she ought to be heard." The district attorney agreed to let her appear.

"That just scared me nearly to death," she says. "I started to shake at the thought of getting up before all those dignified men. When it came my turn, my knees were shaking, but I told them what I had done. I told them I didn't know anything about juvenile delinquency, but I said I could save that boy if they would let me have a chance. They listened to me—and then I sat down and put my head in my hands because I knew I was going to cry."

And then it happened. The entire Grand Jury rose in a body to pay homage to this kindly, gray-haired Negro woman. Mrs. Ray Wilson says simply: "I sat there before them and cried like a baby."

Little for a Lot



IN PITTSBURGH during the last century a retired Army man, Colonel Anderson, became concerned over some underprivileged boys who had no opportunity to own or read good books. The Colonel, a man of small means, unfortunately wasn't in a position to give books to these boys.

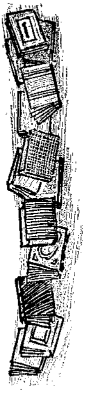
He did, however, have a fair-sized library of his own, and so invited the boys to borrow anything they liked.

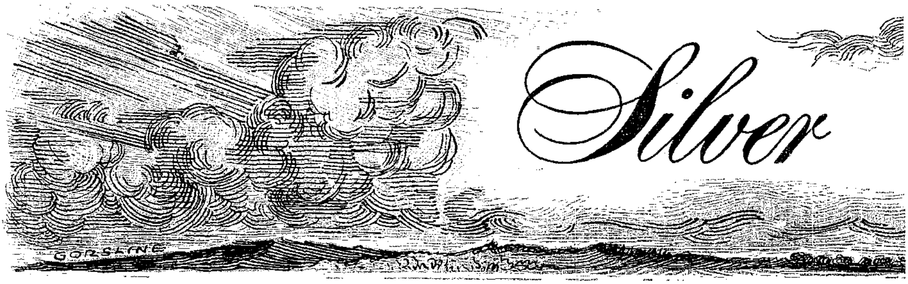
Andy, an immigrant boy who made $4 weekly as a telegraph clerk, leaped at this chance. Each week he would return one book and borrow another. Then after supper he and his mother would read aloud to each other.

The youthful borrower never forgot this kindness. These books helped kindle a spark in him that culminated in a great career. Without him our country might never have had hundreds of free libraries.

For Andy was none other than the founder of so many of America's public libraries—Andrew Carnegie.

—RUTH WELTY (*Guideposts Magazine*)





Silver

A LADY, KILLING TIME between trains in a small town in Maine, wandered into a florist's shop. The only customer was a shabby little boy, who with great care was selecting six very beautiful red roses.

The saleswoman asked her young customer what name he wanted on the card and to whom the roses were to be delivered.

"I'll take them," said the boy, "but please write on the card, 'Happy Birthday, Mother.' "

The saleswoman and the lady exchanged smiles as he walked proudly from the shop. About 20 minutes later the lady was looking idly out of the window as her train moved slowly through the outskirts of the town when she recognized the same little boy, still carrying his box of roses, trudging through the gate of a small cemetery.

—NELLIE GOLDY

WHEN MY SIX-YEAR-OLD Jeannie left for summer camp she took along her favorite companion—a charming, though worn, stuffed penguin. Some days later, I received a note from Miss Isabel, the camp director, with a $10 bill and the request for a similar penguin.

This penguin was for little Betty Lou, who had been in the hospital for more than a year with polio, she explained. After months in an iron lung, Betty Lou was slowly convalescing, and Miss Isabel and the children had been composing for her a marvelous fairy tale whose main character was a penguin. They thought it would make Betty Lou very happy to have a prototype of their fabulous bird.

Off I went to the department store where I had purchased my daughter's penguin the year before. "Sorry, madam," said the salesgirl, "but they have been discontinued." Using my best manners and nicest smile, I finally succeeded in obtaining the name of the manufacturer, a firm in Brooklyn. I wrote them the whole story—even to the $10, which had been saved by the young children of the camp —and inquired whether there was perhaps a sample I could buy.

Three days later, I received one of the nicest letters I have ever read. Yes, they said, the penguins *had* been discontinued, but for Betty Lou they would make up a special one. There would be no charge, and the children could "use their money for other purposes." One hour later, the penguin itself arrived by special delivery.

The children wrote a "thank you" letter to the warm-hearted

"Manufacturer of Fine Animals" and sent the $10 as a donation to the hospital where little Betty Lou is fighting her battle. And Betty Lou is happy in the possession of her fairy-tale penguin come to life through the human kindness and understanding that exist even in the tough world of business.

—Louise R. Da Costa

The harried little Maternity Wing nurse, carrying the babies to their mothers at feeding time, noticed with dismay that the door to Private Room 4 had swung open. She was always so careful to have it tightly closed at these times, for there was no baby to take to that mother. He had been dead at birth—the only child, long awaited.

With an infant on her arm, she was about to pull the door softly shut when a voice called: "Oh, nurse, please let me see that baby."

The nurse hesitated, then impulsively entered the room. Flowers were everywhere, and the patient was looking very lovely in a pink bed jacket which gave a faint flush to her cheeks. Only her sad eyes betrayed her.

She stretched hungry arms for the plump sleepy baby, and as she cuddled him close, said to the nurse: "Don't ask me how I know—but you have a young unmarried mother out there in the ward." The nurse nodded silently. (How news spread!) "Is this her baby?"

"Yes, he's going home today."

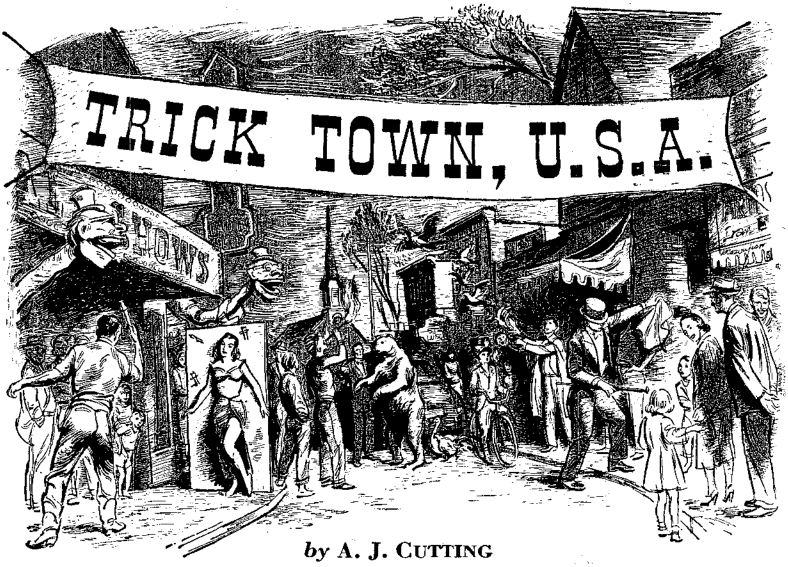
The patient motioned to a large box of tiny garments on a near-by chair. They were of the finest material—exquisitely made—some with a touch of hand embroidery.

"I made most of them myself and I want to give them to this baby's mother." (The nurse thought of the pitiful little bundle the grandfather had brought for the baby's trip home.) "Just tell her they are from a mother who will never need them again." And as she relinquished the baby with a final caress, she added with trembling lips: "And tell her—tell her that I envy her."

—Maude Truesdale Sampson, R. N.

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifted your spirits, renewed your faith in mankind, proved to you that people are still essentially kind and decent and generous? Why not send it along for "Silver Linings"? For each accepted story, we will pay $50, upon publication. All contributions must be typewritten, and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address stories to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

TRICK TOWN, U.S.A.



by A. J. CUTTING

In Colon, Michigan, nobody gets excited at sight of a woman being sawed in half

A FRANTIC WOMAN tourist, who had stopped for lunch in Colon, Michigan, dashed up to a local citizen at a street corner. "A man is sawing off a woman's arm down there!" she gasped.

The man gazed at her tolerantly. "That's all right, lady," he said. "Just yesterday she had her head chopped off twice, and it didn't bother her a bit."

Things are like that in Colon. If you were to visit this hamlet, halfway between Detroit and Chicago, you might see on successive street corners: a man throwing knives through a woman, a fiendish character lopping off a young girl's head with a small guillotine, and an apparently demented fellow burning dollar bills.

However, all these strange antics would be nothing to get excited about. You would merely be watching a few visiting magicians trying out tricks dreamed up by Abbott's Magic Novelty Company on some cooperative—if slightly bored—townspeople.

Colon is America's No. 1 Trick Town. And the man responsible for making it a magicians' proving ground is Percy Abbott, a slight, thin-faced man with hawkish nose and grayish hair. His magic company makes gadgets, tricks and illusions which most of the country's leading magicians use to confound their audiences.

Masters of deception—professionals and advanced amateurs alike—look upon Percy as the man who put the "magic" in magician. Though Colon is several miles from the nearest railroad, they come there from all over the nation for new devices to fool the public.

The village has a population of about 900, and, in one way or another, almost every resident gets into the magic act. Some 50 of the citizens work year-around in Abbott's hocus-pocus factories, producing everything from vanishing cigars to elaborate illusions that whisk comely girls from sight.

When rush orders come in, many families work as subcontractors in their homes, turning out artificial flowers, gadgets, or whatever is in heavy demand.

A few years ago, Abbott received an order for a super-trellis to be used in magic performances at fairs. It was to be 24 feet long, nine feet high, and constructed for instantaneous appearance of hundreds of flowers. Half the town pitched in to do the mass-production job of making feather Shasta daisies, lilies, carnations and roses.

"I hope I never have another job like that," says Abbott. "The whole town looked like a horticultural exhibit."

An old-time magician, Abbott developed nimble fingers and the flair for creating fascinating illusions while traveling with his father, also a professional deceptionist. He performed in the far corners of the world, putting on shows in India, China, England, and even in the silver mines of Korea. Along the way, he swapped secrets with street conjurers in the Orient, and traveled with opium smugglers just for the thrill involved.

Percy came to Colon on a fishing trip back in 1923, while on a vacation from his native Australia. He caught plenty of fish, and also learned a new trick from a local lassie, Gladys Goodrich. It was done with a wedding ring.

For several years, he and Gladys went on tour with a vaudeville act. But when the first of their four children was born, Abbott decided to settle down in Colon.

One day he was fooling around with magic and worked out a new trick—a glass of water that disappeared when he "squashed" it between his hands. He went to the kitchen where Mrs. Abbott was cooking dinner and went through the routine for her.

"It was a good trick," she recalls. "It fooled me."

Percy made a quick decision. "We'll start a magic business," he told his wife, "and this will be the first trick."

That was the start of Abbott's Magic Novelty Company, which does an annual business today of more than $150,000. Abbott's latest catalogue, a fat book of 832 pages, plus a 64-page supplement, lists some 5,250 tricks, illusions, gadgets and gimmicks, priced from ten cents to $1,500.

The wide array of Abbott mystifiers is produced in five buildings, adorned with grinning acrobatic skeletons. The magic factory is run much like any other manufacturing operation. There are departments for sewing, art, silk-screening, plastics, metalworking, woodworking, and even a blacksmith shop.

When a visiting magic-maker wants to try out an illusion before buying, Abbott leads him to a theater in the main building. His secretary or some other helper is pressed into service, and Percy merrily saws, chops, or otherwise mutilates the victim.

Most of America's professional and semi-professional magicians, around 50,000 in number, know Abbott by his first name, and so do many other top-flight performers in other parts of the world. One of his mail-order customers is an African witch doctor.

Not all the customers are professionals. Numbered among Abbott's regular mail-order buyers are doctors, dentists, housewives, business executives, and stars of stage and screen. Some of them use magic only as a hobby; others find it helpful in their work.

A Detroit surgeon, an experienced amateur, teaches patients coin-manipulation tricks for therapeutic treatment in hand injuries. The sleight-of-hand maneuvers strengthen their fingers and give them confidence.

A dentist customer does tricks in his office to keep children's minds off drilling and probing.

Once each year the masters of legerdemain descend upon Colon in hordes. The occasion is the Annual Abbott Magic Get-Together, held in September, and visitors arrive with rabbit-bearing hats and other tools of the trade.

For five days, Colon is a magical madhouse. Just about every man, woman, and child in town becomes a guinea pig for the visitors. Impromptu shows are put on in the filling station, restaurants, taverns and other stores. The average outsider, happening into Colon unwarned, would probably become a candidate for one of Percy's escape-proof strait jackets.

The patient citizens get sawed, chopped, stabbed, and shot at, and walk away unscratched. It is a mad, mystifying week for the townspeople, but a profitable one for Abbott's, since thousands of items are bought by visiting wonder-workers.

Percy is continually dreaming up new mystifiers. He gets ideas from current events and even from roaming through five-and-ten-cent stores. After all, it takes a continual flow of new tricks and illusions to fool all the people all the time, and to keep things humming in Trick Town, U. S. A.

Diplomatic Obstacle

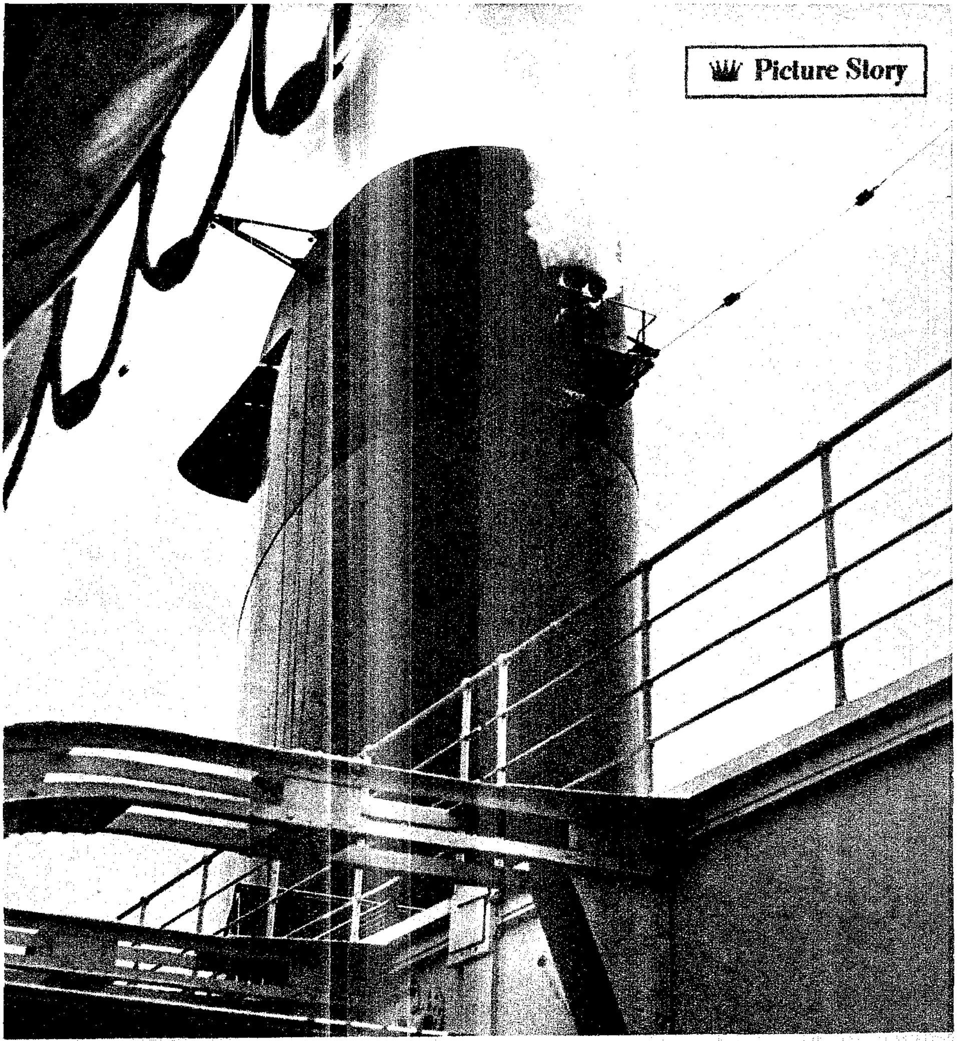
THE OCCASION WAS the signing of a tax treaty with Norway. Dignitaries crowded around the signers, Under-Secretary of State James E. Webb and Norwegian Ambassador Wilhelm Munthe de Morgenstierne. Six newsreel cameras recorded the event.

From a handsome desk set furnished by the State Department, de Morgenstierne pulled a pen and began affixing his long name to the treaty. Suddenly he laid down the pen. Looking up from the ribbon-bound document, he said, "I can't sign that treaty."

"Why not?" an official asked.

Replied the envoy, "No ink."

—Swing



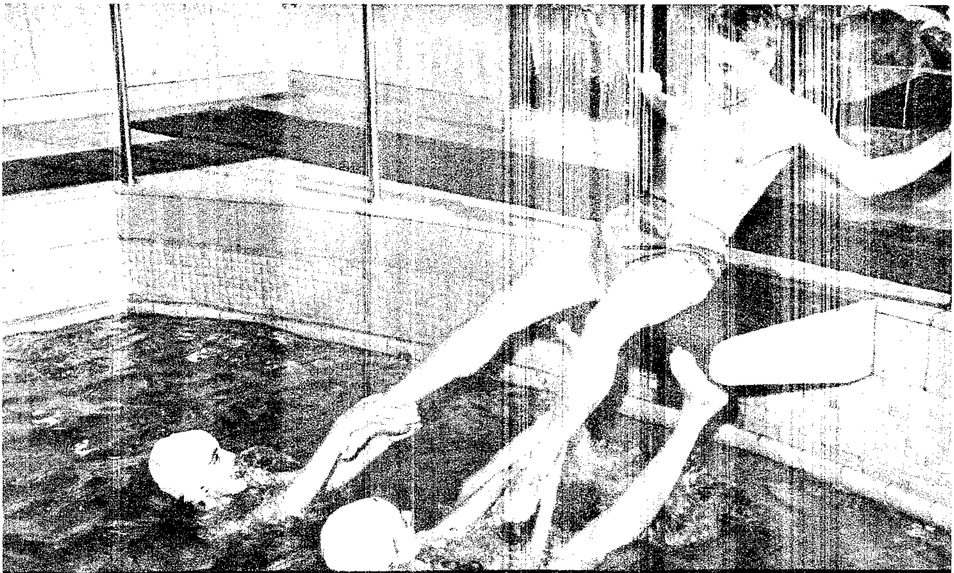
Atlantic Crossing

DEEP-THROATED and nostalgic, the voice of an ocean liner reverberates across the harbor—and wanderlust stirs in the heart of everyone who hears it. Listening, you pause in your humdrum daily task. Your eyes cloud over dreamily; then with a sigh you return to work . . . But wait! The dream need not be so fleeting. Within these picture pages, you may follow your secret longings across the sea.

This is your ship, the *Ile de France*. In the Twenties and Thirties, she was called "The Rue de la Paix of the Atlantic"; now, refitted and refurbished—after winning the Croix de Guerre for her wartime exploits—she is winning the hearts of American tourists.

Breakfast in bed, a luxury anywhere, is a sybarite's dream aboard the *Ile*. Travelers study a menu of 92 separate items, may order their eggs served in 14 different ways. If wise, though, they will be abstemious, for breakfast is only the first of the day's pleasures.

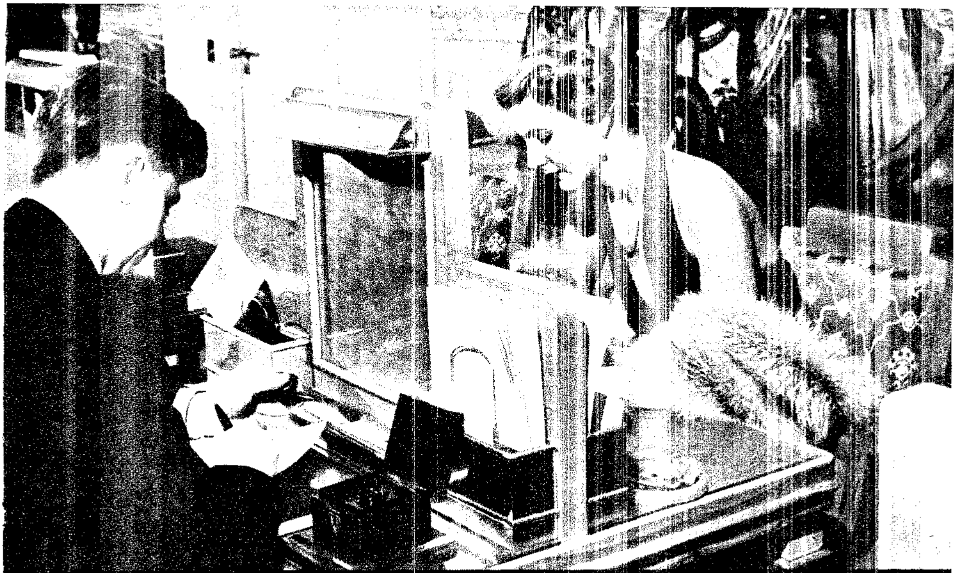
Seagoing novices always are surprised by the lavish resources of a luxury liner. Besides facilities for many sports, including trapshooting, the *Ile* offers a drugstore, hospital, gymnasium, kennels for pets, a movie theater, libraries, a print shop, and a daily newspaper.



There is a peculiar charm in swimming safely in mid-ocean. Aboard this ship, the aquatic tourist submerges in warm salt water, in a gem-like setting, under fluorescent lights. Pools have become as much a part of the standard equipment of liners as of movie stars.

The modern Atlantic liner is a complete city in miniature. Tourists, halfway between New York and Paris, can shop for articles which, 1,500 miles on either side, they will find duplicated in the windows of the smartest shops along Fifth Avenue and the Rue de la Paix.

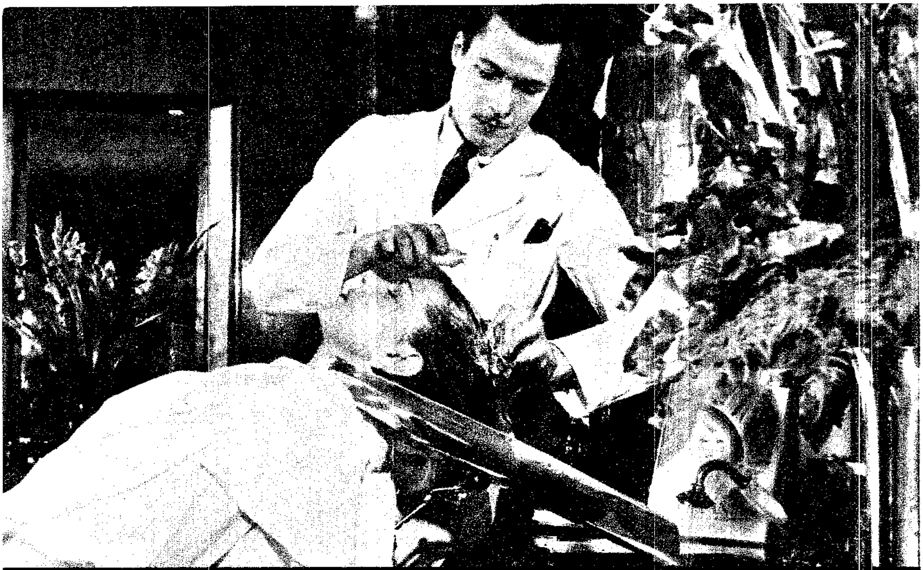
During the war, the *Ile de France* transported 485,000 Allied troops a total of 225,000 miles, without accident. Afterwards, she was rehabilitated from stem to stern—except for one spot. The unique chapel, blessed years ago by Pope Pius XI, was left untouched.



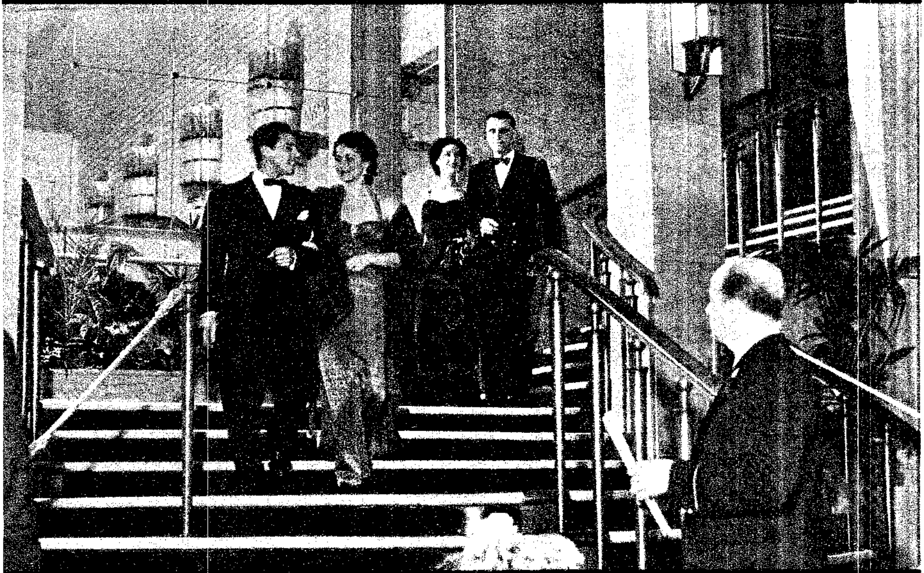
A sea voyage provides splendid opportunities for work as well as play. In the privacy of cabins and in the writing rooms, authors touch up manuscripts, while businessmen dictate to a public stenographer and use the ship-to-shore phone to keep in touch with home.

"*Madame est servie*—" And she really is, with 54 choices of dishes at luncheon and 53 at dinner. If she doesn't want any of them, she may order what she pleases. Chief Chef Gaston Magrin, dean of all the chefs of all French ships afloat, will see that she gets it.

Aboard the *Ile de France*, children enjoy the rare experience of being treated like people. They have their own library and playrooms, the latter complete with toys, sandpiles, and even merry-go-rounds; they



Since the French excel in the three C's—couture, cuisine and coiffure—the *Ile's* beauty salons are as distinguished as its kitchen. Madame reclines while modern practitioners of an art even older than the Pyramids skillfully repair the ravages of wind and sun.



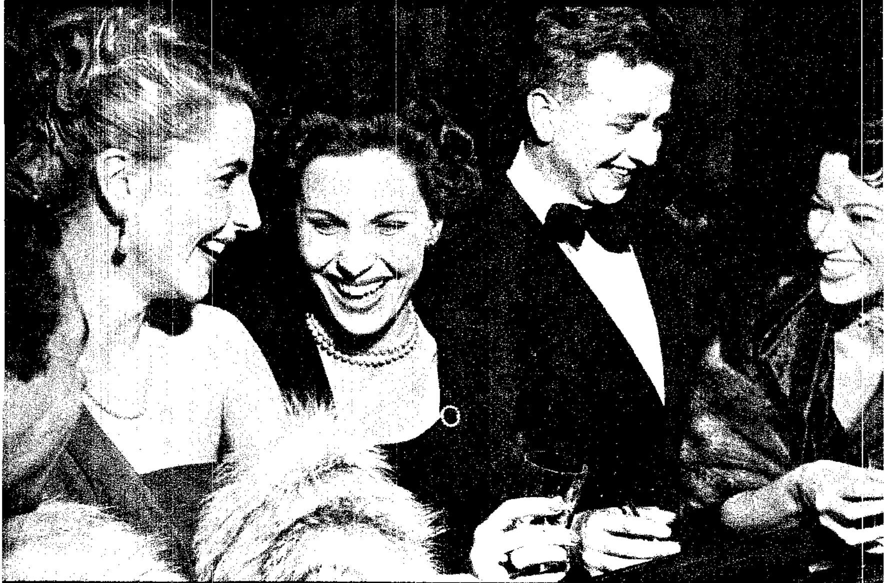
Then comes the grand moment of entering the dining room. Under a hundred critical eyes, you and your escort descend the stairs. "What a handsome couple!" you hear someone say. Then you relax, knowing how an actress feels after a trying but successful opening night.

To chefs and waiters, the *Ile* is not a ship at all, but a collection of floating dining rooms where, during the passage, some 2,000 people consume 33,000 pounds of flesh, fish, and fowl; 25,000 pounds of vegetables; 5,600 bottles of champagne; and 26,700 bottles of wine

In the enchanted world of shipboard, the ordinary experiences of life are magically accelerated. We are less cautious with our confidences and our laughter. Acquaintances of a few hours seem like old friends. We vow to meet them again—but, alas, we seldom do!

A glance into the *Ile de France's* kitchen is an unforgettable experience. There, in an atmosphere of controlled frenzy, 122 men—assistant chefs, departmental chefs, cooks, and cooks' helpers—are turning out masterpieces under the stern eye of Chief Chef Magrin.

Stewards, stewardesses, and page boys swarm over each other for the sole purpose, apparently, of preventing you from raising a finger. They get people out of the wrong cabins, light cigarettes, find things, unzip stuck zippers, carry messages, do almost everything.

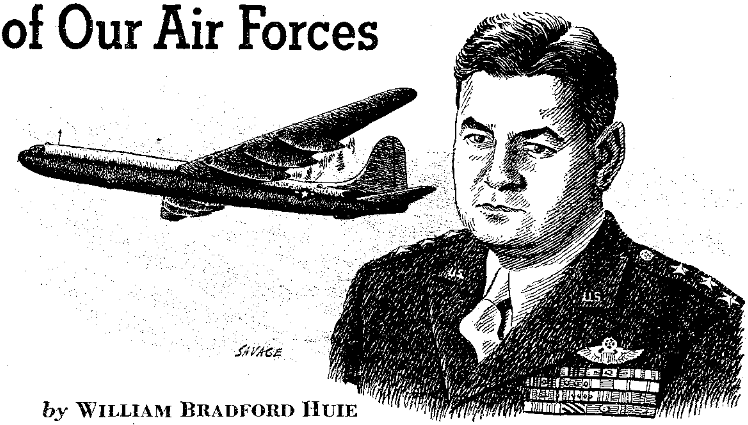


There are five public bars aboard, a sixth being reserved for the crew. Prize of the lot is the one called the "Café de Paris," which, in the lyrical language of the French Line, "is planned particularly for passengers desiring complete escape from care . . . ."

A ten-piece orchestra renders everything from Bach to bebop; there are concerts galore and nightly dances, culminating in a "gala" on the last night out. This party is a sort of Beaux Arts Ball and New Year's Eve celebration, rolled uproariously into one.

And finally there is the man with the tray. He seems to be everywhere aboard the *Ile de France*. Tourists remember him long after they have left the ship. Laden with new and ever-rarer delicacies—a walking symbol of abundance—he haunts their dreams and daydreams.

The A-Bomb General of Our Air Forces



by WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

It's Curtis LeMay who keeps our big planes ready for blows against the enemy

WHEN CURT LEMAY goes to a party he sips a highball, chats amiably, tells a favorite story, and chuckles throughout his stocky, 185-pound frame. He talks about his hobbies—hunting, fishing, and photography—and, like any GI, he'll show you a picture of his wife, Helen, and his 13-year-old daughter, Janie. But before long he is likely to drift into a corner to talk with one of his aides. His jaw will firm, his black brows will tighten, as he receives a report on the position of a bomber squadron on a training flight.

For Lieut. Gen. Curtis Emerson LeMay, boss of our Strategic Air Command, is a man with a 24-hour-a-day responsibility. His headquarters at Omaha, Neb., control our great, far-flung bombardment machine; and his job is to be ready—within minutes after an order from the President—to launch a massive atomic attack against Soviet Russia.

With the threat of world war growing stronger every day—in Korea, in the Far East, and elsewhere on the Red perimeter—the Strategic Air Command, with its 70,000 elite airmen and fleets of B-36s, B-50s, and B-29s, is the cocked arm of Western civilization. LeMay's job is to keep the arm ready and strong, for on his ability to strike hard hangs our principal hope for survival.

It's no job for a laughing boy. It's a job for a tough-fibered engineer who is old enough to have had vast experience, but still young enough to welcome innovation. It's a job for a precisionist who can drive complex and gigantic machines around the earth, but who is still human enough to inspire the men who must ride the machines.

Those who serve with the General believe he's the best we've got. He is only 43, yet of all the world's warriors he is the most experienced in loading big bombs onto big planes and flying far to the targets. He exemplifies our chief advantage in an atomic war: while the Russians are beginners in aerial bombardment, we have a reservoir of veterans of the skies over Berlin and Tokyo.

LeMay's experience literally encompasses the earth. As a colonel and group commander he went to England in '42, where his commands consistently led the AAF in bomb tonnage on target. He devised new formations to protect his B-17s and B-24s from enemy fighters. He introduced the technique of the lead-crew with all planes dropping on signal from one crack bombardier. He led the raids himself or sent leaders who would preserve the Air Force's reputation of never having been turned back by enemy action.

Our first bombers over Europe scored few hits because pilots weaved to avoid flak. LeMay ordered that, despite the additional risk, the plane must be flown in a straight line during the bomb run. Over St. Nazaire he gave a demonstration. With a cigar chomped between his teeth, he held a B-17 on course for seven minutes, roaring through flak, to score a direct hit on the Nazi submarine pens.

In the fall of '44, when the strategic bombardment of Germany had settled into a routine pounding operation, LeMay was transferred to India where the first B-29s were trying to hurt Japan in Manchuria and the Indies. The plane was still experimental; its engines were inadequate; they often burned up on the take-off; and seven flights over The Hump were necessary to assemble enough fuel in China for a B-29 to smash at Mukden.

The planes took off in India in temperatures as high as 114 degrees above zero, and 25,000 feet over Mukden the mercury hit 66 degrees below. With such temperature ranges the engineering problems multiplied; but LeMay shook up the outfit, demanded corrective aid from Washington, made engine changes, and within 90 days was burning up enough Jap oil to hurt.

From India he moved to the Marianas to direct the systematic destruction of Japanese industry. He reduced altitudes in order to increase bomb loads. He poured on the fire bombs which he had lacked in Germany: on March 9, 1945, he sent 300 planes to unload fire bombs on Tokyo at 5,000 feet. The resulting conflagration, according to the Strategic Bombing Survey, gutted 17 square miles and caused 185,000 casualties. Only the "big firecracker" at Hiroshima approached this record.

The Russians encountered LeMay when they tried to squeeze us out of Berlin. As commander of our Air Force in Europe, he organized the Air Lift and had freight-bearing C-54s landing in the German capital every three minutes.

EVEN BEFORE THE WAR, LeMay was known as a hard, efficient worker. To get his engineering degree from Ohio State University, he worked nights in an iron foundry. At Selfridge Field, Michigan, where he got his Air Force commission in 1930, his fellow cadets remember him as the stolid chap who didn't talk much but who had the right answer when he did.

In 1938, he ran the Air Force's navigation school in Hawaii, and is still an expert navigator. He is also an expert gunner: he is captain of the SAC skeet team not because he's the commanding officer but because he breaks 97 out of 100. He is an expert photographer and bombardier; and at SAC he is creating an elite of "triple-threat men"—expert navigators, bombardiers, and radio operators.

Because LeMay is such a relentless efficiency expert, the publicity about him is often unfair. He is portrayed as more machine than man. The camera is unfriendly to him. He has the black hair and brows, dark visage, and heavy jowls of his French great-grandfather who came over in 1840.

Reporters accurately describe him as taciturn—compared to LeMay, Calvin Coolidge was a chatterbox. He's the man in the conference who listens for half an hour, sums up what has been said in 50 words, makes the decision, and walks out. Yet he is never rude.

"I've known Curt for 20 years," one of his best friends told me. "He always seems to be warmly interested in whatever I have to say, but when I get home and try to tell my wife what he said, I can't remember a thing."

LeMay is conceded to be the Air Force's most effective spokesman before Congressional committees. He never reads a prepared statement. He only answers questions, and he confines his answers to statements of fact. Only when asked does he express an opinion.

In the klieg-lighted controversy over the B-36, when admirals were shouting that the plane is a "billion-dollar blunder" and that it can't reach Russian targets, LeMay testified in the overcrowded chamber of the House Armed Services Committee.

"General," he was asked, "what's your opinion of the B-36?"

"As of today," he replied, "it's the best we've got."

"Can it reach Russian targets?"

"Yes, sir. When we are ordered to bomb Russian targets with it, we'll get there."

A committee member spoke up: "If the General says he can get there, I'm inclined to believe he can." The committee agreed and voted unanimous approval of the B-36 program.

WHEN I VISITED General LeMay recently, I talked for two hours with him and several staff officers. True, the officers and I did most of the talking, but the General was pleasantly human and, for him, almost loquacious. He told me about his efforts to get housing for his enlisted men.

"It's a shame the way our men have to live," he said. "We have 18 bases in this country and we rotate groups in England. So we have to move around on short notice. But how can a sergeant feel when he is ordered off to England for three months and has to leave his wife and two kids in a one-room trailer?"

The General did more than anybody else to help relieve this situation. He turned his famous scowl on chambers of commerce; he spoke words in Washington; he even raised a fund within SAC to buy land and start construction. The problem still exists, but neat new houses are now appearing around most of the bases.

He is straightforward about SAC's mission. "Because we must be ready for an immediate combat mission," he said, "the public should understand that we work 24 hours a day, seven days a week, just as in World War II. Our units are at war strength, and our training is completely realistic."

Every SAC training flight is a facsimile of an actual attack against Russia. Take, for instance, the Russian tank factory at Stalingrad. To simulate an attack against it, a B-36 takes off from Carswell Air Force Base, Fort Worth. The crew pretend they are taking off from Goose Bay, Labrador. They fly a circuitous route to Detroit in order to fly the same distance as from Goose Bay to Stalingrad.

They arrive at midnight at 40,000 feet. No one in Detroit knows they are there—except an "RBS"—radar bomb scoring group. The bomber makes a run and simulates dropping an A-bomb on the Ford River Rouge factory, and the RBS ground unit computes exactly where the bomb would have hit.

This type of training on a large scale is providing us with the world's finest bombardment crews. On most of the flights our best fighters "tickle" the bombers, which means they simulate interception tactics.

Every officer at SAC headquarters flies bombers. LeMay has flown the B-36 as well as the B-47 jet bomber, but he usually travels in a B-50, always in the pilot's seat. He personally makes every take-off and landing, and he makes every landing by GCA just as though the field were completely fogged in. When the tower orders him to bank at 2,500 feet, LeMay banks at 2,500—never 2,550 feet.

LeMay's team of top commanders at SAC is a talented group of relatively young war horses. His deputy is Maj. Gen. Thomas S. Power, 45, of New York. When Washington stopped LeMay from flying over Japan, Power led the first low-level raid. Chief of Staff is Maj. Gen. August W. Kissner. Kissner was with LeMay in England and India, and he led the first shuttle raid to Poltava, Russia.

The operations director is personable young Brig. Gen. John B. Montgomery, only 38; and the plans director is Brig. Gen. Walter C. Sweeney Jr., 40, who led the second raid on Japan and who once bailed out over Iwo Jima. The public-relations officer is Col. Alfred F. Kalberer, whose thousands of prewar hours as a commercial pilot with Royal Dutch Airlines made him a natural to lead B-29 raids from India against the Indies.

SAC is composed of a headquarters and three air forces. The Eighth Air Force, based at Fort Worth, is commanded by Maj. Gen. Roger M. Ramey, who, leading the Fifth Bomber Command, sank 22 Jap vessels in the Battle of the Bismarck Sea. The 15th Air Force, based at March Air Force Base, Riverside, California, is commanded by Maj. Gen. Emmett (Rosie) O'Donnell, who led the first B-29 raid on Tokyo. The Second Air Force, based at Barksdale Air Force Base, Shreveport, Louisiana, is the "eyes of SAC." It contains the reconnaissance wings and is commanded by Maj. Gen. Joseph H. Atkinson.

When I spoke to General LeMay about his staff, he said: "They are the best—and we have an understanding. They know I wouldn't hesitate to order them on a one-way mission if I thought it was necessary; and I know that not one of them would hesitate to go."

LeMay's aerial career did not come about by accident. As a high-school youth in Ohio, he dreamed of going to West Point but, lacking political connections, he went to Ohio State in the hope of getting a commission through ROTC. It was Lindbergh's flight to Paris which caused him and his best friend, Francis H. (Butch) Griswold, to put in for flying cadet school. They finished together and have remained lifelong friends. Griswold is now a major general.

At his home on the post, the LeMay deep freeze is stocked with bear, deer, elk, even wild boar from Germany. "Apple polishing in SAC," he explains, "often takes the form of a leg o' game for the old man. Our boys fly all over, and they occasionally get a chance to hunt from bases in Colorado, New Mexico, Alaska, and Germany."

Mrs. LeMay is a pleasant, dark-haired Michigander who has divided her time between rearing their daughter and following the General about the world. They met on a "blind date" when he was a second lieutenant at Selfridge Field.

As I bade the General good-bye, he said: "You know, they say I'm pretty tough. Maybe I am. Right now it's a tough world we live in. This command has to operate just like we did in England or on Guam during the war. In fact, because the enemy can do more damage to us, we now have to be on even a stricter alert. We have to be ready to attack; we are planning constantly how to attack faster and more destructively. It requires good men, the best planes, and the best bombs. Fortunately, we have them—and they are ready to go."

Accidentally Speaking

A POLICEMAN WAS interrogating a woman who had been knocked down by a hit-and-run driver. "Did you get the license number of the car, madam?" he asked.

"No," replied the victim, "but the girl driving it was wearing a natural straw sailor hat trimmed with daisies, a tailored chartreuse suit and a white blouse."

—*A Friendly Handshake*

SHE MADE A right hand turn from a left hand lane and promptly hit another auto. The driver got out and demanded angrily:

"Lady, why didn't you signal?"

"Because," she snapped, "I always turn here, stupid!"

—*Sundial*

GRIN AND

WHEN THE CONDUCTOR reached them the woman handed him a full-fare ticket and a half-fare ticket. He looked at the strapping lad sitting beside her, and said: "You'll have to pay full fare for that boy. He must be over 14."

"How can he be 14 when I've been married only 12 years?" the woman demanded.

"Madam," replied the conductor icily, "I'm here to receive fares, not confessions." —*Tit-Bits*

THE LITTLE OLD LADY arrived at a suburban home for dinner, shocked and indignant. "I'm sur*prised*!" she exclaimed. "A nice community like this. Why we must have passed 25 young people in parked cars!"

"Oh, I'm sure you're mistaken," her hostess said placatingly. "It must have been an even number."

A BOY SCOUT found an envelope containing theater tickets. The envelope bore a name and address, and the boy, accompanied by his younger brother, went there at once.

On accepting the tickets, the rightful owner thanked the boy and offered him a dollar. "Sorry, I'm a scout," said the boy. "This is my good deed for the day."

The man was on the point of returning the bill to his wallet when the scout added: "But my little brother here isn't."

—*Wall Street Journal*

SEVEN SAILORS and a lady, shipwrecked on a desert island, were rescued after five long years.

One of the sailors, upon his return home, was relating his experiences to a very strait-laced and pious old aunt. Finally, after much hemming and hawing, the old lady asked: "And, my boy, was the lady chaste?"

"Auntie, and how," he replied, "from one end of the island to the other." —*Philnews*

WHEN MOVIE ACTRESS Joan Bennett's daughter Stephanie was four, Joan was disturbed to overhear one of her little friends ask Stephanie, "Are you old enough to have a baby?"

Joan waited breathlessly for her daughter's answer, and was even more breathless after it came.

"Goodness, no!" said Stephanie. "I'm not even old enough to tell time yet!" —H. W. KELLICK

IT HAPPENED on a Saturday evening at one of those neighborhood movie houses. An anxious mother rushed up to the ticket

taker and asked, "Did you see a little boy come in this theater around noon today? He had on a striped sweater and a red cap."

The attendant thought a moment. "Yes, he came in at noon; he's in the first row."

"Do you mind," smiled the relieved mother, "giving him this package? It's his supper." —*McCall Spirit*

THE INSTRUCTOR was teaching the cute young thing how to drive.

"This," said he, "is the hand brake. You put it on quickly in case of an emergency."

"Oh, I see," she giggled. "It's like a kimono!" —*Santa Fe Magazine*

A MOTORIST AND HIS WIFE traveling through the Blue Ridge Mountains stopped at a one-pump gas station before a mountaineer's cabin. After the man told the proprietor to fill the tank, his wife asked: "Is there a rest room here?"

"No, ma'am, there isn't," replied the gas man, "but you'll find a mighty comfortable rocker up there on the porch." —THOMAS DREIER

LITTLE HELGA, aged five, was the daughter of Norwegian parents who had come to America shortly before she was born. When Helga went to Sunday School the first time, the teacher asked what nationality her name stood for. Helga tossed her flaxen curls and replied with dignity: "I'm an American of Norwegian design." —JAMES WALLACE, JR.

"WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN the last three hours?" demanded the minister's wife, somewhat annoyed.

"I met Mrs. Black on the street and asked how her married daughter was getting along," sighed the weary pastor, "so she told me." —*Biblical Recorder*

THE MAN WAS COMPLAINING glumly to a friend that family trouble had him down. His friend suggested that perhaps he was taking it too seriously—that there were two sides to every question.

"That's right," agreed the morose one, "but in my house the two sides are always my wife's and her mother's." —PHIL ROLFSEN

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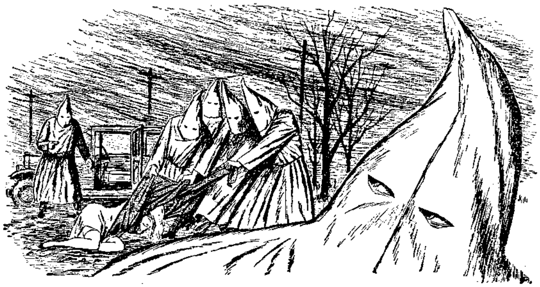


WHY DID INDIANA FREE THE Klan Killer?

by **MORRIS MARKEY**

Despite a life sentence for a vicious crime, David C. Stephenson is out of prison

IT WAS SUNDAY EVENING, the 15th day of March, just 25 years ago.

A young woman returned to her home from a quiet neighborhood party in Irvington, a section of Indianapolis. Her name was Madge Oberholtzer. She had come home to her mother and father at a seemly hour—10 o'clock. If she had stayed at the party another hour or two, the history of the State of Indiana might be a different thing.

Before she got her hat off, her mother said, "There is a message for you. Call Irvington 0492."

She called, and a man whom she knew only casually, but whose name was magic, answered. He was David C. Stephenson. And because Madge worked in the State Capitol, she had seen the Governor himself drop everything and reach for the phone when word came that David C. Stephenson was on the wire.

"I want you to come to my house at once," said Stephenson. "I'm leaving for Chicago, but there is an important matter I must discuss with you. I will send for you."

With all due respect to chivalry, nobody could have called Madge Oberholtzer a beautiful young woman. She was 28 years old, five feet four inches tall, and weighed 145 pounds. Her nose was exceedingly prominent, and she wore her heavy dark hair rolled forward until it almost touched her heavy eyebrows.

George Oberholtzer, her father, was in the railway mail service. He had spent considerable of his earnings to send her through Butler College and, thereafter, to a business school. She had taught in grade school, worked as secretary for businessmen, and finally, in 1924, had won an appointment in State service and had been put in charge of one of the pioneer "bookmobiles."

She lived, in short, the simple and routine existence which is the lot of estimable females who lack the physical charms to attract a husband. Now, at a little after 10 P.M., a legendary man was asking her to come at once. And soon one of Stephenson's aides, Earl Gentry, came for her and they walked to the Stephenson house, only a few blocks away.

FROM THIS POINT, the basic narrative must be drawn from one of the most extraordinary documents-in-evidence ever composed: the statement dictated by Madge Oberholtzer after she knew that in a few days she would die. As a matter of fact, she lived for nearly a week, but she never took back one word of her tale of horror.

The fact that Stephenson possessed a million dollars was of minor importance in the fabulous structure of his power. Nevertheless, his mansion was a very handsome one: the third floor, all of it, was a ballroom of gilt and mirrors and polished floor.

But when Gentry led Madge through the wide entrance doors, he took her to neither drawing room nor ballroom nor office. He took her to the kitchen. Stephenson was there. And so was a third man, Earl Klenck, a deputy sheriff.

What did Madge see, now, when she looked at Stephenson? A blond and burly man who was only 33, his hands fresh from the manicurist, his clothing tailored in bank-president style, his eyes blue and cold behind a pretense of generous friendship. He was slightly drunk. There were bottles of whiskey on the kitchen table.

"The minute I saw him (said Madge's statement), I knew he had been drinking. I was very afraid."

Stephenson told her, "Come on, drink up! You're going to Chicago with me."

She refused a drink and asked to hear about the important business for which he had summoned her.

"Then the men got guns from a drawer and forced me to drink. I drank three small glasses. This made me very ill and dazed, and I vomited."

The three men hustled her into a car, picked up railroad tickets at a hotel (where they had been reserved in advance), and got her to the station. Klenck left them, while Stephenson, Gentry, and Madge went into a drawing room. Gentry, fully dressed, crawled into the upper berth with pistol in hand.

A few moments after the train started, "Stephenson took hold of my dress and pulled it over my head. I tried to fight but the drink they had given me made me weak and unsteady. Stephenson took all my clothes off and pushed me into the lower berth."

This was more than rape—it was a wild and vicious attack upon a woman whose screams were muffled. Stephenson left tooth-marks all over the face and upper body of his victim. Doctors were to testify later that the wounds and infections from them would have brought death, even had she not chosen another way to die.

Everything Stephenson had ever

achieved had been through cunning—and now he was cunning enough to leave the train at Hammond, Indiana: himself and the collapsed Madge and the wretch in the upper berth. No crossing of a state line for him: no invitation to charges under the Mann Act.

As he hurried them from the drawing room, "Stephenson was flourishing his revolver. I said to him to shoot me. But Stephenson and Gentry helped me to dress and they took me off the train."

At the Indiana Hotel, near the station, they took two rooms. "Stephenson fell down on the bed and went to sleep. Gentry put hot towels and witch hazel on me. Stephenson came awake after a while and said he was sorry, he was three degrees less than a brute."

She told him everything would be all right if he would give her money to go out and buy a hat. She had some instinctive notion that this absurd bargain might be disarming. It was, to a point.

By now, Stephenson's chauffeur Shorty had arrived from Indianapolis with the car. Madge could go out and get her hat, and here was $15 for it, but Shorty would have to go with her to be certain that she talked to nobody and that she returned to the hotel.

Shorty watched while she bought her hat for $12.50. Then she said she had to go to a drugstore to buy something of a very personal nature. Shorty stood discreetly back from the counter. He could not hear when she ordered a bottle of bichloride of mercury tablets.

Back at the hotel, Shorty took Madge Oberholtzer to room 416 and then went to report to Stephenson and Gentry in 417. In her testimony, Madge said:

"In 416, I looked into Stephenson's bag for his pistol, because I had the idea of killing him. I found the pistol, but did not pick it up. I got a glass of water. I laid out 18 of the poison tablets and took six of them. I only took six because they burned me so."

And while she burned, the big blond man sleeping off his booze in the next room dreamed, perhaps, of the boast he had made many a time: "I'm the Old Man. I'm Stevie. In Indiana, I am the *law*!"

True enough, nothing *could* happen to Stevie Stephenson in Indiana. Because he was the Ku Klux Klan in Indiana. Atlanta headquarters had appointed him Grand Dragon for the state. When his extraordinary talents for organization brought the Klan membership of Indiana to the almost-incredible figure of 500,000 male voters—every man-jack of them tumbling over each other to do his most capricious bidding—he owned a state.

And so he cast off the shackles of Atlanta authority, broke his allegiance to the Imperial Wizard, and settled back to run his own private Invisible Empire, which was, indeed, a formidable thing.

He was, even at his youthful age, a virtuoso at playing upon that most dreadful of all instruments: man's inhumanity to man. He managed hatreds as a superb horseman might manage a violent stallion. With ancient tricks, he convinced not only yokels and half-wits, but also many doctors, lawyers, and preachers, that all Catholics, all Jews, all Negroes, were villains.

Unless they were kept in their place (with violence if necessary), Stephenson warned, the hope of a free America was gone.

As nearly as might be determined from a shadowy record, Stephenson was born in Houston, Texas, and got his only education in, of all places, a parochial school. At 16 he was a tramp printer in Oklahoma, where he married a beauty-prize winner, got a daughter by her, deserted her, and joined the Socialist Party.

He got into the Army in World War I, but never went to France. He married another girl in Iowa, deserted her, and set himself up in the coal business in Evansville, Indiana.

Those were the years when the Klan was discovering that one of its most fertile fields was Indiana. He joined up, saw that a real politician could cash the possibilities, and moved to Indianapolis where the Klan had headquarters.

He was a real politician, right enough. He had ducked out of the Socialist Party when it became apparent it would go nowhere. And he had joined the Democrats because it seemed the clever thing to do. But when he began to rise in the Klan in Indiana, he switched again, this time to the Republican Party. All his great election victories, and they were many, were Republican victories.

On that March night when he brought ruin to an obscure young woman, Stephenson was a man with a great deal of political influence—and money. In the three crowded years of his life in Indianapolis, this monster of duplicity had fixed up his bank account from Klan initiation dues, from the sale of hoods and sheets to the faithful, and from the "campaign funds" which were regularly passed to him by hollow men who had to have Klan support for election to the offices they sought.

In addition to his mansion, he kept a suite at a big hotel, and had offices in the new Kresge Building. He had a yacht on Lake Michigan and a fleet of Cadillacs. And his employees included, besides domestic servants and chauffeurs, another squadron of secretaries and bodyguards, and of men to procure the constant variety he demanded in his women.

Along with the main course of hatred which the Klan fed daily to its dupes, there was a side dish of almost equal importance: grim-faced morality, the sanctity of womanhood, the horrors of booze. Many a prostitute was whipped naked out of town by sadists in white sheets. Many a man, spied upon by these worthies as he dallied amiably with a girl, was tarred and feathered. Now and again, one of these poor lads would be castrated.

What doleful irony to discover, then, that the most powerful Klansman of all was a drunkard and a psychopathic lecher!

All the way in the car from Hammond to Indianapolis, Madge

A reporter in the old tradition, the late Morris Markey spent 30 years roaming the world in search of news. He wrote articles for nearly every important national magazine, and during the war served as a Navy correspondent on several fronts. Just prior to his recent death, Markey had returned to his home state of Virginia to live and write.

begged Stephenson and Gentry and Shorty to get her to a doctor. The pain from the savage bitings, the slow absorption of the poison, terrified her. But the men paid no attention.

"I was in pain and agony. I heard Stephenson say he thought I was dying. Then I heard him say he had been in a worse mess than this before and got out of it. Stephenson and Gentry drank liquor during the entire trip."

It was late when they finally arrived at Stephenson's house, and Madge's mother was at the door, waiting for them. Madge was held in the car while Gentry put Mrs. Oberholtzer off with gentle words and sent her home. Then they carried Madge to a bedroom above the garage.

Stephenson said: "This is serious. You're staying right here until you marry me." The old cleverness again: a wife cannot be required to testify against her husband.

She said she would never marry him, and at 11 o'clock next morning Klenck took her home because the Oberholtzers had sent out an alarm that she was missing. In her bedroom she cried out, "I'm dying!" And so the family doctor, John Kingsbury, was called in. He saw that little could be done, and then Madge's parents called Asa J. Smith, their lawyer.

Perhaps it is a commentary upon the enormous power which the Klan and Stephenson held upon Indiana that George Oberholtzer waited for two weeks before he dared file charges of abduction and rape. Then he went to one of the few men in Marion County who was not a creature of the Grand Dragon—William H. Remy, prosecuting attorney.

Bichloride of mercury is a poison which operates with deadly certainty. And so when Remy sat down to hear Madge's account, everybody in the room knew that death, too, was among the company.

On April 14, she died. Next day, her father signed a complaint of murder against Stephenson, Gentry and Klenck.

Stephenson was not greatly concerned. His boys, the half million of the Klan, could either plant one or two of their own on the jury or, failing that, drop a few grim hints to men who did get chosen for the jury. And if the worst came to the worst—if the preposterous accident of a conviction should happen—Ed Jackson was up there in the Governor's office. Stephenson and the Klan had put him there. He could, thank God, write his name! And he could write it to a pardon for Stephenson within 24 hours.

The man who had brought a sovereign state to almost total corruption grinned at his pals. "Take it easy," he said. "There isn't a thing they can do to the Old Man. We've got that jury sewed up."

THE TRIAL LASTED a little more than a month. Neither Stephenson, Gentry, nor Klenck bothered to testify in Stephenson's defense. The defense, indeed, was a procession of tools who tried, under instruction from lawyers, to smear the dead girl. All that they said was so palpably contrived that the judge ruled out most of it upon the grass-roots ground that it could not possibly be true.

Toward the end of the trial, a

little of the smugness faded from Stephenson's face. Closely tuned to mass psychology as he was, he could not fail to sense that, among the people, a ground swell of revulsion had started. It is true that 500,000 of them had been deceived by the imbecilities of the Klan, but now they were beginning to realize their deception. The newspapers of the state were of invaluable usefulness (not one had succumbed to the blandishments of Stephenson). All of them pounded the theme:

"A wondrous sight! The hooded defender of all the noble virtues, unhooded now and shown to be a drunkard and a swine."

The verdict came in: "Guilty of murder in the second degree."

It shook Stephenson to his roots, even as he tried to smile it off. (Gentry and Klenck, for some reason or another, were acquitted). Then the judge made the Grand Dragon stand up, and sentenced him to prison for life.

But the Dragon grinned. His boys were already on their way to Jackson's office in the State House. The pardon should be in the works.

Then, just at fall of night, he stopped grinning. Ed Jackson had felt the ground swell of public opinion. Ed Jackson knew the tide had turned. He sent back word: "There will be no pardon."

From his cell, Stephenson warned all the men he had put on the public pay roll: "Get me out of this or I'll ruin you!"

But they did nothing to get him out, because they were as full of panic as ants who have lost their hill to some casual footstep.

And so he ruined as many of them as he could. The records in his "little black box" sent the Mayor of Indianapolis to jail for corruption. One Congressman went behind the bars. So did the Sheriff of Marion County. Six members of the City Council, after indictment for taking bribes, paid fines and then resigned. Jackson was indicted on the same count, but his case never came to trial.

And meantime Stephenson, sometime dictator of the State of Indiana and a villain by any standard of morals ever established for decent behavior, became a number in the State Prison. He was, according to his sentence, to stay there for the rest of his life.

But oddly enough, the ex-Dragon is not a number today. In fact, he is not in prison at all. On the contrary, he is a free man—having been released from prison on parole after serving 25 years instead of the life term to which he was sentenced.

How did this come about? It is a long story, and not a pleasant one. Incessantly Stephenson fought to get out, and they gave him, in Indiana, at least 40 appeals to the Parole Board. Finally, in this year of 1950, his parole was granted.

Gov. Henry F. Schricker ordered a reduction of his sentence. And the four members of the Board agreed that he should be set free.

These actions seem ample reason for casting a sharp glance, once again, at Hoosier politics. Has this despicable creature Stephenson really expiated his enormous catalogue of crimes? To the general eye, his crime against Madge Oberholtzer was the most revolting in his record. But upon second thought, Stephenson wrought even graver crimes than that. He made a profession of making men hate their fellow men.

The killing of Madge Oberholtzer was a result of the stupidity which overtakes all dictators in the end. He had not the wit to use his monstrous power, once he had obtained it, for anything save Evil.

Why should this dreary image of a man be turned loose upon the world again? Why was he not kept in prison so that we might forget him? The very fact of his release stirs quarrels.

Yet, when the story is told, this remains to be said—in whatever golden fields her spirit now roams, Madge Oberholtzer may take comfort from a single thought: she fell afoul of an arrogant and depraved man who held possession of her State. He killed her. But in killing her, he also killed the dreadful thing he had created. For the Ku Klux Klan was a ruined thing, in every place where it had thrust its evil foot, on the day that David C. Stephenson went to prison.

Counting Noses

A CENSUS TAKER in Denver, Colorado, spent the best part of a day at one household where he found 32 persons: a railroad worker, his wife, 11 unmarried children, five married daughters, their husbands, and nine grandchildren. The household lived in a small five-room house, a toolshed, and converted garage.

IN ROCKVILLE CENTRE, Long Island, a nose counter set out briskly to cover the area assigned her. A half-hour later she was back at census headquarters asking for a livelier district. The area assigned her consisted entirely of the 150-year-old Rockville Cemetery.

ON HIS FIRST day on the job, a conscientious Springfield, Ohio, census taker drove his car into a muddy lane to reach a remote farm, got stuck, and burned out the car's transmission. He hired a tractor to pull him out at a cost of $5; and a new transmission at $95 brought his expenses to an even $100—against the net $4 he received for his census taking. P.S. He resigned.

IN PORTLAND, OREGON, a municipal judge listened to the complaint of an attractive but very angry census taker during the recent national nose-counting, then meted out a $50 fine with this admonition:

"Young man, when the census taker knocks, you just answer the questions—you don't have to kiss her!"

A DALLAS, TEXAS, census taker faithfully called every night for a week at a certain address. At last she found the occupant at home—another census taker.

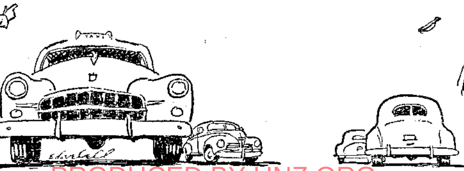
—T. J. McInerney

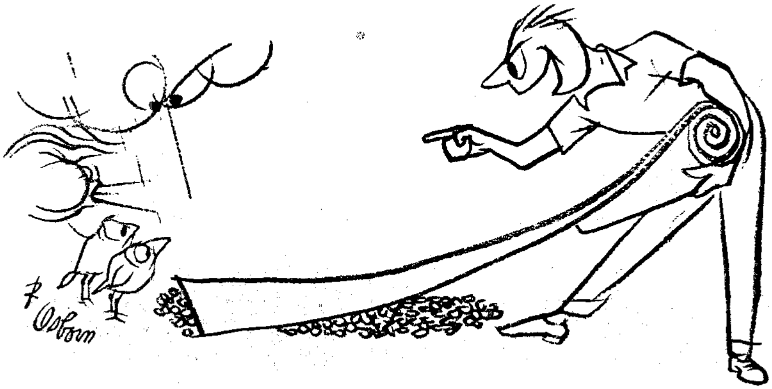
A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Windfalls

Wind is nothing but air, but there's no shortage of names for it. Jack Paar, popular quizmaster on the "$64 Question" program (NBC, Sun. 10-10:30 P.M. EST), invites you to test your wind-knowledge. Take five points for every wind you name correctly. A score of 80 is good, while 90 or more is excellent. Answers on page 156.

1. Wind blowing from the same quarter all the year is a t______.
2. A high cold wind accompanied by blinding snow is a b______.
3. A furious high-speed storm is a t______.
4. Hot, dry dust-laden wind of a desert region is a s______.
5. A destructive whirling wind appearing as a pendent funnel-shaped cloud is a t______.
6. A moderate gentle wind is a b______.
7. High winds rotating about a calm center are a c______.
8. A cyclone in the China Sea is a t______.
9. The west wind, poetically, any mild gentle wind is a z______.
10. A sudden blast of wind is a g______.
11. A violent tropical gale with sudden changes of the wind is a h______.
12. A warm wind on the slope of the Rocky Mountains is a c______.
13. A wind off Southern Asia which changes its course with the seasons is a m______.
14. A rotating windstorm with a rapid spiral progressive motion is a w______.
15. A strong wind not as violent as a hurricane is a g______.
16. Parts of the ocean near the equator with no prevailing winds are called d______.
17. The direction from which the wind comes is called w______.
18. The prevailing winds of the United States are the w______.
19. A wind blowing directly opposite to the course of a ship is a h______.
20. The windy city is C______.





Plant a "Prefab" Lawn!

by **Henry Lee**

You can thank two ingenious ex-GIs for this answer to the gardener's prayer

In this month of October, when the experts say that planting conditions are ideal, most suburban homeowners will make a last gallant effort to seed that unsightly patch on the front lawn worn bare by the summer's children. They dream of an even swath of green velvet, and with enough grass seed, fertilizer, and hard work, their chances (again quoting the experts) are good *if*—

I can supply the *ifs.* Last fall, with hope and optimism, I spaded and raked the bare spots. I seeded premium grass and manured prodigally. I watered the patches. And then *everything* happened.

High winds scattered the seed. Birds bound South paused to fortify themselves for the trip. Finally, "line storms" lashed at my terrace, washing away the last of my hopes and leaving unsightly gullies.

But this fall, my seed-store man assures me, everything is going to be different. I am "planting" a prefabricated, factory-made lawn. Veteran gardeners may scoff, but neither wind, rain nor sparrows can prevent its seedlings from becoming smooth, thick grass.

This Machine Age contribution to suburban life is simply a sheet of pure cellulose wadding, in which seeds have been *preplanted.* It comes in rolls 20 feet long by 2½ feet wide, which you scissor to the size of your problem patches. You can obtain it in most seed and department stores, or even by mail-order, at about $2 a roll.

Tailor Made Lawn is the brainchild of two ex-GIs who make a modest success story in themselves. Almost ten years ago, when they were studying at Long Island University, William H. Woolf and Paul Korn had the same urge as thousands of other hopeful collegians. They scratched their heads for an idea that would make them independent businessmen.

Woolf was a specialist in liquid

rubber, Korn a sculptor who had won prizes at the Beaux Arts Institute of Design. Wedding their contrasting talents, they came up with—a prefabricated lawn.

Before they could get started, however, the war disrupted their plans. It was 1947 before Tailor Made Lawn went into mass production in a loft building near Chinatown, on New York's asphalty Lower East Side.

Promptly, the lawn was a horticultural hit. From coast to coast, department stores and major seed houses began stocking it.

Tailor Made Lawn's clientele has ranged from a Montclair, N. J., golf course to the City of Schenectady, N. Y. In addition, inquiries have come in from as far away as South Africa and Burma. But the most heart-warming message for the two young inventors came from a gardener in a small Ohio town.

"This has been the answer to my prayer of 20 years," he wrote.

Such international enthusiasm results from the fact that Tailor Made Lawn is practically proof against climatological and feathered pests. The seeds, spread evenly through the cellulose, are deeply impregnated in the wadding. Birds can't peck at them, or wind or rain scatter them. In addition, the seed is fortified with fertilizer.

The special seeding method is designed to grow lawn equally well in sunny and shady areas. After several weeks, when the grass is firmly rooted against downpours, the cellulose disintegrates, adding more nutritive matter to the soil.

To "plant" this factory grass, you do only three things. First, you ready the plot or the bare patch by spading down six inches and raking. Next, you roll out the easy-to-handle cellulose, trimming it, if necessary, to fit the patch and sprinkling about three-eighths inches of dirt over it. Finally, you water thoroughly.

As for scientific corroboration of the lawn's tenacity, Dr. Thomas C. Longnecker, when assistant research specialist of farm crops at the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station, Rutgers University, experimented with Tailor Made plantings on slopes of 25 to 30 degrees. "In each case the seed came through and produced good quality turf despite heavy rains shortly after the seedings were made," he says.

The story of this wonder method of seeding is not only another American success saga; it is good news to thousands of homeowners who now have a weapon with which to outwit their old enemy, Mother Nature.

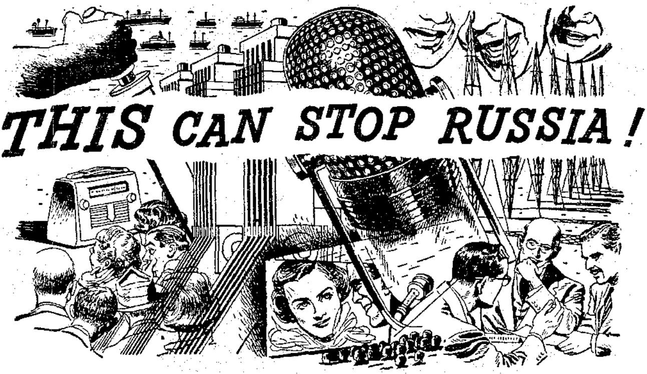
The Price of a Bride

After the ceremony was over, the new bridegroom asked the minister what he owed him.

"I have no set fee," the minister replied. "Just pay me what you think it is worth to you."

"If I have to pay what it's worth to me," the husband beamed down at his bride, "darling, you've bankrupted me for life."

—Edmond M. Kerlin



THIS CAN STOP RUSSIA!

by **WILLIAM BENTON**

(*U. S. Senator from Connecticut*)

Here is a bold program to "sell" democracy and halt the spread of Communism

FOR FIVE YEARS NOW I have been trying to awaken this country from a complacent and dangerous sleep. I have talked, written, and proposed in the Senate, over the radio, and to anyone who would listen. My program is quite simple: in order to create a climate for peace and defeat the Big Lie of Communism, we must hammer home to the world America's Big Truth.

Arms and ammunition are necessary to the protection and defense of our independence. But to win a war that results in the survival of what we stand for, human ideas can be stronger than weapons. But we must act quickly if we are to win.

The Korean situation may be only a fuse to set off disastrous explosions of Communist violence in other parts of the world. And it requires no Government official to tell you that such action means World War III.

Before it is too late, we, as a great peace-loving nation, must wrest from Russia the initiative in a fighting war of ideas. If we do not, the remaining free nations stand to suffer the fate of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and other countries that have raised their hands in silent surrender.

In effect, this is a last call to reason—a final appeal to those who understand why propaganda cannot be defeated by troops, planes, or bombs. To some extent, the dreams of myself and my colleagues are beginning to be realized.

For instance, I took great hope, not long ago, in the announcement that President Truman supported our effort to have Congress increase the State Department's "Voice of America" appropriation by an additional $89,000,000.

Money, however, is not the real problem here, for President Truman's proposals would not cost nearly as much as we spend for atom bombs, and not one-twentieth as much as we now spend for farm subsidies. Actually, I believe our plan should be regarded as a hopeful way of *saving* money, since nearly three-fourths of our vast Federal budget is attributable to war.

Our best hope for realizing our investment in the future is to seize the initiative in the cold war of ideas. The only way to accomplish this is by taking the offensive in the battle of propaganda.

We must ask ourselves, when we read of the North Korean aggressors, of Red storm troops in East Berlin, or of secret trials in the Balkan countries—how did they get that way? A very large part of our answer will be: because of false Soviet promises, coupled with false accusations against Western democracy.

You do not have to look any further than the Communists' outrageous claims that the Republic of Korea, on word from Wall Street and John Foster Dulles, *invaded* Northern Korea. Yet, strangely enough, millions of people throughout the world are ready to believe that—because it is told them, and repeated to them in infinite variations, by a diabolically clever propaganda machine.

The road to lasting peace calls upon us to set the record straight, and to do it on a scale never before attempted in history. In my service as Assistant Secretary of State, I saw the true nature of the Soviet's challenge; they have flung down the gauntlet to Western civilization in a struggle for the minds and loyalties of mankind. Their skill in that struggle is a far greater threat to the free world than the Red Army—in Korea, Berlin, or even Moscow. The scale of their effort is without precedent. Their success can be measured in the 800 million human souls who now move to the beat of Stalin's dictates.

THE COMMUNISTS were specialists in the Big Lie long before Hitler. They learned that the Big Lie, if it is shouted loudly and often enough, can, in the absence of a counter-argument, produce the kind of action—or inaction—the Communists want. The kind of action or inaction they want in this crisis is anti-Americanism.

What can we do about this? To put it simply, we can oppose the Big Lie with the Big Truth. Eleven other members of the Senate joined me not long ago in sponsoring Senate Resolution No. 243, which calls for a "Marshall Plan in the field of ideas" and spells out, in general terms, how the Big Truth can be launched.

We use the phrase "Marshall Plan" for these proposals because the Marshall Plan sprang from a positive, boldly conceived proposal on a scale adequate to the need. It was designed to close the dollar gap until recovery could permit Europe to earn its own way. This plan was no mere containment of Communism; it has been a smashing setback for Communism—and by means other than war.

Each day that passes proves the necessity for immediate launching of a Marshall Plan of ideas. For, if we succeed in this broad and imaginative project, we are forging a weapon more powerful than the most deadly "secret weapon" that we or our enemies can ever produce.

Today the U. S. faces two main questions in the launching of a Marshall Plan of ideas: (1) how do we go about reaching the hundreds of millions we must talk to? (2) what do we say to them?

The ECA in Europe has shown great resourcefulness as to means. In addition to the mass methods of press, radio, and film, it has met special situations with imagination and vigor.

This past summer, ECA toured the canals of France with "showboats" carrying documentary movies and displays. In Sicily where the wandering minstrel is still a chief source of information, ECA has its own native troubadours, who tell the romantic story of a boy and girl in love, and how the girl was saved from fatal illness by penicillin flown from the U. S. by ECA.

My own three proposals are perhaps more obvious, but they must be carried forward on a scale commensurate with the need. My first proposal calls for creation of a unified world-wide broadcasting network, potentially capable of booming a signal into every radio receiver on earth—by medium or long-wave signals where needed, not only by short-wave transmitters.

Even with its limited system, the "Voice of America" today receives more than 20,000 letters a month from overseas, despite the fact that only a fraction of the world's receivers are equipped to receive short-wave broadcasts.

The Kremlin was so alarmed by our "Voice" broadcasts in Russian language (which I had the privilege of launching in 1946), that it has installed at strategic points in Russia some 200 transmitters for the exclusive purpose of jamming our broadcasts from the U. S. and England. Can we not conclude from this that the Kremlin feels it cannot afford to let its people know the facts about our American way of life?

Important though it is to reach the Russian people, there are other peoples who are even more important. These are in the "critical areas" of nations that are undecided, wavering, or under Moscow pressure. It is here that we must concentrate, and in the underdeveloped areas of the world.

For this task, broadcasting has unique virtues. It is instantaneous. It can leap over censorship at boundaries. It is cheap. It can reach remote areas as easily as metropolitan centers. It poses no requirement of literacy. It is not affected by shortage of paper or film stock. Above all, it can reach hundreds of millions of people, and it can reach them quickly.

MY SECOND PROPOSAL calls for a world-wide program of producing and distributing documentary and educational motion pictures, designed to explain the democratic ideals which underlie our foreign policy.

Nothing equals the motion picture in its capacity for gripping and holding masses of people, and communicating information and attitudes in vivid, memorable form. If we would exhibit documentary films to at least one-fourth of the population of the earth once a month, their impact could well change the face of history.

There are some 91,000 theaters

in the world where motion pictures are shown. They have a seating capacity of 39,000,000 people, so that, in theory, half a billion people could see a single film in two weeks. Further, there are tens of thousands of 16- and 8-mm projectors in the schools, churches, clubs, and homes of the world.

Even where there are no projectors, our State Department has drawn crowds from miles around when they have toured foreign towns and villages with projection trucks, showing films like *Valley of the Tennessee* and *Tuesday in November*, the latter a documentary on American elections.

My third proposal calls for immediate expansion of our program for bringing labor leaders, journalists, students, and others to the United States. Foreign students of our universities have always been among our best friends abroad. Many go home to become leaders in their countries.

I favor an exchange program which would absorb as many as 100,000 foreign students a year, a vast increase over our present enrollment of such students. I also favor—as even more urgent—a huge expansion in our program for bringing to this country for relatively brief visits the key leaders of opinion from foreign lands.

The ECA, under its technical-assistance program, brought 900 people from European industry and agriculture last year to study our methods. Two among the 900 were influential Italian labor leaders. When they had seen American labor-management relations, when they had seen that our workers share in the benefits of increased productivity and from the use of labor-saving machinery, when they had seen that competition is not without economic value to our workers, they went back to Italy, pulled 700,000 workers out of the big Communist-dominated general trade union, and launched an independent union.

At the start of the technical-assistance program, a group of Norwegian labor leaders came here to study the American system. When they returned to Norway, they found that a similar group had just come back from a visit to Russia. By mere comparison of the findings of the two groups, it was directly seen how infinitely better the workers fare in the American free-enterprise economy than in the economy of the USSR.

Broadcasting, motion pictures and exchange of persons are my three main methods of gaining communication with the rest of the world, though every technique should be explored, including the use of the comic-strip book. But what do we want to communicate? I think of four things we should say to counteract the fraudulent Communist propaganda:

1. Without boasting, without falsifying, let us begin to dramatize abroad the strength and potential stability of the U. S. Let us make clear that, although we have many problems, under the American business system our whole people, and not just the few, share a rising standard of living. Let us dramatize our peaceful record and peaceful intentions—our devotion to the ideal of political and economic independence for all peoples. Let us explain that we are a people slow

to anger, but united and mighty in a righteous cause.

2. Let us increasingly share with other peoples our agricultural, industrial, and business know-how, the results of our research in medicine and public health, what we have learned about labor-management relations, city planning, public education, power development; and let us invite others to teach us what they have learned.

3. Let us begin, preferably in concert with other free nations, to dramatize those ideals which the free nations hold in common. Chief among these are personal and political freedom, equality of opportunity, and the God-given dignity of the individual. These are the ideals which most clearly divide us from the Communists, and in which they are most vulnerable in the eyes of the world.

4. Let us begin deliberately to lay bare before the world the gaping difference between Soviet deeds and Soviet words.

I urge that we say these things wherever possible through the United Nations and UNESCO, and jointly with other free nations. But much of the job will of necessity devolve upon ourselves, acting through groups of private citizens and through our government.

Can we peacefully win men toward faith in human dignity and individual freedom? Of about 200 billion people who have lived on earth since the time of Christ, not more than two billion have known freedom as we understand it. As freedom has grown and spread, it has faced a series of stupendous totalitarian reactions. But it has survived because it is an inspired faith.

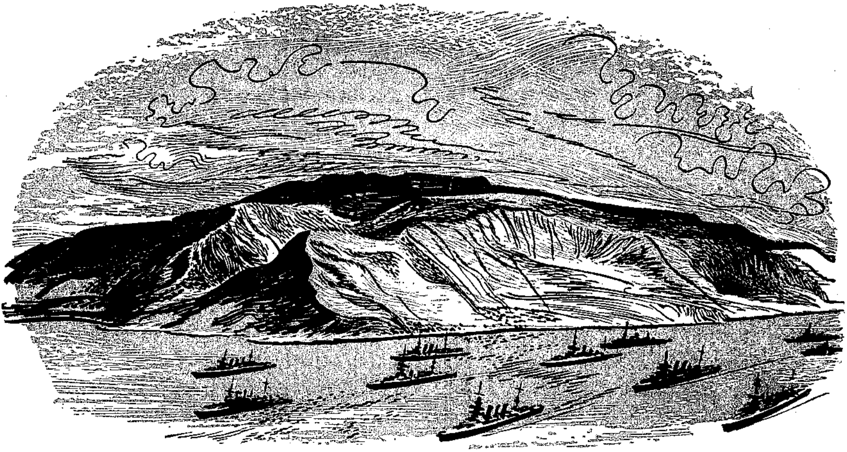
But it cannot and will not survive unless we are prepared to defend it. And our obligation to history, to the world and, most important, to ourselves demands that we beat Russia at her own game. For, unless we can convince the people of the globe that our ideas spell peace, freedom, and happiness, we shall lose the war of guns as well as the war of ideas.

Without a Prayer!

A CERTAIN TELEVISION actress is out a beautiful prayer book. She knows where it is and who has it, but she will never be able to reclaim it.

It seems that this lady is accustomed to jotting down bits of business for her TV shows whenever they occur to her. One Sunday she made a note in her prayer book—and then left the book in church. Her hopes of recovering the volume were rudely shattered the following Sunday morning when the pastor, holding up the missing book, announced: "Someone left this behind last Sunday. Unfortunately it doesn't contain the name of the owner—only a rather peculiar memorandum in the back: 'When the pistol goes off kick father in the pants.'"

—STEPHEN TEMPLETON



When the Navy Went to Molokai

How a great nation paraded its sea power to thrill the forgotten men of a leper colony

by **Henry F. Unger**

President Theodore Roosevelt read the letter from far-off Molokai leper colony. It was simply signed Joseph Dutton. For a few minutes the President remained in deep thought. Then he put through a phone call to Secretary of the Navy Newberry.

Minutes later, Rear Admiral C. S. Sperry, standing on the bridge of the flagship *Connecticut* in Honolulu harbor, got an urgent wireless dispatch. "Divert from course xxx Pass Molokai Island in battle formation xxx Show naval power to Brother Dutton xxx Dip color xxx Then continue Japan. . . ."

It was the morning of July 16, 1908. On gray, lofty Molokai, once the dread site for abandoned lepers, 65-year-old Dutton moved briskly about his humble home. He was manager of the leper colony now, successor to heroic Father Damien, who had died from the disease in 1889.

Flag-raising each morning was his prime joy. Tenderly he held the folded flag, preparatory to moving outdoors to the flagpole on a promontory overlooking the Pacific.

Suddenly a young leper threw open the screen door. "Brother Dutton—many ships—far off!"

"Ship, ships?"

As the impact of the words hit him, the old man grasped the flag tightly and strode out into the warm morning.

A small group, attracted by the boy's cries, babbled excitedly outside the house. The U. S. Navy was coming—the big American ships about which Brother Dutton had so often boasted to his lepers. But they would pass only on the horizon—

Dutton was sure of that. His weak, tired eyes would barely catch the fleet's outline.

The gray-haired samaritan of Molokai walked swiftly toward the promontory. "There!" the boy shouted. Brother Dutton uttered a chuckle as he noted the bow of a ship pointed toward Molokai.

"The Navy is coming!" he cried. "Quick, let's put up the flag!"

Dutton's hands trembled. For years he had told the lepers of the paradise that was America. They gaped as he told of the nation's great naval power. Now it was on the horizon and heading toward their isolated island.

Holding the line with one gnarled hand, Dutton slowly pulled the flag skyward. His lepers, grouped around the pole, stood at attention. For 22 years, Dutton had raised and lowered this flag each day.

As the big battleships drew closer to the island, whooping lepers were quieted by Dutton. "We must stand at attention as the ships pass, out of respect to the Government."

Dutton and his lepers tensed as the four battle divisions moved closer. Thoughts rushed through Dutton's mind as the first division—the *Vermont*, *Kansas*, *Connecticut* and *Louisiana*—churned into view.

He was a discharged Union soldier—printer, drugstore clerk, his mother a schoolmarm, his father a shoemaker in Stowe, Vermont. . . . Now came the turrets of the second division, the *Georgia*, *New Jersey*, *Rhode Island* and *Virginia*. . . . Once he had been a member of the severe Trappist Monastery in Kentucky. . . . Now the third division, the *Maine*, *Minnesota*, *Ohio* and *Missouri*, swept into position. . . .

Over Dutton's head, puffs of Hawaiian breeze curled the flag. . . . Now came the final division, the *Alabama*, *Kentucky*, *Illinois* and *Kearsarge*. The armed sea power of a great nation was parading before the Union veteran's gaze.

The samaritan of Molokai couldn't believe his eyes. It was so different in 1886, when he disembarked here from a packet ship. A story in a New Orleans newspaper had told about Father Damien's work among the lepers, and Joseph Dutton quickly bought a one-way ticket to Molokai, never again to see America.

Now the fleet was maneuvering into battle formation. Slowly, the flagship passed the promontory. Suddenly the colors were dipped and the crews saluted. Misty-eyed Dutton, frail but standing like a ramrod, returned the salute as the entire fleet passed, each ship dipping her colors.

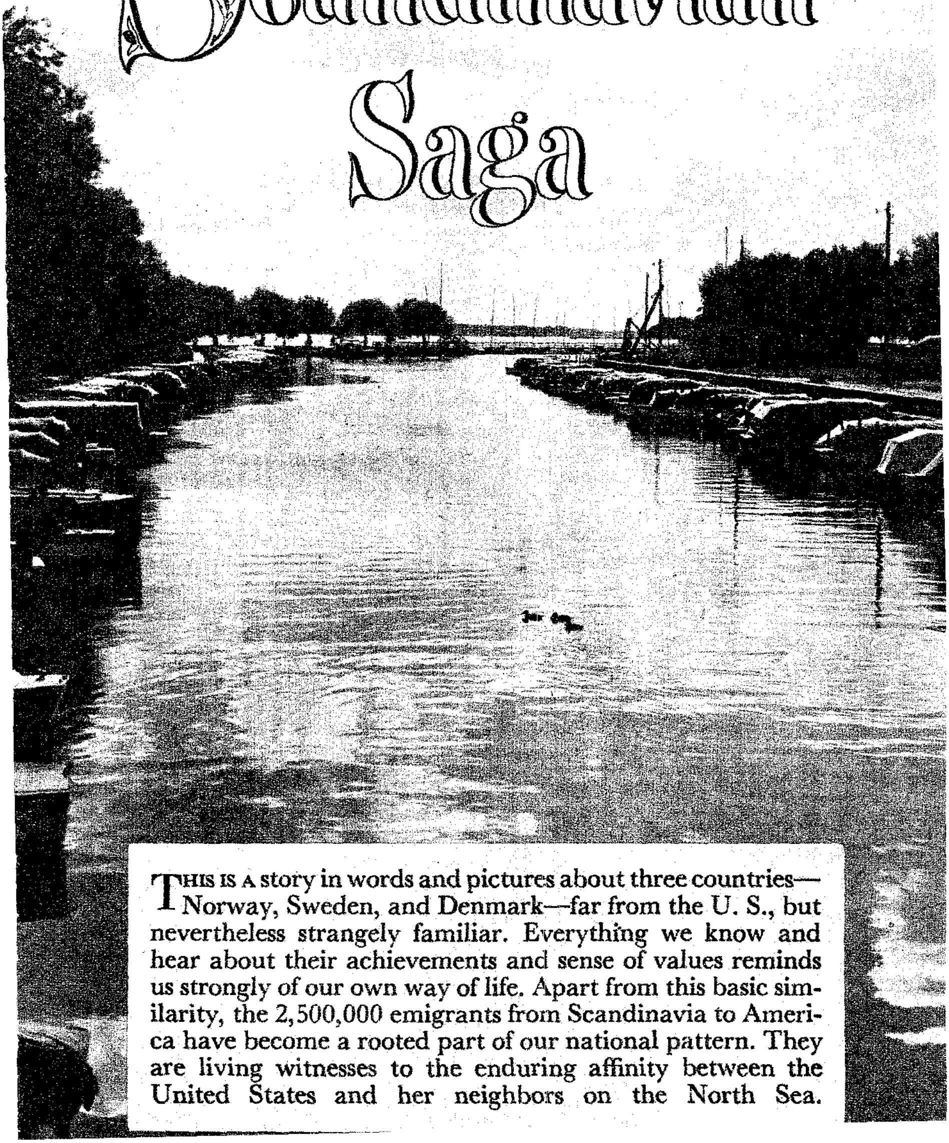
As the lepers watched the receding ships, tears rolled down their ravaged faces. Brother Dutton, who had corresponded with the world's great from his lonely leper island, had brought the Fleet to them, the forgotten outcasts of Molokai.

To Whom It May Concern

The Baltimore chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous is located in the Bromo-Seltzer Building.—DICK FRANKFORT

Picture Story

Scandinavian Saga



THIS IS A story in words and pictures about three countries—Norway, Sweden, and Denmark—far from the U. S., but nevertheless strangely familiar. Everything we know and hear about their achievements and sense of values reminds us strongly of our own way of life. Apart from this basic similarity, the 2,500,000 emigrants from Scandinavia to America have become a rooted part of our national pattern. They are living witnesses to the enduring affinity between the United States and her neighbors on the North Sea.

Norwegian women won the right to vote 13 years before American women did.

The Scandinavian people are taller than almost all their European neighbors.

THREE INDEPENDENT democratic monarchies make up what we call Scandinavia: Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. These nations in northernmost Europe are lands of stark contrasts: geographically, they run from the fertile heathland of Denmark to barren, jagged mountains at the North Cape, only 1,400 miles from the North Pole. Economically, they range from tiny one-man farms—some nine of ten Danish farms are free-held—to Sweden's vast match industry and huge Diesel-producing factories. The people are different: Norwegians are like our canny New England Yankees, Swedes like solid midwesterners, and Danes like optimistic Californians.

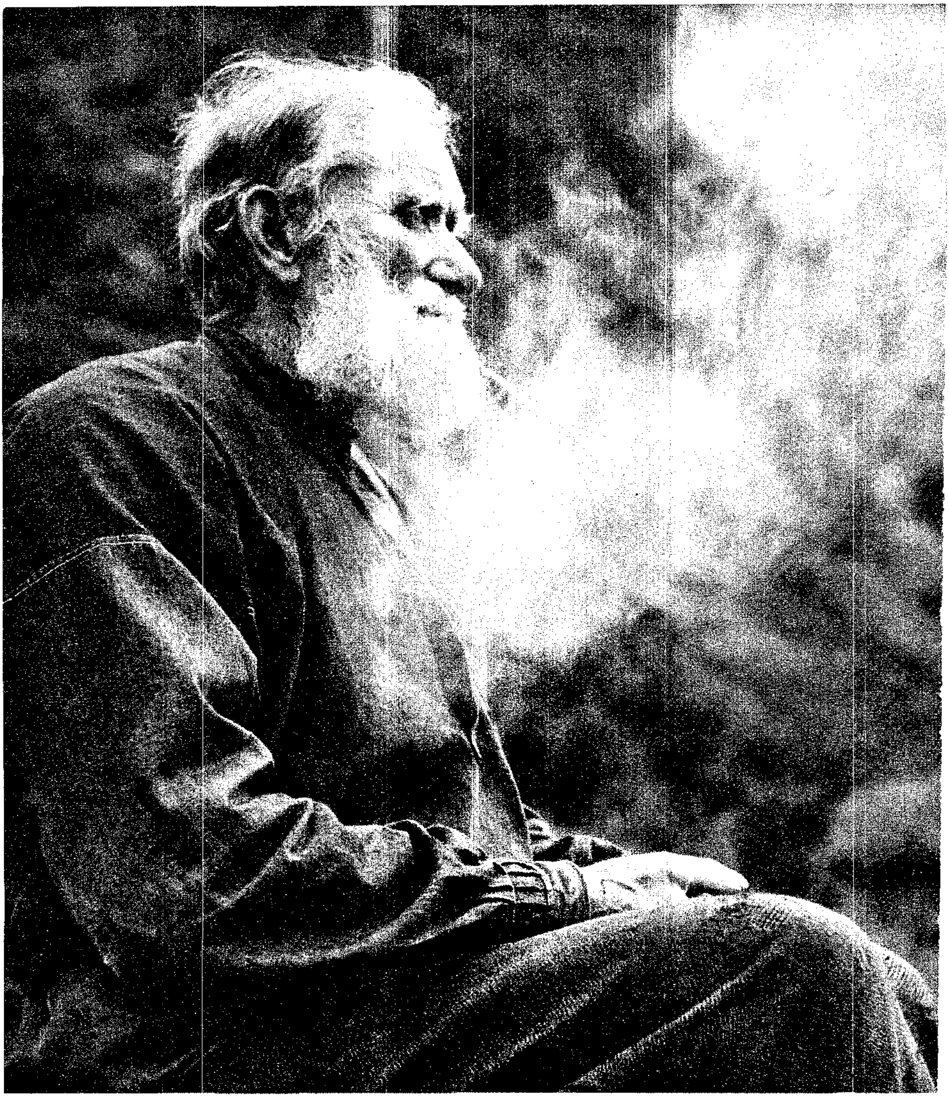
It may seem paradoxical that a people descended from conquering Vikings are today so intensely proud of their little democracies. But long ago they learned this: the land would support them only if they co-ordinated their efforts, concentrating on their crops and crafts. Their success is a prime lesson in human adaption.

The Danish philosopher, Grundtvig, once described his land as a place where "few have too much, and fewer have too little." The motto still applies.

When the Nazis invaded Denmark and Norway, they trampled on long-standing traditions of democratic living, and the Danes and Norwegians gave their conquerors no rest.

Nearly every family was represented in the Resistance forces. Norwegian fishing craft slipped

NORWEGIANS AND SWEDES WHO LIVE IN THE SNOW-COVERED LANDS ABOVE THE ARCTIC CIRCLE SING, "WE'RE FAR NORTH, BUT HAVE SUMMER IN OUR HEARTS."



In recent years, Denmark has built more than 7,500 small apartments for the aged.

through remote mountain fjords and spirited boatloads of men to England. Danes smuggled countless American airmen out of Nazi hands. The Swedes, officially neutral, risked their lives to help Jewish refugees and Norwegian and Danish patriots to safety. Until the day of liberation, underground radios crackled, German munitions dumps exploded, trains were derailed—these were answers of a free people to tyranny.

It is true that Norway had its

White caps bobbing, Swedish high-school students celebrate their graduation.

Vidkun Quisling, but it is significant that the Norwegians made the word Quisling synonymous with traitor.

Long ago, the Scandinavian nations were united. Then they split, and the North country was shattered by internecine war. Gradually, however, they evolved a system of cooperation and mutual support. Proportional representation assured a voice for responsible minorities. Local autonomy gave townspeople a sense of responsibility in affairs of their government.

Today, the constitutional monarchies of Scandinavia, given over to what has been called the democratic Middle Way, are classic examples of effective parliamentary government in action.

A universal and deep-rooted desire to learn has all but eliminated illiteracy in the North. Most Scandinavians speak some English; many know three languages besides their own.

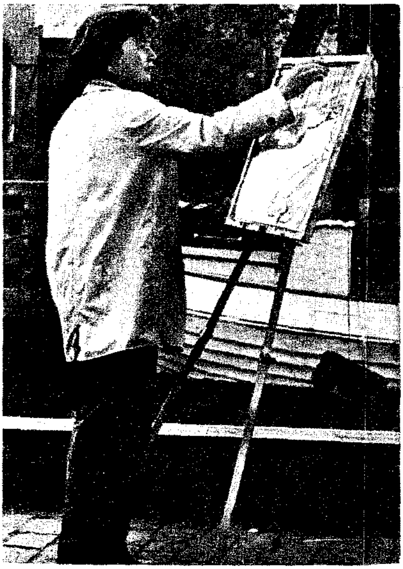
In all three countries, education is compulsory and largely tuition-free. The government furnishes lunches, medical and dental examinations—a mark of the importance in which the state holds its future generations. A degree earned at the University of Uppsala or Oslo requires intensive effort, and remains an accurate index to a man's worth as a scholar, worker, and citizen.

Nor does learning end with the university. The adult-education program of the people is the most embracing in the world. Housewives and King's ministers are enrolled for courses ranging from advanced algebra to abnormal psychology. A farmer, having spent a long day in the fields, will scrub his face, put on a clean shirt, and be off to night school.

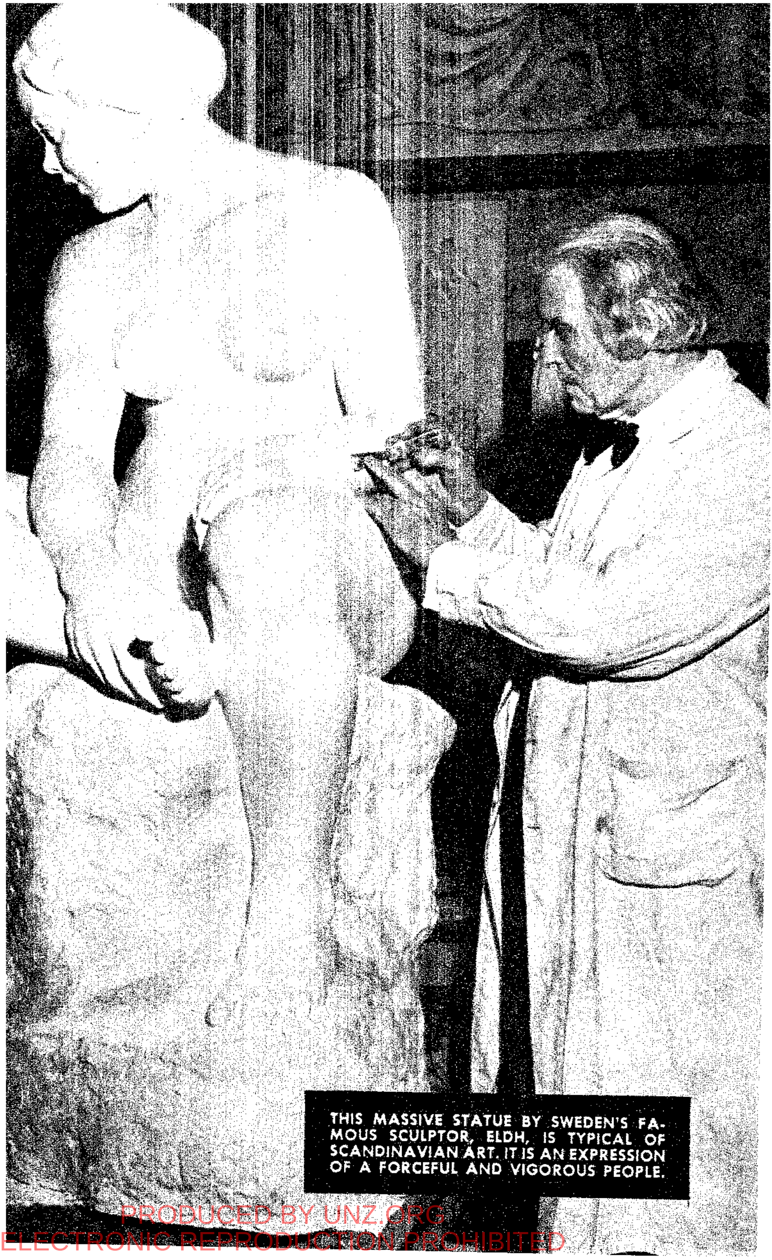
In Sweden, 23,000 study circles have 250,000 members. Norwegian hill towns sometimes have only a few public buildings—but one of them is always a library. Compulsory education in Denmark, 136 years old, was reinforced by high schools for adults.

A glance at the rolls of history's leaders gives a clear picture of

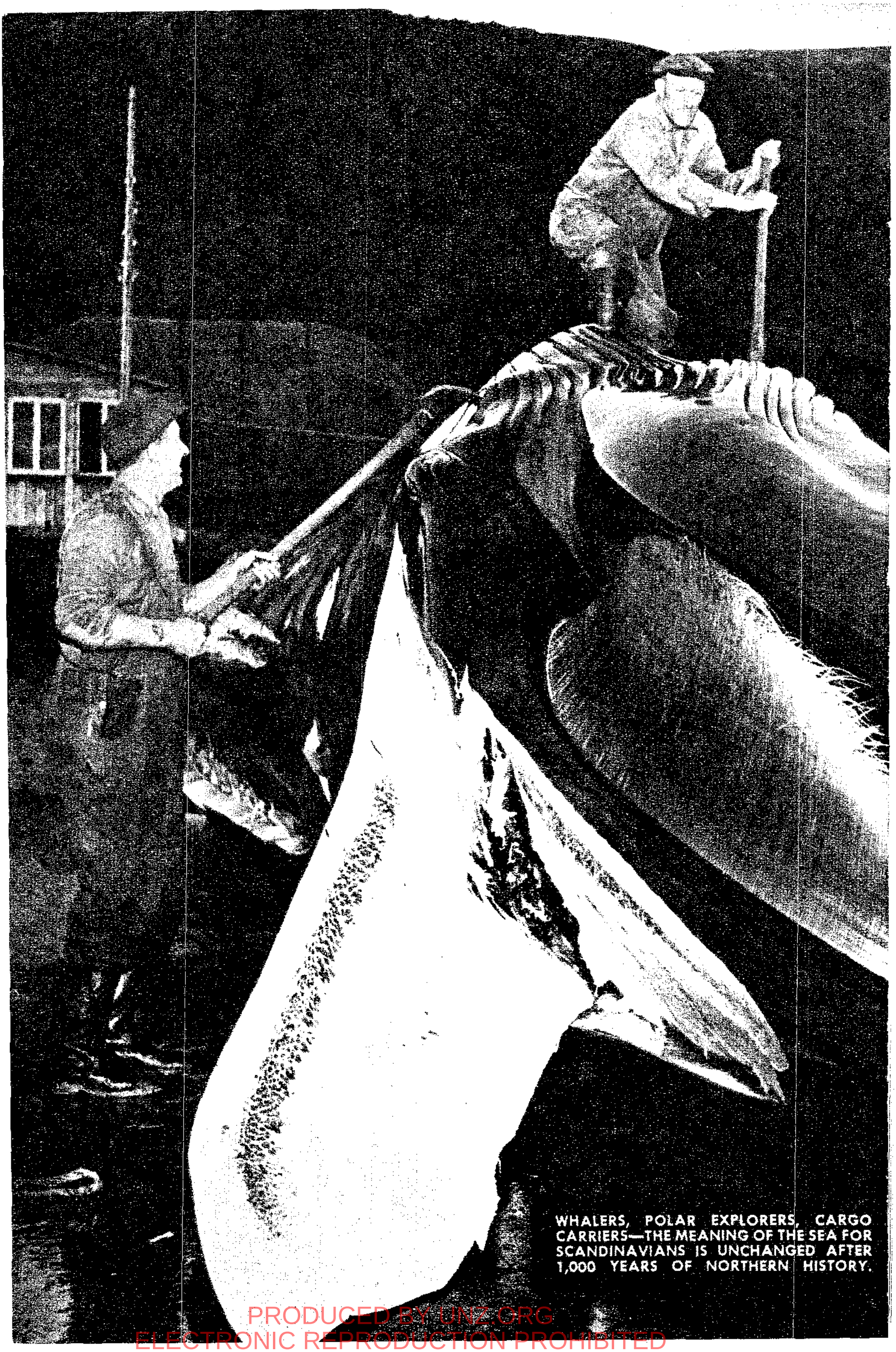
Skilled craftsmen are among the most highly respected community members.



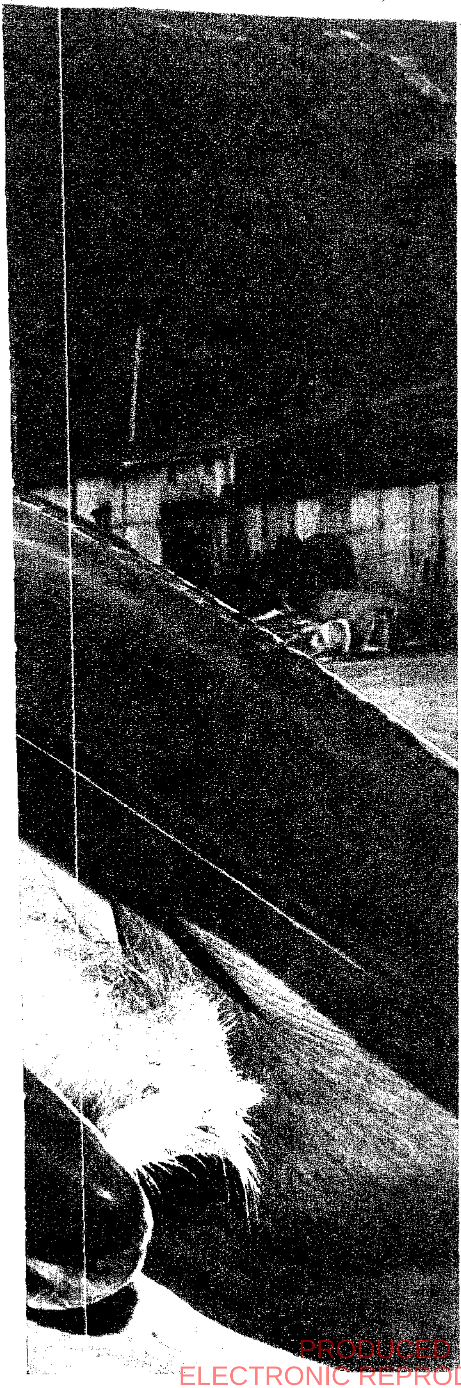
The beauty of Copenhagen lures amateur and professional painters outdoors.



THIS MASSIVE STATUE BY SWEDEN'S FAMOUS SCULPTOR, ELDH, IS TYPICAL OF SCANDINAVIAN ART. IT IS AN EXPRESSION OF A FORCEFUL AND VIGOROUS PEOPLE.



WHALERS, POLAR EXPLORERS, CARGO CARRIERS—THE MEANING OF THE SEA FOR SCANDINAVIANS IS UNCHANGED AFTER 1,000 YEARS OF NORTHERN HISTORY.



the fruit of this passion to know.

Sweden: Alfred Nobel, who, hating the thought that his discovery, dynamite, was used in war, established a memorial to peace—the Nobel prize; John Ericson, who invented our first ironclad, the *Monitor*; August Strindberg, writer.

Denmark: Hans Christian Andersen, creator of immortal stories for children; Niels Bohr, who helped to harness atomic energy.

Norway: Trygve Lie, Secretary-General of the U.N.; Roald Amundsen, Arctic explorer; Edvard Grieg, composer; Henrik Ibsen, playwright.

Heirs to a centuries-old tradition of the sea, the North people are still marked by its proximity.

Norway, pivoted on its southern axis, would reach to Rome, and with its 150,000 islands has a fjord-cut coastline of 12,000 miles. Its merchant fleet, ranking just behind that of the U. S. and England, represents a major industry.

Denmark, which would easily fit into Lake Michigan, and is only some 500 feet above sea level at the highest point, supports 244 persons per square mile.

Because so much of Sweden's surface is covered by forest, 130,000 of its people are engaged in the lumber industry. Matches, pulp, paper—these by-products of the forestland that blankets 60 per cent of Sweden are shipped to all parts of the world.

In all three countries, cooperative stores and intelligent planning have contributed to one of the world's highest living standards. During the Occupation, a German officer exclaimed to a Norwegian:

Copenhagen's famed Tivoli Gardens is a genteel Coney Island on the Continent.

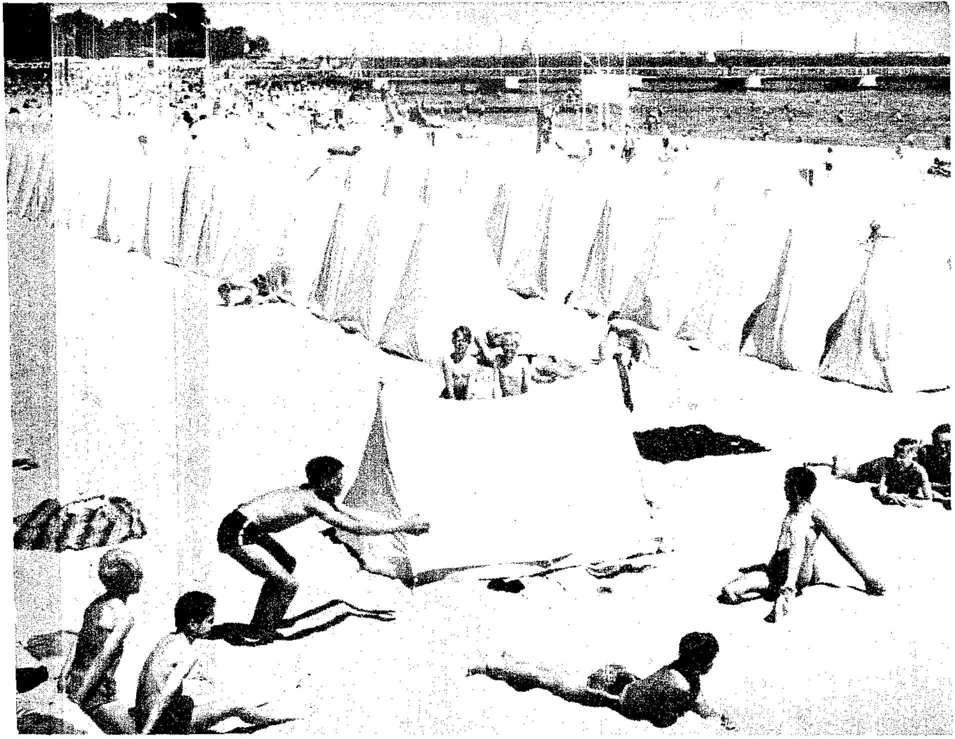
"Look at our autobahns, our telephones, our machines. Truly, Germany is an industrial marvel."

"We in Norway have achieved such things, too," the Norwegian said quietly, "but we have tried not to kill anybody in the rush."

Rarely have the old and new been so dramatically blended as in the Scandinavian nations. Few other governments have ever manifested an equal concern for the welfare of their people as is expressed in health, old-age and unemployment provisions. Multiple-housing units and public buildings are at once utilitarian and beautiful. Progressive methods of teaching have made learning a lifelong process. Technical schools have produced thousands of very proficient engineers.

Yet on the Isle of FanØ in Denmark, people still wear historic native costumes. Amid the modern architecture of Stockholm and Oslo rise the towers of medieval castles, venerated by a people who still pay tribute to yesterday. Most towns have their cottage or outdoor museums. One of the great historic prides of all Danes is a huge boulder on a Jutland heath which says, "This stone was raised by that Harold who united the Danes and made them Christians."

The character of the major cities is typical of this link between the past and the future: Copenhagen—the city of beautiful towers—is a cultural center of Europe and, with

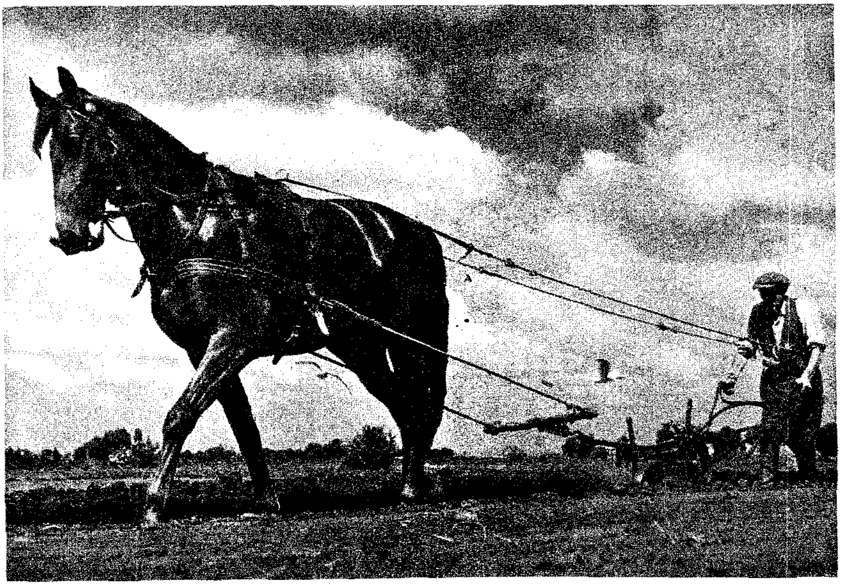


With magnificent beaches on every shore, Danes are Europe's aquatic champions.

its Tivoli Gardens, one of the gayest cities on the Continent. Yet its streets are crisscrossed by canals and cobblestone alleys. There are still ten bicycles to every automobile in the Danish capital. There is a railroad that links modern Oslo and Old World Bergen, 306 miles of fabulous engineering that winds through clouds and over mountain crags 5,000 feet high. It is a trip during which one is never sure where Norway ends and heaven begins. Stockholm, the first city of Sweden, has a population of almost 1,000,000, yet it is faintly reminiscent of an overgrown small town with the endearing qualities of all small towns.

The land, too, tells of Scandi-

Sweden is crossed by inland waterways.

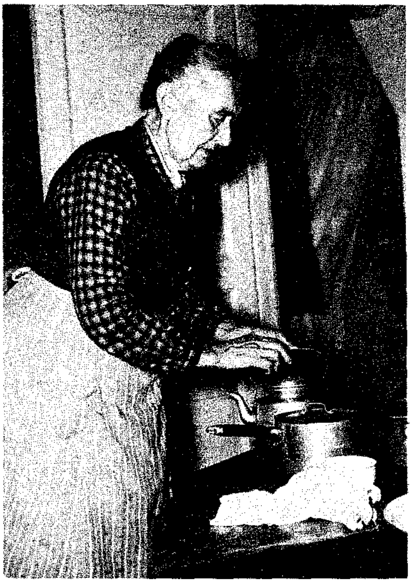


Over three-fourths of Denmark's land—8,000,000 acres—is under cultivation.

navia's victory over adversity. Only a small part of the peninsula is naturally fertile—Sweden can cultivate a bare ten per cent of its land. But scientific farming and constant care have made every foot of soil count. A Danish acre, for example, yields three times as much wheat as an American acre. Sweden has learned to grow potatoes north of the Arctic Circle, and strawberries farther south. So it is that when the larders are stocked there is always some left over for export. Because this is a land where the people's pride will not tolerate hunger or poverty, every cultivated acre is fraught with importance and has been nurtured by patient generations of farmers until hunger and poverty were wiped out.

Yet this very dearth of tillable

Although agricultural equipment is primitive, farming techniques are new.



Despite a small tillable acreage, Sweden has become agriculturally self-sufficient.

Every single Swede, Dane, and Norwegian is insured against poverty in old age.

Danish cheeses are an important part of the nation's big sandwich—*smorrebrod.*

land contributed to the great Scandinavian emigration that began with the American gold rush in 1849. Altogether, 2,500,000 Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians made the crossing to settle in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa.

Yet the feeling of all Scandinavians for the U. S. transcends the ties of immigration. A heather-grown, undisturbed corner of Jutland is perhaps the most dramatic expression of those ties. In 1911, the land was bought by Americans of Danish birth as a gathering place for visitors to the old country. There fly the flags of each of the 48 United States, and every July 4 as many as 45,000 Scandinavians commemorate America's Independence Day with a red-white-and-blue celebration—the only place outside the

The rural and urban populations of modern Denmark are almost exactly equal.

U. S. where such an event occurs.

The Scandinavian nations are not large. There are more people in Chicago than in Norway; 40 of our 48 states are bigger than Denmark, and Texas is almost as big as Norway, Sweden, and Denmark combined. Yet there is more to this land than physical size:

There are the mountain towns of Norway, specks in the wild immensity of forest and fjord. There is the mysterious midnight sun which for ten weeks cloaks northern Scandinavia in perpetual sunlight. Two weeks after the snows have disappeared, flowers, warmed by the Gulf Stream, are in full bloom.

In Northern Sweden, bonfires are lit at the end of each year's 200 days of ice and dark winter, and a gay festival that harks back to pagan days welcomes the return of the sun.

Denmark knows nature in her gentler moods. No billboards mar the gently curving country roads of what Danes call their cozy land. At Kronborg Castle in Elsinore, scene of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, John Gielgud and Laurence Olivier have enacted the immortal role of the unhappy prince before thousands of entranced Danes.

More than just a Scandinavian bloc, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark have contributed glorious tales of economy, courage, exploration, honesty, and ingenuity—out of all proportion to their size. They are three proud and independent nations that will stand as one of history's great experiments in democratic order and social progress.

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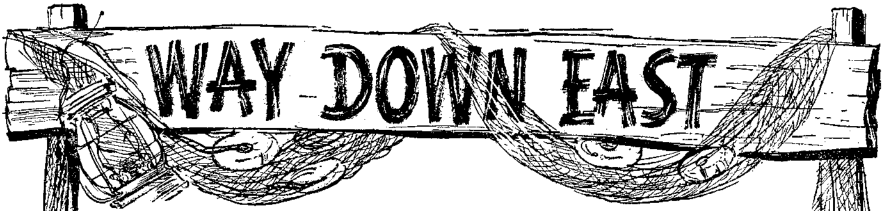


WAY DOWN EAST

MR. HOBBS LIVED in a small Massachusetts town. For years he had a reputation for being the worst sourpuss in the village, but suddenly he changed. He became all sweetness and light. An acquaintance summoned up nerve to ask him about the transformation.

"I'll tell you," said Mr. Hobbs. "I've been trying all my life to get a mind that was content. It ain't done no good, so I just decided to be contented without it."

—ARTHUR HARRIS

UNCLE BEN, one of Maine's oldest stock, had a long white beard and a car almost as old as the beard. Ben drove the jalopy with all the trust of a doting father, but one day, as he dashed down a mountain road, the brakes suddenly failed. It was a question of steering the difficult trail—or jumping. Uncle Ben didn't desert his ship.

The car flew down the mountainside in a roaring cloud of din and dust. Miraculously, Ben maneuvered it down to the level straight road and the car shuddered to a halt, as the tires screeched and two blew out as a fitting end to the episode. Ben pulled what was left of his nerves together and got out of the car to survey the damage. Just then a forester came up. "Uncle Ben," he said sternly, "you were going too fast, do you know that?"

Uncle Ben bent over a frayed tire. "I never," he spat, "was one to hold with dilly-dallyin'."

—MARGARET COX

JULIAN HAWTHORNE, after achieving literary fame in his own right, was frequently annoyed by celebrity-hunters who mistook him for his noted father. On one occasion he addressed a literary society, and invited questions afterward.

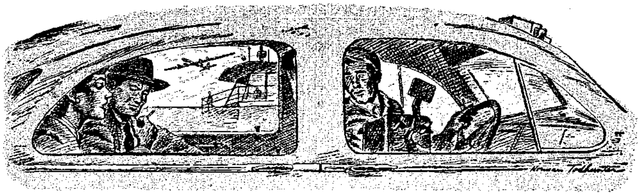
A plump matron rose and simpered, "Oh, Mr. Hawthorne, I haven't a question. I just want to say that I've read *The Scarlet Letter* three times, and I think it's the most remarkable book you ever wrote."

"I am glad you like it," the young novelist replied. "And the most remarkable fact about it is that it was written when I was only four years old!"

—*Swing*

"I CAN'T SEE NO USE hurryin' when there's a perfectly good day comin' tomorrow that ain't even been touched."

—OLD VERMONTER'S PHILOSOPHY



The Couple in the Cab

by WARREN EDWARDS

Why did the girl refuse to marry the man she loved? The answer will astonish you

IN 20 YEARS OF DRIVING a cab, I've seen and heard a good deal. Once in a while, you run into something so strange that you can't forget it.

A few years ago I picked up a couple at a hotel—nice-looking people in their early thirties. There was only one odd thing: the man had a terrific sun tan while the girl was white and tired.

"Airport, please," he told me. "My plane leaves at 7 P.M."

I didn't pay any attention to them until, out on the highway, I had to brag a little. "That traffic was tough," I said, "but you'll make it. Airport's only a few minutes from here."

"You did everything but fly," the man laughed. "I've been in the Middle East for three years and had forgotten about American cabs and American drivers."

Then I knew where the sun tan came from. I also realized something else—these two hadn't said a word to each other, all the way! In my rear-view mirror I could see them huddled together. Then, suddenly, she began talking.

"Larry," she was almost begging, "don't go away like this. Try to understand, please—"

"Why do you ask me to do the understanding, Belle?" he replied. "What about you? Three hours haggling in a hotel dining room and we're right where we started.

"I just don't get it. When I went out East you promised to marry me when I got settled. I have a house now, a good job, money saved—but you tell me the deal's off. Look, Belle, we're both grown-up. You tell me you're working on some important research that will help medicine to lick leukemia. That's wonderful. But what about *us*?"

"Right now, my work in the laboratory must not stop," she answered quietly. "I've lived with it for almost three years. It's urgent that I finish—soon!"

They were both quiet for a minute. "It's not another man, is it?" he asked finally.

"You know it's not," she whispered. "There never could be."

At the airport he took her into his arms. She started to follow him out of the cab, but he stopped her.

"I'm trying not to be unreasonable, Belle. My plane for Europe leaves New York at 3 o'clock tomorrow. If you change your mind, you can make it easily. I—I hope you will." He shut the door and headed toward the terminal.

On the way to town she sat with her head thrown back against the cushion and her hands flat against her face. I thought a little conversation might help.

"The address you gave me, miss," I remarked, "1620 Memorial Drive. That's a hospital, isn't it?"

I could just barely hear her mumble "Yes."

Ten minutes later we arrived. As the cab stopped, a gray-haired man in a white coat stepped from the entrance and came over.

"Plain foolishness, your being out all day like this," he said. "You're exhausted, Belle. I've never let a patient do that before. I don't want to see you working in the laboratory until you're stronger. In your condition, you've got to preserve your strength, not wreck it!"

She took the doctor's arm and walked slowly up the stairs.

As I pulled away, the headlights picked up a small sign on the lawn. There, suddenly, was the missing piece to the puzzle. It said:

"HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLE DISEASES, Patients' Entrance."

Fun in '50

LAST SUMMER, a New York mother looked out of the window to see her two boys in a gorgeous battle with their water pistols.

"Don't do that, boys," she called. "Remember, water is scarce."

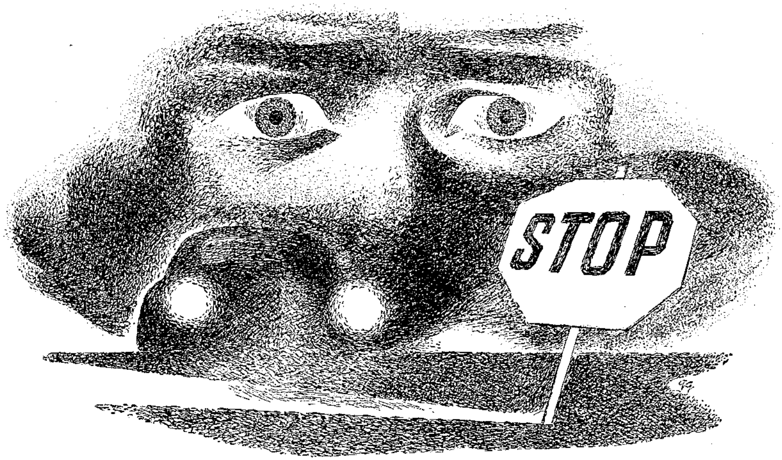
"Don't worry, mother," one of them shouted back. "We're not using water—we're using ink!" —PAUL STEINER

A YOUNG MOTHER watching her 10-year-old son and his little sister at play noticed that the two children engaged in an unusual sort of exercise. The boy was running around the garden, his arms outstretched, while the little girl raced after him, making an odd whining sound. For a while, the mother watched in silence, then she asked her little daughter what she was doing. The child explained that she was the sound of the supersonic plane imitated by her brother. —BERTHA SULMAN

BUCK ROGERS and the comics help the youngsters keep up with science, and sometimes a bit ahead of it. When we were kids we played "war" by banging away at imaginary redskins. Then came World War I and the rapid-fire machine gun, which the kids imitated by a rat-tat-tat-tat-tat vocal effect.

The other day, we saw a juvenile mock battle done with projected weapons of the future. One lad aimed a stick at another and emitted a hissing z-z-z-z-z sound.

"Aw, drop dead," he yelled at the target, "you're *fried!*" —*Nuggets*



DON'T DRIVE WITHOUT A "MENTAL LICENSE!"

by EDITH ROBERTS

When you're emotionally upset, you don't belong behind the wheel of an automobile

RECENTLY A GROUP of traffic experts were meeting at the National Safety Council in Chicago to approve a new printed form for gathering statistics about automobile accidents. It looked like a complete job, accounting for everything —time, place, condition of road, condition of vehicle, age of driver, and many other details.

At this point a psychologist said, "Gentlemen, this is a helpful form, but you have left out the most important factor of all! What was the state of the driver's mind at the time of the accident?"

Although as yet there are scant findings on this subject, safety leaders agree that a distraught or emotionally upset mind is one of the most significant causes of highway disasters. It is one aspect of accidents that has caught the eye of the President's Highway Safety Conference, and they plan to spend nearly $750,000 researching the subject in the next few years.

What is meant by "emotionally upset"? Delirious? Insane? Not at all. Let me give you an example from my own experience.

Approaching an intersection, my car was almost hit by a reckless driver who shot through the red light. The brake saved me from a collision, but as I put the car in gear all I could think of was the idiot in that other car. A complete fool, I thought, a dangerous incompetent!

At the next corner, *I* bumped a car that had stopped for a red light. My rage had wiped out the alert but relaxed frame of mind essential to safe driving. I had lost my "mental license."

Luckily no one was hurt and the damage was slight, but it started me thinking about some of my acquaintances. Last winter, a friend in Connecticut drove north to close a long-pending deal for an inn in Vermont. It was a venture he and his wife had long dreamed about. That afternoon, she received a jubilant phone call.

"It's ours!" the husband exulted. "Put some champagne on ice. I'm coming home to celebrate!"

He never made it. He hit a truck in Massachusetts and was killed instantly. Normally he was a cautious driver, who would not risk passing on a curve, but in his elation he was mentally out of control when he started homeward.

Anger and elation are but two of many forms of mental preoccupation that invite disaster on the highway. Anxiety, grief, worry, fear—all these are intoxicating emotions, rendering the driver figuratively drunk. Here is a significant statement from the Advisory Group on Highway Safety Research of the President's Safety Conference:

"There is a recognized lack of data on the all-important 'human element' involved in accidents. So far, we know of no test that will predict what the individual driver will do. *Rarely do we discover the underlying factors of an accident*, and the resulting lack of detailed information makes the effect of many factors in any safety program almost pure conjecture."

However, the research group intends to do something about it. One of their projects calls for intensive investigation of accidents by specially trained men. These studies will be made under the advisory control of psychologists, psychiatrists, physiologists, sociologists, engineers, administrators, educators, and employers. And one of the prime targets of the investigation will be to assess the importance of the driver's mental condition at the time of the accident.

Occasionally, a person has enough self-judgment to suspend his own "mental license." A surgeon in Boston, after a number of minor accidents caused by worry or anticipation of operations, finally hired a chauffeur to drive him to and from the hospital. A businessman in Chicago, a cautious and skillful driver when he puts his mind to it, takes a cab home after a particularly upsetting day at the office and leaves his car in the garage.

WHAT CAN THE AVERAGE PERSON do about the problem? If a man has to drive, you say, he will drive, regardless of his frame of mind. Not necessarily. There are three points from which the problem can be attacked: motor vehicle commissions, yourself in relation to friends and acquaintances, and yourself for your own sake.

Already in such states as Connecticut, motor-vehicle commissions are reviewing the accident histories of "repeaters"—people more prone to accidents than others. If the driver seems exceptionally unstable, or antisocial in his attitudes, he will be put on probation, or may have his license revoked.

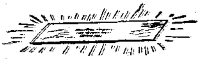
You can do your part in decreasing the highway toll by observing your friends closely when they propose driving. Is one of them depressed or disconsolate? Is someone momentarily "deranged" by grief or worry, joy or anticipation?

Advice and pleading are often not enough. You should insist on driving yourself or arranging some other means of transportation. True, your friend may be over 21, hold an operator's license, and be legally free to make his own decisions. But in a critical case, you have a *moral* obligation to dissuade him from getting behind the wheel.

Last, and most difficult, you must make a conscious and conscionable effort to appraise yourself. As a child you probably learned to "count ten" before retorting to someone who had made you angry. It would be a good idea to apply the same check every time you have an emotional upset. As you reach for the door handle of your car, ask yourself:

"Am I mentally fit to drive?"

Beware of any but an honest answer. And if the answer is "no," don't drive!



Travel Is So Broadening

A PROMINENT CHURCH dignitary, while visiting in Montreal, took a side trip into the Laurentians. As the date of his return was uncertain, his host hesitated to forward the prelate's mail. But one envelope—a long, impressive looking thing from the churchman's secretary—had his host worried. Surely it contained some important document for which the entire church was probably waiting approval of the reverend gentleman. When the dignitary returned, his host explained the situation and hoped he had done the right thing in not sending it on.

"As a matter of fact, I'm glad you didn't," the prelate smiled. "It might have become lost." Then he opened the envelope—which contained a week's clippings of the Dick Tracy comic strip. —*Pipefuls*

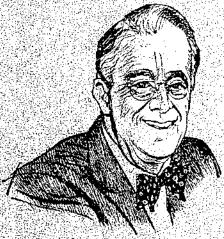
A VISITOR TO Africa was surprised to see, in a pub, a British colonel in full uniform, complete with combat ribbons—but only two feet high. The visitor could scarcely believe his eyes and asked the bartender about the two-foot-high colonel. The bartender leaned over the bar and said: "Colonel Upjohn, would you mind telling this gentleman here how you called the witch doctor a jerk?" —LEONARD LYONS

A FOREIGN DELEGATE to the UN motored through New England and was reported to have been shocked by the "open display of sex mindedness in that part of the country."

When asked what he meant specifically, he said, "Well, as I drove along the highway, it confronted me again and again. First it was 'Soft Shoulders,' then, 'Dangerous Curves,' 'Five Gals for $1.00,' 'Try Ethyl,' and finally 'Watch Out for Children.' " —*Gas Service*

Condensed Book

The Voice of F.D.R.

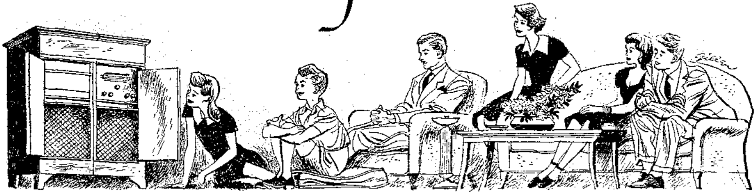


by FRANK KINGDON

Franklin Roosevelt left a deeper imprint on the American people than any President since Lincoln. He had a genius for translating great issues into simple truths or folksy witticisms, many of them already classic. In this book, a noted columnist, who knew F.D.R. personally, recounts some of the spellbinding words by which this nation lived for 14 years.

From the book, *As F.D.R. Said*, by Frank Kingdon. Copyright, 1950, by the author, and to be published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., 270 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

The Voice of F.D.R.



by FRANK KINGDON

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT was a man of high spirits. That was the secret of his laughter: it was spontaneous, rising out of the moment. Consequently much of it was fleeting, dependent on the mood of an occasion. Quips that aroused roars of laughter in a press conference seem less lively in print, not because they were not good but because they were sharpened to a particular moment. Without the cigarette holder, the tilted head, the flashing glasses, and the contagious grin, something is missing.

We think of him as a gay man, and so he was, but he has left behind him surprisingly few epigrams or anecdotes. This is partly because of his good humor. A man has to have a crotchety streak to be able to polish off an opponent with a devastating phrase. Churchill has it, and so he could say of Attlee that he is "a sheep in sheep's clothing," but Roosevelt was incapable of this, not because he was not bright enough to think of it but because an inner monitor would not allow him to be so cutting. He would rather laugh with a man than at him.

Like all men of high spirits, he indulged in extravagance, embellishing an incident or situation with his imagination, until its sheer ridiculousness produced the laugh he shared. In this same spirit, he had a tendency to practical joking, not of the dangerous physical sort but rather the kind of hazing that schoolboys like to indulge. These "razzings" were not always easy to take, and there were times when sulky faces appeared around the White House. The pranks served one good purpose, however. They were first-class needles to puncture budding self-inflations.

Perhaps the best way to approach the stories about Roosevelt is to begin with those he told about himself. He had no objection to being autobiographical on occasions, and his homelike talk about himself endeared him to many listeners. For example, what could be more neighborly than what he said to some of his fellow-townsmen at Hyde Park in 1934?

"When I got back on Sunday, one of my neighbors gave me a great shock. He came up and shook hands, and looked at me and said: 'My, how fleshy you have got.' And then, to cap the climax, one of those people—I think they call them columnists or something like that—made the assertion that I had put on 12 pounds. Well, I resent it. But of course you cannot quarrel with the press.

"He just added a little figure one in front of the true gain. I did gain two pounds, and I came up here with the perfectly serious intention of taking off five. But there is a certain quality to Dutchess County milk and my mother's cooking and the air that you breathe; I do not believe I am going to make good my objective."

To a group of students at the University of North Carolina, he introduced himself in a play of exaggeration:

"You undergraduates who see me for the first time have read in your newspapers and heard on the air that I am, at the very least, an ogre—a consorter with Communists, a destroyer of the rich, a breaker of ancient traditions. Some of you think of me, perhaps, as the inventor of the Economic Royalist, of the wicked utilities, of the money changers in the temple. You have heard for six years that I was about to plunge the nation into war; that I was driving the nation into bankruptcy; and that I breakfasted every morning on a dish of 'Grilled Millionaire.'

"Actually, I am an exceedingly mild-mannered person—a practitioner of peace, both domestic and foreign, a believer in the capitalistic system, and for my breakfast a devotee of scrambled eggs."

In Hyde Park for the laying of the library cornerstone, he reminisced as a man will at his boyhood home: "Half a century ago a small boy took delight in climbing an old tree, now unhappily gone, to pick and eat ripe Seckel pears. That was about one hundred feet to the west of where I am standing now. And just to the north he used to lie flat between the strawberry rows and eat sun-warmed strawberries—the best in the world.

"In the spring, in hip rubber boots, he sailed his first toy boats in the surface water formed by the melting snow. In the summer with his dogs, he dug into woodchuck holes in this same field, and some of you are standing on top of those holes at this minute. Indeed, the descendants of those same woodchucks still inhabit this field, and I hope that under the auspices of the National Archivist they will continue to do so for all time."

ROOSEVELT WAS powerful enough to break precedent and go beyond two Presidential terms, but he never was able to get the kind of housekeeping he wanted in the White House. He was no gourmet, but he liked what he liked, and often could not get it. Late in the summer of 1944, he was talking to his secretary and his daughter, and surprised them by bursting out with: "You know, I really want to be elected for a fourth term."

They waited to see what momentous matter had tipped the scales.

"I want to be elected to a fourth term," he went on, "so I can fire Mrs. Nesbitt."

This admirable lady had been brought from Hyde Park by Mrs. Roosevelt, more as a neighborly act than as a culinary triumph. For 12 long years the President waged his own guerrilla warfare against her lack of originality and unfamiliarity with some of his favorite delicacies. His little notes to her are classics of frustration:

"Mrs. Nesbitt, there is no such thing as terrapin soup." (She had served this monstrous desecration to Chief Justice Hughes at dinner the night before.)

"Feathered game should never be plucked until just before it is eaten. Taking off the feathers dries up the meat."

ROOSEVELT HAD a healthy body. His torso was huge and his arms and hands were strong. This impression of strength was the one that immediately followed my first impression of the beauty of his massive head when I first met him. But the point that most surprised me about this conversation was that he did not hesitate to refer to his lameness. I had mentioned something which I reported as being in a lot of people's minds, and he said:

"I'm glad to hear you say that. My missus mentioned it the other day. You know, I can't get around as much as I'd like to, so she goes a lot of places I'd like to go. And it's a pretty good arrangement, because so many people won't tell me what they think because I'm President, but they talk frankly with her."

He accepted his physical limitations, and even rationalized them sometimes into an advantage. "I can't move around my office," he used to say, "but what advantage is there in moving around an office anyhow? I used to walk the rug in the old days, and what did I accomplish? I wore a hole in the rug. I thought I was thinking, but I was just walking, that's all."

F.D.R. got around in his wheel chair with dexterous speed, and sometimes showed up unexpectedly—as on one famous occasion. Winston Churchill was staying at the White House. His habit was to rise late, and to spend his first hours dictating to his male secretary. Often he satisfied the primitive urges in him by doing this in a state of complete undress.

One morning he was surprised to have the President roll into his room unannounced, to find him unadorned except for the inevitable cigar. He was equal to the occasion and turned to Roosevelt, saying: "You see, sir, I have always told you that the Prime Minister has nothing to conceal from the President of the United States."

Later that day, Grace Tully caught the President chuckling to himself, and asked the reason. He told her the story with proper reservations, and then said: "You know, Grace, I just happened to think of it now. He's pink and white all over!"

F.D.R. had an experience with the King and Queen of England of quite another kind, but almost as embarrassing in its own way. When Their Majesties were dining at Hyde Park, the first two courses proceeded with decorum. As the third course was to be served, the air was shattered with a crash behind the screen. Then came one of those moments of complete silence at the dinner table. It was broken by the President: "Just an old family custom, that's all."

After dinner the party went to the library. The butler appeared carrying liqueurs and glasses. On the threshold he slipped and spilt his precious burden, then sat down in the resulting wreckage. F.D.R. waited until he had left the room, and then burst into a roar of laughter and said to the King:

"That's number two. What next? These things always come in threes, you know."

Next day was sunny and the party went to Val-Kill cottage for rest and a swim. After his exercise, the President sat on the edge of the pool, then decided to move back to the lawn. He had a way of putting his hands behind him and propelling himself backward in a sitting position. After the fourth or fifth move, he lifted himself clean into the middle of a tray of pastries, tea, cracked ice, and glass.

The predicament tickled the President's funny bone. "Why didn't somebody yell?" he said, and then, turning to the King:

"Didn't I tell you these things happen in threes? Now we can relax. The spell is broken."

ONE OF ROOSEVELT'S favorite forms of amusement was to tease his associates. This was partly a way of working off animal energy that he might normally have expended in walking or some other form of exercise. He also liked to test people, and to kid them.

The most titantic of these mischievous escapades was the one he pulled on the Daughters of the American Revolution. With some trepidation, they invited him to speak before them in 1938. The strain of political incompatibility kept the preliminary proceedings taut and meticulous.

When the President rose, he shattered the atmosphere with the salutation: "Fellow immigrants," and then went on: "It so happens, through no fault of my own, that I am descended from a number of people who came over on the *Mayflower*. More than that, every one of my ancestors on both sides—and when you go back four or five generations it means 32 or 64 of them—every single one of them was in this land in 1776. And there was only one Tory among them. The text is this: remember always, that all of us, and you and I especially, are descended from immigrants and revolutionists."

The people who formed an intimate circle around the President often felt the full brunt of his mischief. Usually this byplay was impulsive, but occasionally he planned more elaborate jokes. Once he set up a barber pole in front of the doctor's office in the White House, and hung out a big sign:

McINTYRE, FOX AND MAYS
BARBER, CHIROPODIST AND
MANICURIST

That night he had to speak in the East Room. As he passed the office a stenographer came out.

"Which did you get, Roberta?" the President asked, eyes wide with innocence. "A manicure or a foot treatment?"

Even his mother, toward whom his manner was generally extremely respectful, sometimes felt lightly this play of his. She disapproved of cocktails and sat in obvious dudgeon across from him as he faced a tray of cocktails, awaiting the arrival of the King and Queen of England. When Their Majesties entered the room, F.D.R. turned to the King and said:

"My mother does not approve of

cocktails and thinks you should have a cup of tea."

The King answered, "Neither does my mother."

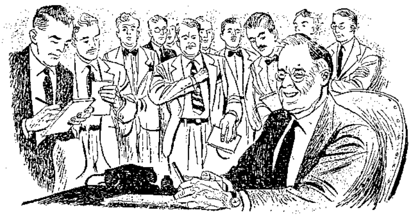
Then the President and the King downed their cocktails.

His press conferences were F.D.R.'s delight. He handled them as no other President ever has and the public impression of him was probably more formed by them than by any other single one of his activities. The picture of him tilting his cigarette holder at a cocky angle and exchanging banter with a corps of men trained in the fine art of tripping up public figures, fastened on the public imagination the image of a gallant and smiling man, full of self-confidence and knowing exactly where he was going.

In these conferences Franklin Roosevelt was a superb actor, his face mobile with innocence, horror, amazement, and sternness, to match the mood he was portraying. His voice ran the full range of its extraordinary powers. And when he scored a point, he supplemented the roar of his auditors with his own contagious grin.

As long as Roosevelt was rested and well, he did not often yield to anger. Part of his equanimity stemmed from his ability to let the past bury the past. In the words of McDuffie, his valet: "He wasn't a man to be in a very serious mood over a thing that's gone under the bridge . . . He could throw off anything . . . He believed what was to be would be."

His desk itself was a sort of symbol of his capacity to relax. Across it passed some of the most momentous documents of modern times, yet it was a veritable museum of animals, flags, lighters, and gadgets of all descriptions.



Among them was one elephant made of some sort of material that collected dust but could be washed. Whenever Missy LeHand washed it, it shrank. The President watched it with satisfaction.

"Every time it comes back from the cleaners it's an inch smaller," he used to say. "We're gradually getting it down to G.O.P. size."

F.D.R. did not hesitate to tell a gag more than once, particularly in campaign speeches. A reporter once twitted him: "Mr. President, why don't you pull some new jokes? We're getting tired of the old ones."

Roosevelt laughed: "They may be old to you, but they're new to the crowd at every stop. Never change a gag when it's going good."

In official matters, Roosevelt would let nobody take liberties with the dignity of the United States. The British Chancellor of the Exchequer once addressed a letter simply to "Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Jr." with no mention of the Secretary of the Treasury's title. When Morgenthau answered it, he addressed the Chancellor formally. F.D.R. changed this, and had the letter sent to Mr. —— with no title. After that, Downing Street was more polite.

The young people F.D.R. loved best were his grandchildren and, like all grandfathers, he was introduced by them into new ways. Once his son John was to visit the White House with his family, including a baby. He called to make sure everything would be ready, and got his father on the telephone. When he had mentioned everything else, he told the President: "Be sure to order diaper service."

This was a new one to F.D.R. "What's that?" he demanded.

John explained, and said to have 200 diapers ordered. This flabbergasted the President: "Is anything wrong with the baby? We always boiled our diapers."

John protested this was old-fashioned, and that the President must do it the new way.

F.D.R. pondered the problem: he discussed it with Mrs. Roosevelt, who gave him further enlightenment. Then the funny side of it hit him. He imagined what would happen next morning:

"I will call Hacky (the head telephone operator), and say: 'Hacky, get me the diaper service immediately,' and Hacky will say, 'What did you say, Mr. President?' And then I will answer, 'The diaper service, Hacky. I don't know what it is, but please get it.' After she gets it, I will say: 'This is the President of the United States, and I want to order 200 diapers sent to me at the White House.' "

More Americans heard the voice of Roosevelt more frequently than that of any other President. We might easily dismiss the fact by saying that F.D.R. had the radio while other Presidents did not. That is only half the story. The other half is that he used it, deliberately and purposefully, as an effective instrument for bringing the Government closer to the people and thus vitalizing the democratic process.

One day I took to him a paper which I had prepared at his request, setting forth an idea he was thinking of including in a Fireside Chat. He read it quickly as a whole. Then he went over it in detail, changing a word here, transposing sentences there. He came to one sentence, paused, looked at me quizzically, and said:

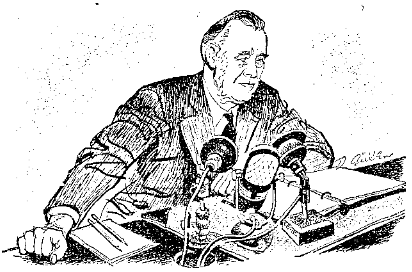
"I imagine you thought that was pretty good when you wrote it, didn't you?"

I smiled and answered: "Yes, sir, I thought that was about the best sentence in the paper."

With a flourish he ran his blue pencil through it. We both laughed. He didn't want any fancy rhetoric in his radio talks.

The Fireside Chats were prepared speeches, but they sounded so much like extemporaneous talks that nobody needs to be a literary critic to recognize that all of them came from the same man. Woodrow Wilson might have sniffed at their style, but they were Franklin Roosevelt speaking to the people, and the people understood exactly what he was saying.

The key sentence to all Fireside Chats was in the one he gave in



April 1938: "I never forget that I live in a house owned by all the American people and that I have been given their trust."

The tone of all of them is illustrated by a paragraph from one he made in 1934:

"A few timid people who fear progress will try to give you new and strange names for what we are doing. Sometimes they will call it 'Fascism,' sometimes 'Communism,' sometimes 'regimentation,' sometimes 'socialism.' But in so doing they are trying to make very complex and theoretical, something that is really very simple and very practical. I believe in practical explanations and in practical politics. I believe that what we are doing today is a necessary fulfillment of old and tested American ideals."

Along with Roosevelt's emphasis on the value of public opinion went stress on the responsibility of the individual and the necessity for the country to guard the individual against any repressions. He perceived in the growth of dictatorships an assault on this ideal and put it boldly in 1938:

"If the fires of freedom and civil liberties burn low in other lands, they must be made to burn brighter in our own. If in other lands the press and books and literature of all kinds are censored, we must redouble our efforts here to keep them free. If in other lands the eternal truths of the past are threatened by intolerance, we must provide a safe place for their perpetuation."

ROOSEVELT'S DEALINGS with his contemporaries will supply material for controversy as long as men write history. Historians can measure a man against the total years of his activity: a contemporary has to modify evaluation with awareness of present expediencies. As Roosevelt once said to Harry Hopkins, when the latter complained about some particular obstinacy of Churchill: "We have to remember that Winston has an election coming up."

There was no doubt of his estimate of Churchill in the large. He liked him as an individual and he appreciated how the focus of crisis fastened on him the essence of leadership around which the spirit of his people revolved. When he said to Churchill: "It is fun to be in the same decade with you," he was saying in a vocabulary they both understood that he knew the greatness of the Englishman.

A more intimate estimate of Churchill's mental agility is in a conversation Frances Perkins relates. Roosevelt was talking about the huge contribution made to the Normandy landing by the artificial harbors created by sinking old ships loaded with concrete, one upon the other. He said:

"You know, that was Churchill's idea. Just one of those brilliant ideas that he has. He has a hundred a day and about four of them are good. Yes, when he was visiting me in Hyde Park he saw all those boats from the last war tied up in the Hudson River and in one of his great bursts of imagination he exclaimed: 'By George, we could take those ships and others like them and sink them offshore to protect the landings!'

"I thought well of it myself and we talked about it all afternoon. The military and naval authorities were startled out of a year's growth. But Winnie is right. Great fellow, that Churchill, if you can keep up with him!"

Roosevelt came to the Presidency with full knowledge that war was still the final arbitrer among nations, that there are times when countries have to be prepared to defend themselves on the field of battle, even though their traditions and inclinations turn them away from war.

Sensitive as he was to political trends, he sensed the aggressive implications in Mussolini's Fascism and Hitler's Nazism. In some of his utterances on war and peace is the unfolding of his preparation of the minds of his countrymen for the supreme effort which he saw clearly would be demanded of them. Roosevelt began to raise the issue of greater national defense in 1936, by stating the principle on which free men have to consider the possibility of waging war:

Give
enough!

"Men fought here for principles they loved more dearly than their own lives. Liberty-loving people will always do battle for principles that they believe to be right. Civilization, alas, has not yet made it unnecessary for men to die in battle to sustain principle. It is, however, my hope that in this generation the United States, by its own example, can maintain and help to maintain principles by means of peace rather than by means of war."

In September, 1940—a year after war had broken out in Europe—the President drove home at Great Smoky Mountain the truth that time and distance were no longer the defenses they had once been:

"The earth has been so shrunk by the plane and the radio that Europe is closer to America today than was one side of these mountains to the other when pioneers toiled through the primeval forest. The arrow, the tomahawk, and the scalping knife have been replaced by the plane, the bomb, the tank, and the machine gun. The threat of these weapons is as close to us today as was the threat to the frontiersmen when hostile Indians were lurking on the other side of the gap."

The attack on America came December 7, 1941. Next day the President called for a declaration of war. In his Fireside Chat the evening after the declaration, he said:

"We are now in the midst of a war, not for conquest, not for vengeance, but for a world in which this nation and all that this nation represents will be safe for our children . . . We are going to win the war and we are going to win the peace that follows."

In his message to Congress in January, 1944, Roosevelt set his sights on long range:

"We have joined with like-minded people in order to defend ourselves in a world that has been gravely threatened with gangster rule. But I do not think any of us Americans can be content with mere survival . . . The one supreme objective for the future . . . and for all the United Nations can be summed up in one word: security . . ."

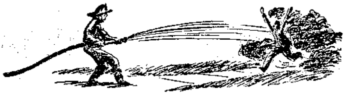
This President whom world events had forced to turn from the ways of peace to war came full circle back to peace again in October, 1944:

"The task ahead will not be easy. Indeed, it will be as difficult and complex as any that has ever faced an American administration.

"I speak to the present generation of Americans with a reverent participation in its sorrows and in its hopes. No generation has undergone a greater test, or has met that test with greater heroism and, I think, greater wisdom, and no generation has had a more exalted mission . . .

"I do not exaggerate that mission. We are not fighting for, and we shall not attain, a Utopia. Indeed, in our own land, the work to be done is never finished. We have yet to realize the full and equal enjoyment of our freedom. So, in embarking on the building of a world fellowship, we have set ourselves a long and arduous task, which will challenge our patience, our intelligence, our imagination, as well as our faith.

"That task calls for the judgment of a seasoned and a mature people . . . We shall bear our full responsibility, exercise our full influence, and bring our full help and encouragement to all who aspire to peace and freedom."



Rural Rambling

When Lanny Ross bought a farm up in the Berkshire Hills, he decided to get right in and belong to the community. Among other things, he joined the local fire department.

One particularly pitch-black night, the alarm clanged and Lanny rushed to the fire. The firemen had gathered at a small house a couple of miles down the road and were leisurely unloading the old-fashioned fire equipment. Lanny grabbed the hose and began dragging it toward the house. It was too dark to see much but he could smell plenty of smoke. "Quick," he shouted, "turn on the water!"

"Easy there, fella," said the bearded old chief. "Let the fire burn up bright before we go to work on it. Cain't hardly see what we're doin' in this dark."

—*Swing*

The farmer had just finished spreading a load of particularly evil-smelling fertilizer.

"Will that stuff really stimulate plant growth?" a visitor from the city asked.

"Can't say for sure," was the thoughtful answer. "I've been putting it on like this year after year but I've never been able to figure out whether it actually stimulates things or whether it's just so downright repulsive that they try their best to grow away from it." —Henry Hanck

On his hundredth birthday, a reluctant Down East potato grower being interviewed by a reporter from the city, was asked: "I suppose you've seen a great many changes in your time?"

"Yep," replied the centenarian, "and I've been agin' 'em all."

—Hilda Heym

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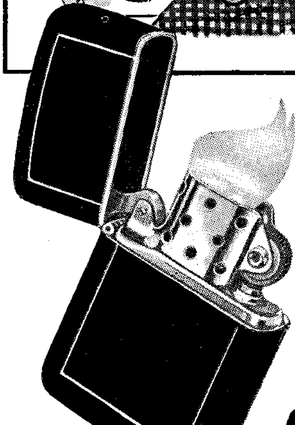

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St. Louis Queen of the Cookbooks

by **Harry B. Wilson**

Irma Rombauer, a 72-year-old grandmother, is one of America's best-selling authors

Not long ago, a man stopped in a St. Louis bookshop, selected a cookbook for his fiancée, wrote a message on the flyleaf. Curious, the clerk who wrapped the book peeked at his inscription:

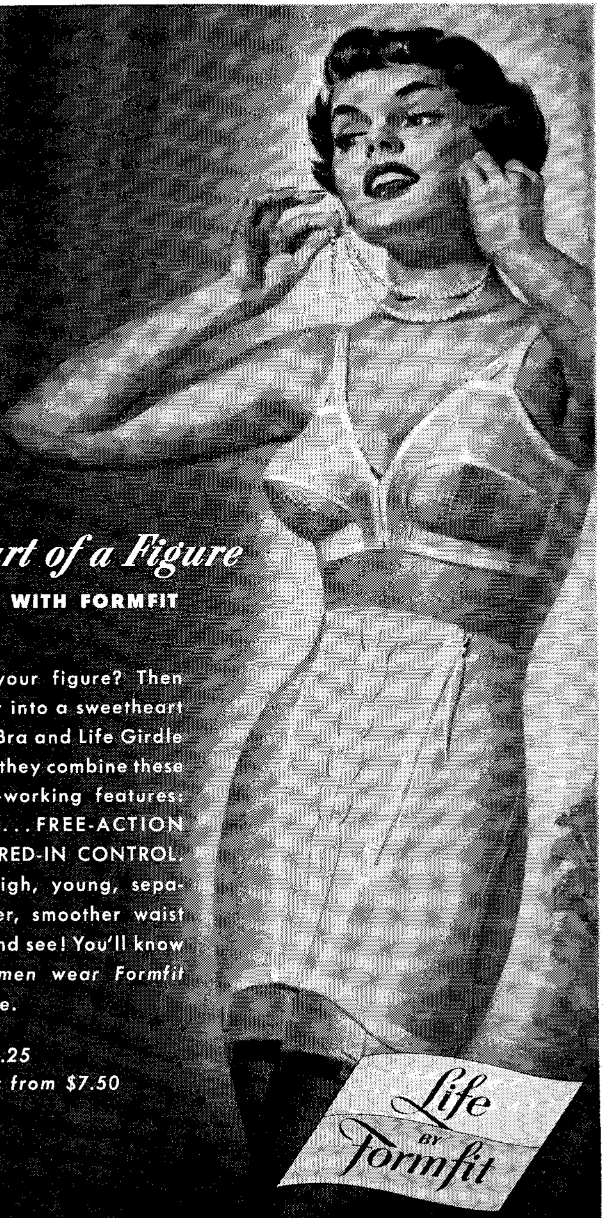
"Dear Mildred, please read this carefully, for my life is in your hands. Your devoted John."

The man's concern for his stomach and sense of taste reflected a basic human emotion, the longing for good food. It also explains why two of the ten best sellers of the last 50 years have been cookbooks.

The one John bought was *The Joy of Cooking*, an 884-page volume written by a small, energetic St. Louis grandmother, Irma S. Rombauer. In what seems to be the golden age of cookbooks, this is one of the two or three most golden. Since 1943, more than 1,000,000 copies have been sold, pushing Mrs. Rombauer to the top of a fiercely competitive profession. Yet she was 53 before the idea of writing even entered her mind. She had been simply a busy housewife and clubwoman, not a cooking expert. In the years since—she is 72 now—she has become a national authority on food and what to do with it.

Although she is a thorough professional, Mrs. Rombauer has kept an amateur attitude toward cooking. She frankly pities women who become slaves to their stoves. "I am only a cook incidentally," she says, and means it.

In line with this philosophy, Mrs. Rombauer tries hard to separate herself from her best-selling cookbook. Yet people are always phon-



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ing for culinary advice and comfort. One night a woman called from Ohio. Her husband had brought home some snails. What should she do with them?

Another time, Mrs. Rombauer, returning from a vacation, opened her front door as the phone rang. A man had a question about her recipe for brandied peaches. "It was my welcome home," she says.

Under a faintly Victorian exterior, Mrs. Rombauer conceals a driving energy, a lot of quiet confidence, and the talents of a first-class businesswoman.

Born in St. Louis, she lived in Europe most of her teens while her father, the late Dr. H. M. von Starkloff, was American consul in Bremen, Germany. She learned to speak French and German fluently, a gift that was to come in handy years later when she began to collect European recipes.

The von Starkloffs returned to St. Louis when she was 18. Three years later, she married Edgar R. Rombauer, a young lawyer, and promptly hired a cook, for she had never cooked anything but "a very indifferent jelly roll and fudge."

Finally, in self-defense, Mrs. Rombauer learned to cook. It was that, or beef and potatoes every day.

One summer, she met the late Mrs. W. A. Johnson of Paris, Kentucky, a well-known cookbook author and lecturer. Mrs. Rombauer became one of her students and, as a hobby, began to collect recipes.

She wasn't thinking about cookbook writing then. But when her husband died, and her son and daughter married and left home, she was lonely and restless.

She agreed readily when her children asked her to write a cookbook, a record of "what mother used to make." She finished this in 1931, and paid to have it published.

Mrs. Rombauer sold 3,000 copies of *The Joy of Cooking*. Encouraged, she looked around for a publisher. A Chicago man glanced at her small volume and cried: "This woman sells this book for $3 and now she wants a publisher. She's crazy!" Mrs. Rombauer decided to rewrite and enlarge *The Joy of Cooking* before she tackled anyone else.

During the revisions, she put in a step-by-step method of listing the ingredients as the mixing process goes along. This makes her recipes as explicit as a road map.

The first Bobbs-Merrill edition of *The Joy of Cooking* was printed in 1936. It sold at a fair rate until 1943, when it was revised and combined with *Streamlined Cooking*, a book Mrs. Rombauer published in 1939. That unlocked the gates. The bigger and better *Joy of Cooking* now rocks along at around 15,000 sales a month.

In writing her book, Mrs. Rombauer found she had to be an expert on more than just recipes. Like most all-purpose cookbooks, hers speaks with authority on table setting, menu planning, cooking for the sick, using leftovers, getting the proper vitamins, counting calories, and allied subjects.

Mrs. Rombauer has to be up-to-date at all times, which means endless testing of new recipes, experiments with pressure cookers, reading other cookbooks and articles on cooking. She also has another volume to worry about—*A Cookbook for Girls and Boys*, published in 1946.

The cookbook that keeps Mrs.

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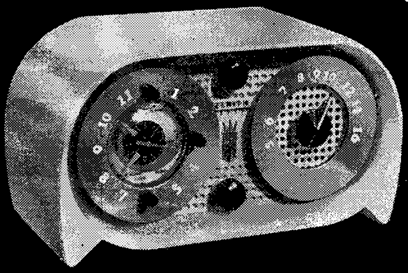

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Rombauer on the run has the primary aim, she says, of "lifting everyday cooking out of the commonplace." It has fancy recipes for the gourmet, but it is most concerned with dishes that fit the purse and kitchen of the average American.

Mrs. Rombauer has pumped a lot of her own personality into the book, with good-humored comments like this introduction to one chapter: "The chief virtue of cocktails is their informal quality. They loosen tongues and unbutton the reserves of the socially diffident. Serve them by all means, preferably in the living room, and the sooner the better. They may be alcoholic or nonalcoholic. For the benefit of a minority, serve the latter with the former."

Is a man out of place in the kitchen? Mrs. Rombauer says no. Some of the best recipes she has seen, particularly the fancy ones for dishes like roast pheasant, were invented by men. They aren't professional chefs; they are amateurs who cook because they think it's fun.

Mrs. Rombauer is no purist. She admires canned soup, for example, because it tastes good and is easy to prepare. And, she admits, "I am always more concerned with making frankfurters interesting than in doing something with truffles."

Most women agree with her. Once she spoke at a women's club in Dallas, Texas. "The building was so sophisticated in its appointments and the women so gorgeous," she says, "I felt I should talk about passion-flower fritters or something equally exotic."

After a few minutes, Mrs. Rombauer sensed that her audience was bored. She stopped and asked someone to tell her what they wanted to hear about.

"Gravy!" one woman cried.

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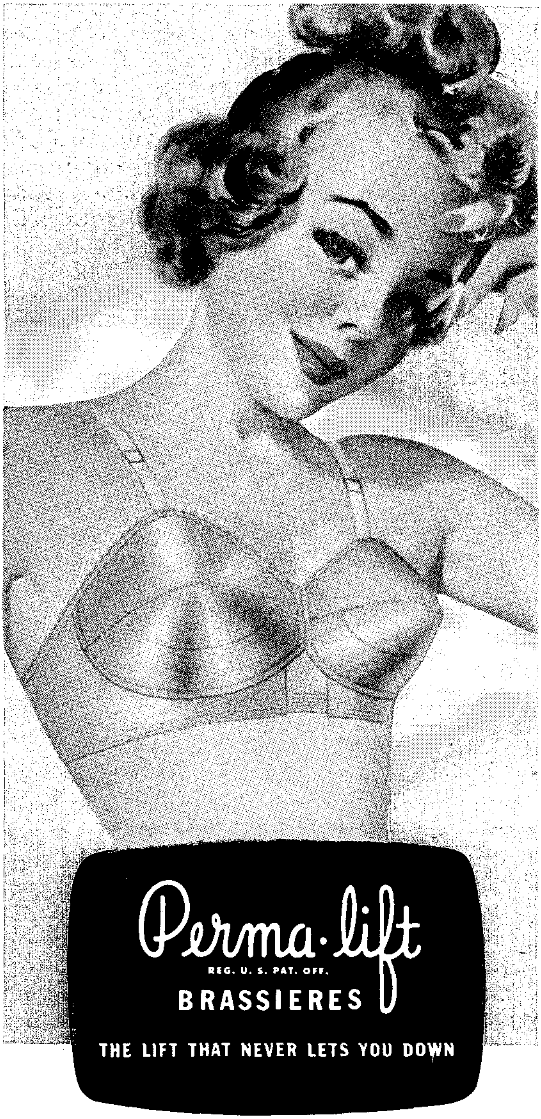

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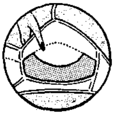


Look for the Magic Inset.

Want to Write a MOVIE Message?

by **John Rosenburg**

Sound and action "letters on film" are an ingenious new form of correspondence

One of last spring's girl graduates of a New York stenography school had been job-hunting for months without success. She was about to forget her hard-earned career when a flash of ingenuity sent her hurrying to Hollywood Television Productions, a tiny movie company located on 46th Street, just off Broadway.

Regaining her breath after climbing three flights of rickety stairs, she explained how scores of lengthy résumés and letters of application had brought nothing but discouragement. "I was about to give up," she concluded, "when I heard of your organization. I thought—"

Even before she had finished, the owner of HTP, John McGowan, and director John Ross had pushed her onto their little stage and hauled in a typewriter, chair, filing cabinet and dummy telephone.

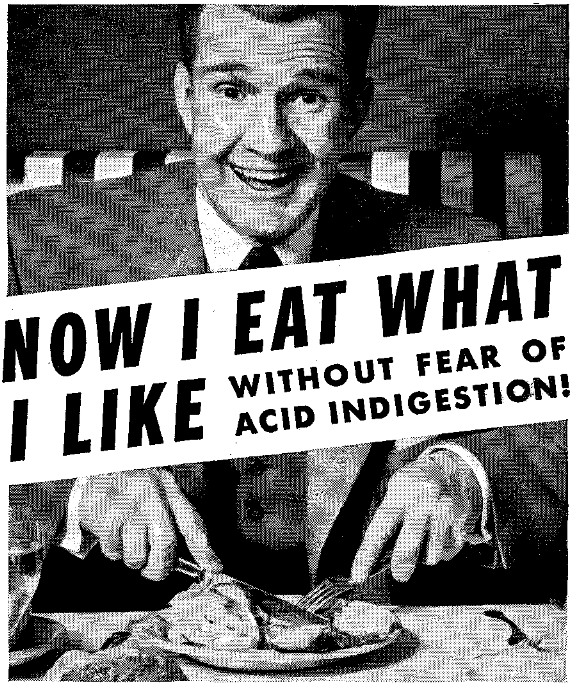
"Now act like a stenographer," they told her.

For three minutes, while the cameras rolled, the girl "answered" the phone, displayed her typing technique, walked about to show that the seams of her stockings were straight, and took rapid-fire dictation from an off-stage voice.

When the "shooting" was over, the film was processed, popped into a small box and rushed to a personnel director the girl named. Soon afterward, a projector arrived on his desk. The film was shown—and the girl got the job.

This young lady was the subject of a "sound-movie"—a new and unique form of correspondence developed by HTP. Every week, some

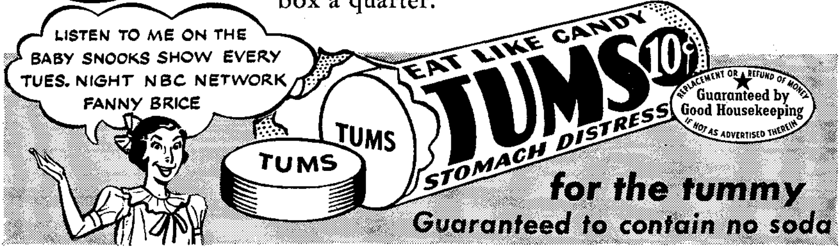
TUMS


NOW I EAT WHAT I LIKE
WITHOUT FEAR OF ACID INDIGESTION!

Millions now eat foods they never dared touch… without fear of acid indigestion distress… by taking a couple of Tums after eating. Almost instantly, Tums relieve heartburn, sour stomach, gassy bloat of acid indigestion.

Tums are so pleasant to take… just like candy mints. Are guaranteed to contain no soda. Best of all, there's nothing to mix… no stirring. You can take Tums wherever you are, whenever acid indigestion strikes… and feel better fast!

Don't deny yourself food you like. Get Tums from your druggist today. Only 10¢ a roll, 3 roll box a quarter.


LISTEN TO ME ON THE BABY SNOOKS SHOW EVERY TUES. NIGHT NBC NETWORK
FANNY BRICE
EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS 10¢
STOMACH DISTRESS
TUMS
TUMS
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
for the tummy
Guaranteed to contain no soda

50 to 75 persons use this novel method of communication to seek a job, woo a mate, fire an employee, attempt reconciliation with an estranged spouse, plead for money, sell merchandise, demonstrate a new invention, or for scores of other reasons. The company charges $25 for these three-minute letters.

Among HTP's more interesting patrons was a woman who arrived at the studios on a bitter winter day with a pretty six-year-old tugging at the sleeve of her cheap cloth coat. Hesitantly the woman explained that her husband, in a U.S. Army prison in Germany, had written several despondent letters, threatening to end his life.

She had been writing her husband every day for three months, begging him to have faith, she said, but now he wasn't even answering her letters.

McGowan, who does the actual movie-taking for the little company, "shot" a letter for the unhappy woman. But she didn't appear in it. Instead, her daughter, smiling shyly, was put before the cameras.

"Daddy," the youngster said in her piping voice, "please come home soon. We love you very much. Mommy says you didn't do anything wrong. She says you must be patient."

A month later the woman returned to the studio to report that her husband was to be released shortly and that the movie letter had given him new courage.

Perhaps even more touching was the letter enacted by an ex-GI. During the war, Harry was reported missing and presumed dead. His grief-stricken mother left their home in New York and returned to her English birthplace. However, he turned up in a veterans' hospital a year later, badly wounded and disfigured beyond recognition.

As soon as he was convinced he would recover, Harry started writing his mother, filling his letters with fascinating details about the miracle of plastic surgery being performed on him. In reply, she pleaded with him to hurry back to her in England.

When Harry explained that he was without funds and could not join her immediately, his mother thought he had lied about the plastic surgery in order to cheer her. She didn't believe he intended to come home at all.

Harry said very little when he appeared before HTP's cameras. He smiled most of the time, a wistful smile. His opening line was: "Look, ma. It's me. I'm fine. Just as handsome as ever. Not even a scar."

Still smiling, he slowly turned his head from side to side. McGowan, ordinarily a cheery fellow, admitted that the scene was too much for him. "Things got blurry," he says, "but I stuck it out."

Among HTP's recent clients was an 18-year-old Irish lad who burst into the studio one day and announced that he had decided to marry the lass he left behind in old Eire. "I've got to propose to her right now, while I'm sure of what I'm goin' to say," the young man explained to McGowan.

Once the call for "action" was given, the subject whipped a ring from his pocket and said, "Look, honey, a real diamond! Come right away so I can put it on your pretty finger. Don't worry about money. All you have to do is answer a lot of

A million families compared—chose **RCA VICTOR**

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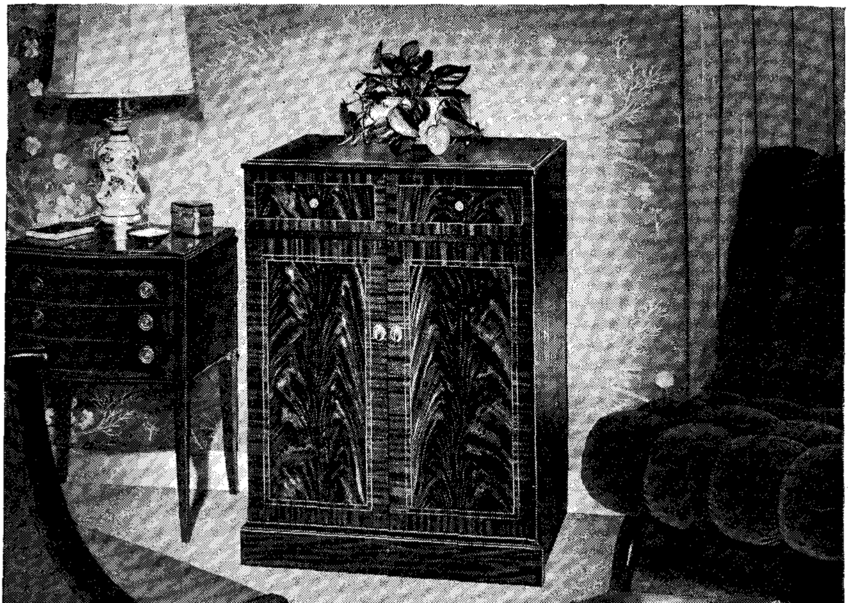

● RCA Victor television has been *proven in over a million homes!* There is no stronger proof of quality. This is the Regency—one of the 18 RCA Victor Million Proof sets—definitely a luxury set in all but price. Has new, extra powerful RCA Victor circuits for best possible reception, *anywhere* . . . built-in antenna . . . superb, Regency-style cabinet.

And ONLY when you buy RCA Victor television can you buy the RCA Victor Factory-Service Contract.

RCA Victor Regency **Model 6T74**

16" picture tube **$329.50** Plus $1.40 Fed. tax

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RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORP. OF AMERICA

World Leader in Radio... First in Recorded Music... First in Television

easy questions on the radio and you can furnish a whole house."

McGowan confesses a fascination for one client in particular, the manager of a fleet of trucks. This man walked into his office and said he wanted three letters: one to his wife, one to his mother-in-law, a third to his children.

The first letter bitterly denounced his wife for their estrangement. The second letter scathingly accused his mother-in-law of abetting her daughter in breaking up the home. The third began: "Dear children. Remember to obey mommy. I love her very much. . . . "

That letter was never finished. Apparently the thought of his children was too much; with tears streaming down his cheeks, the man rushed from the set.

McGowan learned later that he filled a truck with gifts, drove home and effected a reconciliation.

The HTP studios now have all the movie-letter business they can handle. McGowan says the margin of profit on them is small. Sometimes, as in the case of the woman with the little girl and the ex-GI, he refuses to collect a fee at all.

Actually, when the little company was formed, McGowan had no intention of making "personal" films. He wanted to specialize in documentary television and movie shorts, which still form a substantial part of the company's business. Oddly enough, it was a husband-and-wife spat in the McGowan household that resulted, three years ago, in the production of HTP's first sound-movie letter.

McGowan, grinning sheepishly, says: "We had a little tiff about the money I was spending on a boat. Somehow, every time I tried to explain my side of it, we got into a hopeless war of words. I finally sat down in front of my camera and very calmly explained just what my intentions were."

McGowan, who knew his wife would show their son a Mickey Mouse movie before sending him to bed, slipped his letter into their home projector and left the premises temporarily.

"When I came home, everything was fine," he laughs. "My wife thought I'd been 'very cute.' Not only that, she was good-natured enough to concede defeat."

Windfalls (Answers to quiz on page 101)

1. trade wind; 2. blizzard; 3. tempest; 4 simoom; 5. tornado; 6. breeze; 7. cyclone; 8. typhoon; 9. zephyr; 10. gust; 11. hurricane; 12. chinook; 13. monsoon; 14. whirlwind; 15. gale; 16. doldrums; 17. windward; 18. westerlies; 19. head wind; 20. Chicago.

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Report to Parents:

What Modern 16mm Educational Films Mean To Your Children

FROM ALL SIDES these days, pessimists spread tearful tales about our schools: "Classrooms are too crowded . . ." or "Teaching methods are old-fashioned . . ." or "Too many newfangled ideas."

Parents—don't believe it! Here are *facts* that prove teachers are instructing your children with the most effective teaching medium ever devised: *16mm sound instructional films.* With them, children *learn basic subjects faster, better—and remember them longer.*

Now, modern education has taken a significant step forward with the introduction of an entirely new type of movie—Guidance Films . . . designed to help children *learn to live.* Utilizing these new Guidance Films, teachers help your children learn how to study . . . how to grow into well-mannered, responsible young men and women.

Verifying the popularity of Guidance Films is a recent survey taken among the nation's schools. This survey reported on the rental of more than 2,000 educational film subjects. The result: the majority of titles selected were Guidance Films and eight of ten subjects shown most in classrooms were *produced by Coronet Films.*

Coronet Films is proud to play such a leading role in producing Guidance Films. From its studios come titles that reflect the things you want your children to know: *Everyday Courtesy, Sharing Work at Home, Appreciating Our Parents, Are You Ready For Marriage?* and many others. You may be confident that when your children see a Coronet film, they are seeing the best.

Why not check with your teachers, PTA, principal or School Board to make certain your school is among the majority using these films? Use the directory on the following pages to order. And for a FREE copy of our new Guidance Films catalog, write:

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Northern Arizona Coop. Film Library
Arizona State College, Flagstaff
University Extension Division
University of Ariz., Tucson

ARKANSAS:

Department of Public Relations
State Teachers College, Conway
Audio-Visual Service
State Dept. of Education, Little Rock

CALIFORNIA:

University Extension Division
University of Calif., Berkeley
Ideal Pictures
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University Extension Division
University of Calif., Los Angeles
Ideal Pictures
4247 Piedmont Ave., Oakland
Munday & Collins
39 Edgewood Rd., Redwood City
Photo & Sound, Inc.
116 Natoma St., San Francisco

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University of Colo., Boulder
Eastin Pictures Co.
Colorado Springs Bank Bldg.
Colorado Springs
Colorado Visual Aids Supply Co.
1118 Broadway, Denver
Ideal Pictures
714 Eighteenth St., Denver
Modern Films
1086 Speer Blvd., Denver 4

CONNECTICUT:

Pix Film Service
34 E. Putnam Ave., Greenwich

FLORIDA:

Ideal Pictures
1348 N. Miami Ave., Miami
A-V Service, Florida State University
Tallahassee
Southern Photo & News
608 E. Lafayette St., Tampa

GEORGIA:

General Extension Division
University of Ga., Athens
Ideal Pictures
52 Auburn Ave. N.E., Atlanta

IDAHO:

Educational Film Library
Idaho State College, Pocatello

ILLINOIS:

Watland Bros.
13039 S. Western Ave., Blue Island
Audio-Visual Aids Service
Southern Ill. University, Carbondale
Visual Aids Service
University of Illinois, Champaign
American Film Registry
28 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago
Ideal Pictures
58 E. South Water St., Chicago
Phil Rosene Stores
411-15th St., Moline
Lundgren's Camera Shop
419 Seventh St., Rockford
John Ott Film Library, Inc.
730 Elm St., Winnetka

INDIANA:

Audio-Visual Center
Indiana U., Bloomington
Ideal Pictures
815 N. Pennsylvania, Indianapolis

IOWA:

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Iowa State College, Ames
Eastin Pictures Co.
Putnam Bldg., Davenport
Ideal Pictures
1108 High St., Des Moines
University Extension Division
University of Iowa, Iowa City

KANSAS:

University Extension Division
University of Kansas, Lawrence
Leffingswell's Audio-Visual Service
232-A S. Santa Fe Ave., Salina

KENTUCKY:

Ideal Pictures
423 W. Liberty St., Louisville
Dept. of University Extension
University of Ky., Lexington

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MARYLAND:

Kunz Motion Picture Service, Inc.
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Boston University, Boston
Stanley-Winthrop's, Inc.
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Locke Films, Inc.
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Midwest Audio-Visual Service
1504 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis
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University of Miss., University

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5154 Delmar Blvd., St. Louis
Swank Motion Pictures, Inc.
614 N. Skinner Blvd., St. Louis

MONTANA:

Department of Visual Education
State Dept. of Education, Helena

NEBRASKA:

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University of Nebr., Lincoln

NEW JERSEY:

New Jersey State Museum
Trenton

NEW MEXICO:

Extension Division
U. of New Mexico, Albuquerque

NEW YORK:

Buffalo Museum of Science
Humbolt Park, Buffalo
Ideal Pictures
209 E. 37th St., New York City
Relin, Inc.
477 Central Ave., Rochester
Educational Film Library
Syracuse University, Syracuse

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Sunray Films, Inc.
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Slide & Film Exchange
State Dept. of Education, Columbus
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400 West First St., Dayton
Cousino Visual Education Service
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Ideal Pictures
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OREGON:

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University Extension Division
Middle Tennessee Branch
2321 West End, Nashville

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State Dept. of Ed., Austin
University Extension Division
University of Texas, Austin
Ideal Pictures
4000 Ross Ave., Dallas
Baylor Film Library
Baylor University, Waco

UTAH:

Bureau of Audio-Visual Inst.
Brigham Young Univ., Provo
Ideal Pictures
10 Post Office Pl., Salt Lake City 1

VIRGINIA:

Ideal Pictures
219 E. Main St., Richmond 19

WASHINGTON:

Dept. of Vis. Ed. Cent. Wash.
College of Ed., Ellensburg
Extension Division
Washington State College, Pullman

WISCONSIN:

Fond du Lac Camera Center
7 S. Main St., Fond du Lac
University Extension Division
University of Wis., Madison
Photoart Visual Service
844 N. Plankinton, Milwaukee 3

AUSTRALIA:

Precision Engineering Co.
Sydney

CANADA:

Division of Visual Instruction
University of Alberta, Edmonton
Benograph
  1330 Sherbrook St. West, Montreal, Que.
  Moncton, New Brunswick
  100 Adelaide St., West; Toronto, Ont.
  577 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C.
  279 Fort St., Winnipeg, Man.

EGYPT:

Green's Commercial Agencies
147, Mohamed Bey Farid St.
Cairo, Egypt

HAWAII:

Ideal Pictures
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INDIA:

National Education & Information Films,
Bombay

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Kalae Swede Co., Ltd.
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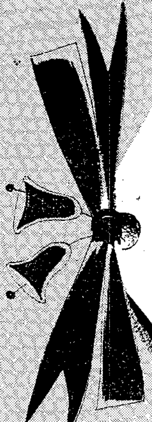

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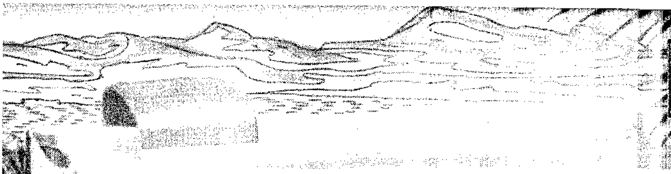

A Gem from the Coronet Story Teller

HISTORY REPEATS

One night during World War I, Gen. Edmund Allenby sat alone in his tent, a war map of Palestine spread before him. He formed and discarded plans as he pored over the map—plans for the capture of an enemy-held village near-by. He knew there must be a weak point where the British could attack the Turks, some trick of terrain that would give them their chance. But where?

As he worked, the name of the village teased his mind with a maddening sense of familiarity. Michmash—Michmash—where had he heard the name? Why did he have an eerie feeling that he had lived through this experience before?

At midnight, his brain weary from futile calculations, he turned to his cot. But as he lay in the dark the name Michmash still haunted him. Had someone told him of it? Or was it something he had read? . . . Yes! That was it. The book . . .

Allenby jumped up and snatched a book from the table. As he read, he forgot his fatigue. Somehow, he must find the dimly remembered passage.

Chapter after chapter proved unrewarding. Then, as he turned a page, the name leaped at him! In a fever of excitement, he picked up his discarded map.

Next morning, Allenby unfolded the plan of strategy to his officers. Where, they wondered, had the General procured his information?

Allenby quietly opened the book. He read the passage to them once, then again. "Sir," somebody exclaimed, "if this plan works, it will be a miracle!"

Less than 12 hours later the plan *had* worked. Allied troops had cut off the enemy and taken the village. For Allenby had found a description of terrain and a plan of strategy that had proven successful in a battle at this spot more than 3,000 years before!

What was this key to Allied victory? The first book of Samuel . . . in the Holy Bible! —M. V. Carey

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